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OLIVER CROMWELL

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

I

THE TIMES AND THE MAN

FOR over a century and a half after his death the memory of the greatest Englishman of the seventeenth century was looked upon with horror by the leaders of English thought, political and literary; the very men who were carrying to fruition Cromwell's tremendous policies being often utterly ignorant that they were following in his footsteps. At last the scales began to drop from the most far-seeing eyes. Macaulay, with his eminently sane and wholesome spirit, held Cromwell and the social forces for which he stood—Puritanic and otherwise—at their real worth, and his judgment about them was, in all essentials, accurate. But the true appreciation of the place held by the great soldier-statesman of the seventeenth century began with the publication of his life and letters by Carlyle. The gnarled genius of the man who worshipped the heroes of the past as intensely as he feared and distrusted the heroes of the present, enabled him to write with a loftiness and intensity that befitted his subject. But Carlyle's singular incapacity to "see veracity," as he would himself have phrased it, made him at times not merely tell half-truths, but deliberately invert the truth. He was of that not uncommon cloistered type which shrinks shuddering from actual contact with whatever it, in theory, most admires, and which, therefore, is reduced in self-justification to misjudge and misrepresent those facts of past history which form precedents for what is going on before the author's own eyes.

Cromwell lived in an age when it was not possible to realize a government based upon those large principles of social, political, and religious liberty in which—at any rate, during his earlier years—he sincerely believed; but the movement of which he was the head was the first of the great movements which, marching along essentially the same lines, have produced the English-speaking world as we at present know it. This primary fact Carlyle refused to see, or at least to admit. As the central idea of his work he states that the Puritanism of the Cromwellian epoch was the "last glimpse of the Godlike vanishing from this England; conviction and veracity giving place to hollow cant and formulism. . . . The last of all our Heroisms. . . . We have wandered far away from the ideas which guided us in that century, and indeed which had guided us in all preceding centuries, but of which that century was the ultimate manifestation; we have wandered very far; and must endeavor to return and connect ourselves therewith again. . . . I will advise my reader to forget the modern methods of reform; not to remember that he has ever heard of a modern individual called by the name of 'Reformer,' if he would understand what the old mean-

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ing of the word was. The Cromwells, Pyms, and Hampdens who were understood on the Royalist side to be fire-brands of the devil, have had still worse measure from the Dry-as-Dust philosophies and sceptical histories of later times. They really did resemble fire-brands of the devil if you looked at them through spectacles of a certain color, for fire is always fire; but by no spectacles, only by mere blinders and wooden-eyed spectacles, can the flame-girt heaven's messenger pass for a poor mouldy Pedant and Constitution-monger such as these would make him out to be."

This is good writing of its kind; but the *thought* is mere "hollow cant and unveracity;" not only far from the truth, but the direct reverse of the truth. It is itself the wail of the pedant who does not know that the flame-girt heaven's messenger of truth is always a mere mortal to those who see him with the actual eyes of the flesh, although mayhap a great mortal; while to the closet philosopher his quality of flame-girtedness is rarely visible until a century or thereabouts has elapsed.

So far from this great movement, of which Puritanism was merely one manifestation, being the last of a succession of similar heroisms, it had practically very much less connection with what went before than with all that has guided us in our history since. Of course, it is impossible to draw a line with mathematical exactness between the different stages of history, but it is both possible and necessary to draw it with rough efficiency; and, speaking roughly, the epoch of the Puritans was the beginning of the great modern epoch of the English-speaking world — infinitely its greatest epoch. We have not "wandered far from the ideas that guided" the wisest and most earnest leaders in the century that saw Cromwell; on the contrary, these ideas were themselves very far indeed from those which had guided the English people in previous ages, and the ideas that now guide us represent on the whole what was best and truest in the thought of the Puritans. As for Pym and Hampden, their type had practically no representative in England prior to their time, while all the great legislative reformers since then have been their followers. The Hampden type—the purest and noblest of types—reached its highest expression in Washington. Pym, the man of great powers and great services, with a tendency to believe that Parliamentary government was the cure for all evils, followed to a line "the modern methods of reform," and was exactly the man who, if he had lived in Carlyle's day, Carlyle would have sneered at as a "constitution-monger." It was men of the kind of Hampden and Pym who, before Carlyle's own eyes, were striving in the British Parliament for the reforms which were to carry one stage farther the work of Hampden and Pym; who were endeavoring to secure for all creeds full tolerance; to give the people an ever-increasing share in ruling their own destinies; to better the conditions of social and political life. In the great American Civil War the master spirits in the contest for union and freedom were actuated by a fervor as intense as, and even finer than, that which actuated the men of the Long Parliament; while in rigid morality and grim devotion to what he conceived to be God's bidding, the Southern soldier, Stonewall Jackson, was as true a type of the "General of the Lord, with his Bible and his Sword," as Cromwell or Ireton.

The whole history of the movement which resulted in the establishment of the Commonwealth of England will be misread and misunderstood if we fail to appreciate that it was the first modern, and not the last mediæval, movement; if we fail to understand that the men who figured in it, and the principles for which they contended are strictly akin to those men and those principles which have appeared in all similar great movements since; in the English Revolution of 1688; in the American Revolution of 1776; and the American Civil War of 1861. We must keep ever in mind the essentially modern character of the movement if we are to appreciate its true inwardness, its true significance. Fundamentally, it was the first struggle for religious, political, and social freedom, as we now understand the terms. As was inevitable in such a first struggle, there remained even among the forces of reform much of what properly belonged to previous generations. In addition to the modern side there was a mediæval side too. Just so far as this mediæval

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Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

The Assassination of the Duke of Buckingham by Felton.

On the morning of the 23d of August, 1628, at Portsmouth, as Buckingham lifted the curtain of a dark passage leading into another room, he turned to speak to one of his officers, when he was stabbed in the breast. Pulling the knife out himself he fell against a table and died in a few moments. The murderer was John Felton, a fanatical lieutenant who had resigned from the army, it is said, because the Duke had not appointed him to command his company.

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element obtained, the movement failed. All that there was of good and of permanent in it was due to the new elements.

To understand the play of the forces which produced Cromwell and gave him his chance, we must briefly look at the England into which he was born.

He saw the light at the close of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in the last years of the Tudor dynasty, and he grew to manhood during the inglorious reign of the first English king of the inglorious House of Stuart. The struggle between the reformed churches and the ancient church against which they were in revolt was still the leading factor in shaping European politics, though other factors were fast assuming an equal weight. The course of the Reformation in England had been widely different from that which it had followed in other European countries. The followers of Luther and Calvin, whatever their shortcomings—and they were many and grievous—had been influenced by a fiery zeal for righteousness, a fierce detestation of spiritual corruption; but in England the Reformation had been undertaken for widely different reasons by Henry VIII. and his creatures, though the bulk of their followers were as sincere as their brethren on the Continent. Henry's purpose had been simple, namely, to transfer to himself the power and revenues of the Papacy, so far as he could seize them, and thus to add to the spiritual supremacy against which the leaders of the Reformation had revolted, the absolute sovereignty which the Tudors were seeking to establish in England. Elizabeth stood infinitely above her father in most respects; but in religious views they were not far apart, and in theory they were both believers in absolutism. They had no standing army, and they were always in want of money, so that in practice they never ventured seriously to offend the influential and moneyed classes. But under Henry the misery and suffering of the lower classes became very great, and the yeomen were largely driven from their lands, while much of Elizabeth's own administration consisted of efforts to grapple with the vagrancy and wretchedness which had been caused by the degradation of those who stood lowest in the social scale.

When the Stuarts took possession of the throne of England they found a people which, unlike the peoples of most of the neighboring states, had not fought out their religious convictions. The Reformation had deeply stirred men's souls. Religion had become a matter of vital and terrible importance to Protestant and to Catholic. Among the extremists, the men who had given the tone to the Reformation in Germany, Switzerland, Holland, and Scotland, religion, as they understood it, entered into every act of their lives. In England there were men of this stamp; but in the English Reformation they had played a wholly subordinate part; and indeed had been in almost as great danger as the Catholics. Their force, therefore, had not spent itself. It had been conserved, in spite of their desires.

Thus it happened that the high tide of extreme Protestantism was reached in England, not as in other Protestant countries, in the sixteenth century, but in the seventeenth. The Stuart kings were the only Protestant kings who were not in religious sympathy with their Protestant subjects. In theory the Anglican Church of Henry and Elizabeth stood for what we would now regard as tyranny. What Henry VIII. strove to do with the Anglican Church is what has actually been done by the Czars with the Orthodox Church in Russia; but that which was possible with the eastern Slavs was not possible with the westernmost and freest of the Teutonic peoples. Yet in the actual event it was probably fortunate that the English Reformation took the shape it did; for under such conditions it was not marked by the intense fanaticism of the reformers elsewhere.

The Stuarts not only found themselves masters of a kingdom where, supposedly, they were spiritually supreme, while actually their claim to supremacy was certain to be challenged; they also found themselves at the head of a form of government which was to all appearances despotic, while the people over whom they bore sway, though slow to object to the forms, were extremely intolerant of the practices of despotism. The Tudors were unarmed despots who disliked the old feudal nobility, and who found it for their interest to cultivate the commercial classes,

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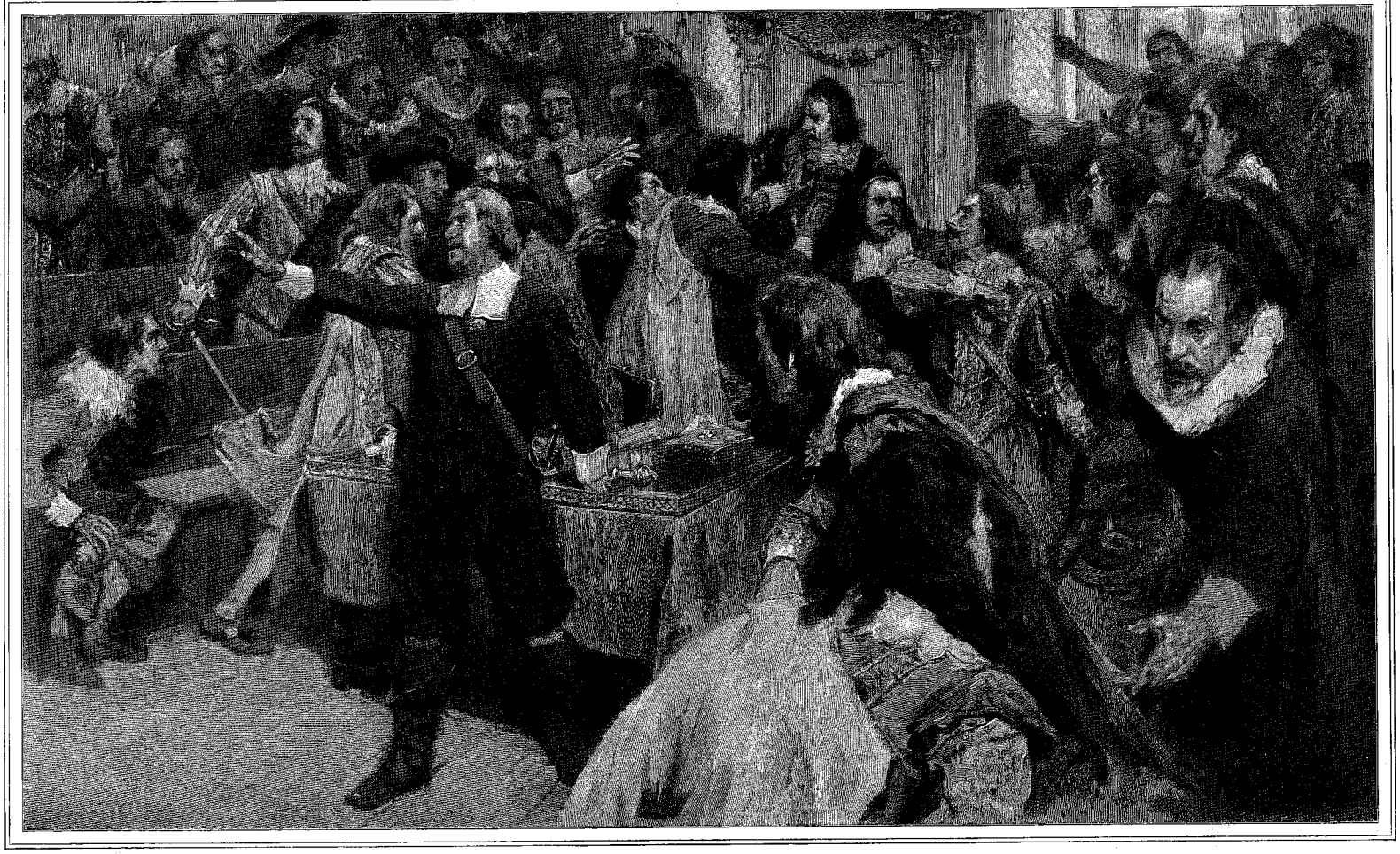

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

Scene in the House of Parliament, March 2, 1629.

The speaker attempted to carry out the King's order to adjourn until March 10th, and started to leave the chair, when two of the members dragged him back and swore "he should stay there as long as the house chose!" It was in this Parliament that Cromwell made his first speech.

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Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford.

From the miniature at Devonshire House. By permission of the Duke of Devonshire, K. G.

and to form a new nobility of their own, based upon wealth. The men at the lowest round of the social ladder—the workingmen and farm laborers—were yet, as they remained for a couple of centuries, so unfit for the work of political combination that they could be safely disregarded by the masters of England. At times their discontent was manifested, generally in the shape of abortive peasant insurrections; but there was never need to consider them as of serious and permanent importance. The middle classes, however, had become very powerful, and to their material interests the Tudors always took care to defer. At the very close of her reign, Elizabeth, who was at heart as thorough a tyrant as ever lived, but who possessed that shrewd good sense which, if not the noblest, is perhaps on the whole the most useful of qualities in the actual workaday world, found herself face to face with her people on the question of monopolies; and as soon as she understood that they were resolutely opposed to her policy, she instantly yielded. In other words, the Tudor despotism was conditioned upon the despot's doing nothing of which the influential classes of the nation —the upper and middle classes—seriously disapproved; and this the Stuart kings could never understand.

Moreover, apart from the fact that the Stuarts were so much less shrewd and less able than the Tudors, there was the further fact that Englishmen as a whole were gradually growing more intolerant, not only of the practice, but of the pretence, of tyranny whether in things material or in things spiritual. There was a moral awakening which rendered it impossible for Englishmen of the seventeenth century to submit to the brutal wrong-doing which marked the political and ecclesiastical tyranny of the previous century. The career of Henry VIII. could not have been paralleled in any shape when once England had begun to breed such men as went to the making of the Long Parliament.

Much of the aspiration after higher things took the form of spiritual unrest. It must always be remembered that the Protestant sects which established themselves in the northern half of Europe, although they warred in the name of religious liberty, had no more conception of it, as we of this day understand it, than their Catholic foes; and yet it must also be re-

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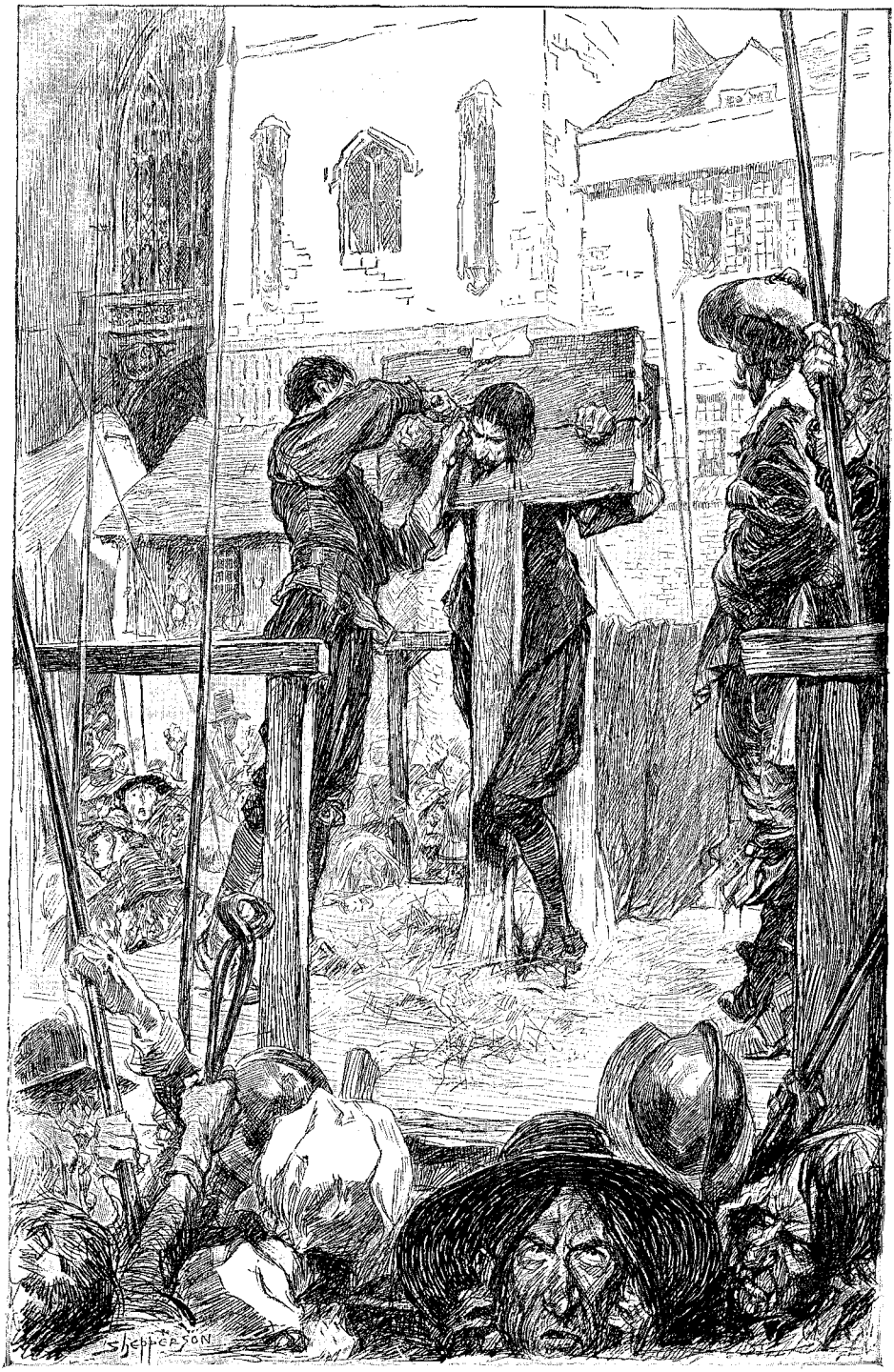

Drawn by Claude A. Shepperson.

William Prynne in the Pillory: a typical instance of the Laudian punishments (p. 20).

Prynne, a lawyer, had written a book attacking the English Church and Laud in particular, for which he was twice pilloried, and had both his ears cut off.

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Oliver Cromwell.

From a miniature by Cooper. Here reproduced for the first time by permission of Sir Charles Hartopp, Bart.

membered that the bitter conflicts they waged prepared the way for the wide tolerance of individual difference in matters of religious belief which is among the greatest blessings of our modern life. An American Catholic and an American Protestant of to-day, whatever the difference between their theologies, yet in their ways of looking at real life, at its relation to religion, and the relations of religion and the State, are infinitely more akin to one another than either is to the men of his religious faith who lived three centuries ago. We now admit as a matter of course that any man may, in religious matters, profess to be guided by authority or by reason, as suits him best; but that he must not interfere with similar freedom of belief in others; and that all men, whatever their religious beliefs, have exactly the same political rights and are to be held to the same responsibility for the way they exercise these rights. Few indeed were the men who held such views at the time when Cromwell was growing to manhood. Holland was the State of all others in which there was the nearest approach to religious liberty; and even in Holland the bitterness of the Calvinists toward the Arminians was something which we can now scarcely understand. Arminius was no more at home in Geneva than in Rome; and his followers were prescribed by the most religious people of England, and so far as might be were driven from the realm. Calvinists and Lutherans felt as little inclination as Catholics to allow liberty of conscience to others; and as grotesque a compromise as ever was made in matters religious was that made in Germany when it was decided that the peoples of the various German principalities should in mass accept the faiths of their respective princes.

Yet though the Reformers thus strove to establish for their own use the very religious intolerance against which they had revolted, the mere fact of their existence nullified their efforts. Sooner or later

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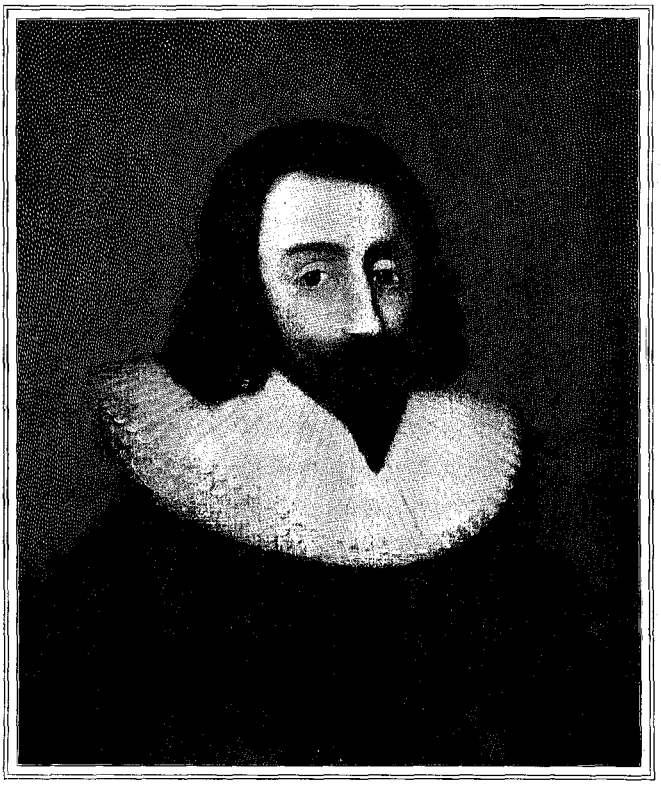

Sir John Eliot.

From the portrait by Van Somer at Port Eliot. By permission of the Earl of St. Germans.

people who had exercised their own judgment, and had fought for the right so to exercise it, were sure grudgingly to admit the same right in others. That time was as yet far distant. In Cromwell's youth all the leading Christian churches were fiercely intolerant. Unless we keep in mind that this was the general attitude, an attitude which necessarily affected even the greatest men, we cannot do justice to the political and social leaders of that age when we find them, as we so often do, adopting toward their religious foes policies from which we, of a happier age, turn with horror.

In England hatred of Roman Catholicism had become almost interchangeable with hatred of Spain. Spain had been the one dangerous foe which England had encountered under the Tudor dynasty, and the only war she had ever waged into which the religious element entered was the war which put upon the English roll of honor the names of her great sixteenth century seamen, Drake and Hawkins, Howard and Frobisher. Throughout the sixteenth century Spain had towered above every other power of Europe in warlike might; and though the Dutch and English sailors had broken the spell of her invincibility at sea, on shore her soldiers retained their reputation for superior prowess, in spite of the victories of Maurice of Orange, until Gustavus Adolphus marched his wonderful army down from the frozen North. During Cromwell's youth and early manhood Spain was still the most powerful and most dreaded of European nations. Her government had become a mere tyranny; her religion fanatical bigotry of a type more extreme than any that existed elsewhere, even in an age when all creeds tended toward fanaticism and bigotry. It was in Spain that the Holy Inquisition chiefly flourished —one of the most fearful engines for the destruction of all that was highest in mankind that the world has ever seen. Cath-

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olics were oppressed in England and Protestants in France; but in each country the persecuted sect might almost be said to enjoy liberty, and certainly to enjoy peace, when their fate was compared with the dreadful horrors of torture and murder with which Spain crushed out every species of heresy within her borders. Jew, Infidel, and Protestant shared the same awful doom, until she had purchased complete religious uniformity at the price of the loss of everything that makes national life great and noble. The dominion of Spain would have been the dominion of desolation; her supremacy as baneful as that of the Turk; and Holland and England, in withstanding her, rendered the same service to humanity that was rendered at that very time by those nations of southeastern Europe who formed out of the bodies of their citizens the bulwark which stayed the Turkish fury.

But if in her relations to one Catholic nation England appeared as the champion of religious liberty, of all that makes life worth having to the free men who live in free nations, yet in her relations to another Catholic people she herself played the rôle of merciless oppressor—religious, political, and social. Ireland, utterly foreign in speech and culture, had been ground into the dust by the crushing weight of England's overlordship. During centuries chaos had reigned in the island; the English intruders possessing sufficient power to prevent the development of any Celtic national life, but not to change it into a Norman or English national life. The English who settled and warred in Ireland felt and acted as the most barbarous white frontiersmen of the nineteenth century have acted toward the alien races with whom they have been brought in contact. There is no language in which to paint the hideous atrocities committed in the Irish wars of Elizabeth; and the worst must be credited to the highest English officials. In Ireland the antagonism was fundamentally racial; whether the sovereign of England were Catholic or Protestant made little difference in the burden of wrong which the Celt was forced to bear. The first of the so-called plantations by which the Celts were ousted in mass from great tracts of country to make room for English settlers was undertaken under the Catholic Queen Mary, and the two counties thus created by the wholesale expulsion of the wretched kerne were named in honor of the Queen and of her spouse, the Spaniard Philip. Though Philip's bigotry made him the persecutor of heretics, it taught him no mercy toward those of his own faith but of a different nationality, whether Irish or Portuguese. When England became Protestant, Ireland stood steadfastly for the old faith; and religious was added to race hatred. In Spain the Holy Inquisition was the handmaid of grinding tyranny. In Ireland the Catholic priesthood was the sole friend, standby, and comforter of a hunted and despairing people. In the Netherlands and on the high seas Protestantism was the creed of liberty. In Ireland it was one of the masks worn by the alien oppressor.

France was Catholic, but her Catholicism differed essentially from that of Spain, and during the first part of the seventeenth century was quite as liberal as the Protestantism of England. When Cromwell was a child Henry of Navarre was on the French throne, and to him all creeds were alike. He was succeeded in the actual government of France by the great Cardinals Richelieu and Mazarin, who were Statesmen rather than Churchmen; and under them the French Protestants enjoyed rather more toleration than was allowed the Catholics of England. The natural foes of France were the two great Catholic powers of Spain and Austria, ruled by the twin branches of the House of Hapsburg; and her hostility to them determined her attitude throughout the Thirty Years' War.

Meanwhile, Holland was at the height of her power. She had a far greater colonial empire than England, her commercial development was greater, and the renown of her war marine higher. Drake and Hawkins had but singed the beard of the Spanish king, had but plundered his vessels and harassed his great fleets. Van Heemskirk, Piet Hein, and the elder Tromp crushed the sea-power of Spain by downright hard fighting in great pitched battles, and captured her silver fleets entire.

In Great Britain itself it must be kept in mind that Scotland was as yet an en-

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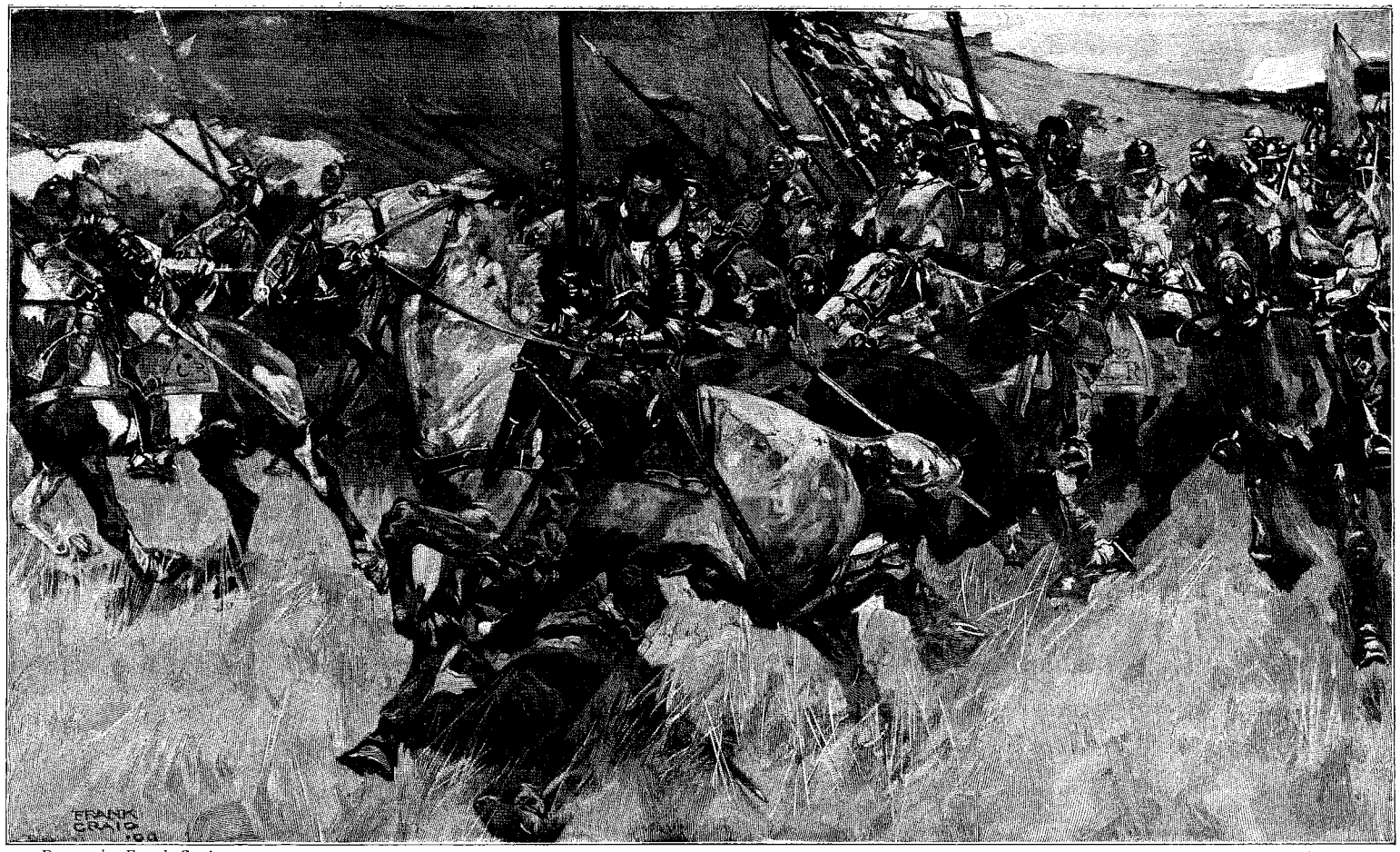

Drawn by Frank Craig.

The Flight of the English Army Before the Scots at Newburn. Bishops' War.

The English Cavalry, under the Lord Keeper Conway, encamped near Newburn on the River Tweed. The Scots appeared unexpectedly, and put them to ignominious flight.

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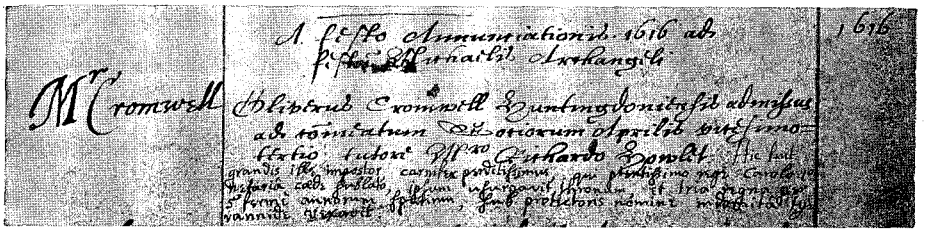
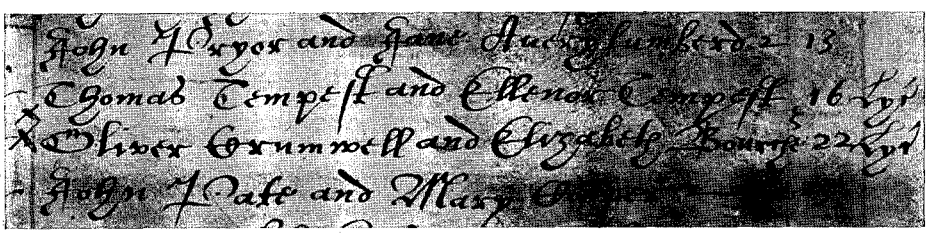


Manuscript of Admission of Oliver Cromwell at Sidney Sussex College, in the Year 1616.

tirely distinct kingdom, united to England only by the fact that the same line of kings ruled over both. The difference between the Scotch and the English, though less in degree, was the same in kind as that between the English and the Dutch. In Scotland, outside of the Highlands, the mass of the people were devoted with all the strength of their intense and virile natures to the form of Calvinism introduced by Knox. Their Church government was Presbyterian. As both the Presbyterian ministers and their congregations demanded that the State should be managed in essentials according to the wishes of the Church, the general feeling was really in the direction of a theocratic republic, although the name would have frightened them. In Scotland, as in England, no considerable body of men had yet grasped the idea that there should be toleration of religious differences or a divorce between the functions of the State and the Church. In both countries, as elsewhere at the time through Christendom, religious liberty meant only religious liberty for the sect that raised the cry ; but, as elsewhere, the mere use of the name as a banner under which to fight brought nearer the day when the thing itself would be possible.

In England there was practically peace during the first forty years of the century, but it was an ignoble, and therefore an evil, peace. Of course, peace should be the aim of all statesmen, and is the aim of the greatest statesman. Nevertheless, not only the greatest statesmen, but all men who are truly wise and patriotic, recognize that peace is good only when it comes honorably and is used for honorable purposes, and that the peace of mere sloth or incapacity is as great a curse as the most unrighteous war. Those who doubt this would do well to study the condition of England during the reign of James I., and during the first part of the reign of Charles I. England had then no standing army and no foreign policy worthy of the name. The chief of her colonies were growing up almost against her wishes, and wholly without any help or care from her. In short, she realized the conditions, as regards her relations with the outside world and "militarism," which certain philosophers advocate at the present day for America. The result was a gradual rotting of the national fibre which rendered it necessary for her to pass through the fiery ordeal of the Civil War in order that she might be saved.

In every nation there is, as there has been from time immemorial, a good deal of difficulty in combining the policies of upholding the national honor abroad, and of preserving a not too heavily taxed liberty at home. Many peoples and many rulers who have solved the problem with marked success as regards one of the two conditions, have failed as regards the



Register of Cromwell's Marriage to Elizabeth Bourchier, at St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London.

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other. It was the peculiar privilege of the Stuart kings to fail signally in both. They were dangerous to no one but their own subjects. Their government was an object of contempt to their neighbors and of contempt mixed with anger and terror to their own people. They made amends for utter weakness in the face of a foreign foe by showing against the free men of their own country that kind of tyranny which finds its favorite expression in oppressing those who resist not at all, or ineffectually. They were held on the throne only by a mistaken but honorable loyalty, and by an unworthy servility; by the strong habits forged by the customs of centuries; and, most of all, by the wise distrust of radical innovation and preference for reform to revolution, which gives to the English race its greatest strength.

This last attitude, the dislike of revolution, was entirely wholesome and praiseworthy. On the other hand, the doctrine of the divine right of kings, which represented the extreme form of loyalty to the sovereign, was vicious, unworthy of the race, and to be ranked among degrading superstitions. It is now so dead that it is easy to laugh at it; but it was then a real power for evil. On the other hand, the extreme zealots, who represented the opposite pole of the political and religious world, were themselves, as is ordinarily the case with such extremists, the allies of the forces against which they pretended to fight. From these dreamers of dreams of whose "cloistered virtue" Milton spoke with such fine contempt, the men who possessed the capacity to do things turned contemptuously away, seeking practical results rather than theoretical perfection, and being content to get the substance at some cost of form. As always, the men who counted were those who strove for actual achievement in the field of practical politics, and who were not misled merely by names. England in the present century has shown how complete may be the freedom of the individual under a nominal monarchy; and the Dreyfus incident in France would be proof enough, were any needed, that despotism of a peculiarly revolting type may grow rankly, even in a republic, if there is not in its citizens a firm and lofty purpose to do justice to all men and guard the rights of the weak as well as of the strong.

St. Giles's Church, Cripplegate, London, where Cromwell was Married.

James came to the throne to rule over a people steadily growing to think more and more seriously of religion; to believe more and more in their rights and liberties. But the King himself was cursed with a fervent belief in despotism, and an utter inability to give his belief practical shape in deeds. For half a century the spirit of sturdy independence had been slowly growing among Englishmen. Elizabeth governed almost under the forms of des-

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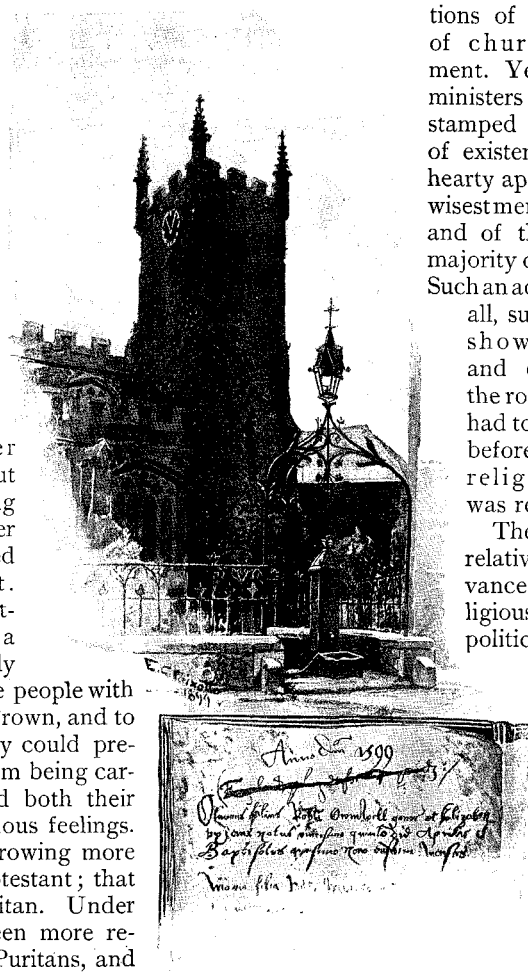
potism; but a despotism which does not carry the sword has to accommodate itself pretty thoroughly to the desires of the subjects, once these desires become clearly defined and formulated. Elizabeth never ventured to do what Henry had done. She left England, therefore, thoroughly Royalist, devoted to the Crown, and unable to conceive of any other form of government, but already desirous of seeing an increase in the power of the people as expressed through Parliament. James, from the very outset of his reign, pursued a course of conduct exactly fitted both to irritate the people with the pretensions of the Crown, and to convince them that they could prevent these intentions from being carried out. He offended both their political and their religious feelings.



All Saints' Church, Huntingdon.

Containing the registry of Oliver Cromwell's birth and baptism—a fac-simile of which is here given. Above the record of his birth someone had written: "England's plague for five years;" but this is now partially obliterated.

England had been growing more and more fanatically Protestant; that is, more and more Puritan. Under Elizabeth there had been more religious persecution of Puritans, and of Dissenters generally, than of Catholics. But this could not prevent the growth of the spirit of Puritanism. During the reign of James there were marked Presbyterian tendencies visible within the Anglican Church itself, and plenty of Puritans among her divines. Unfortunately, both Presbyterian and Anglican were then at one in heartily condemning that spirit of true religious liberty, of true toleration, which we of to-day in the United States recognize as the most vital of religious rights. The so-called Independent movement, from which sprang the Congregational and indeed the Baptist Churches as we know them to-day, had begun under Elizabeth. Its votaries contended for what now seems the self-evident right of each congregation, if it so desires, to decide for itself important questions of doctrine and of church management. Yet Elizabeth's ministers had actually stamped this sect out of existence, with the hearty approval of the wisest men in the realm and of the enormous majority of the people. Such an act, and, above all, such approval, shows how long and difficult was the road which still had to be traversed before the goal of religious liberty was reached.

The people were relatively less advanced toward religious than toward political liberty. Nevertheless, they were distinctly in advance of the King even in matters religious. The resolute determination to fight for one's own liberty of conscience, when it once becomes the characteristic of the majority, cannot but tend toward securing liberty of conscience for all; whereas, for one man, who claims supremacy in the Church as well as over-lordship in the State, to seek to impose his will upon others in matters both spiritual and political, cannot but produce a very aggravated form of tyranny. The Stuarts represented an extreme, reactionary type of kingship; a type absolutely alien to all that was highest and most characteristic in the English character. They possessed the will to be despots, but neither their own powers nor the tendencies of the

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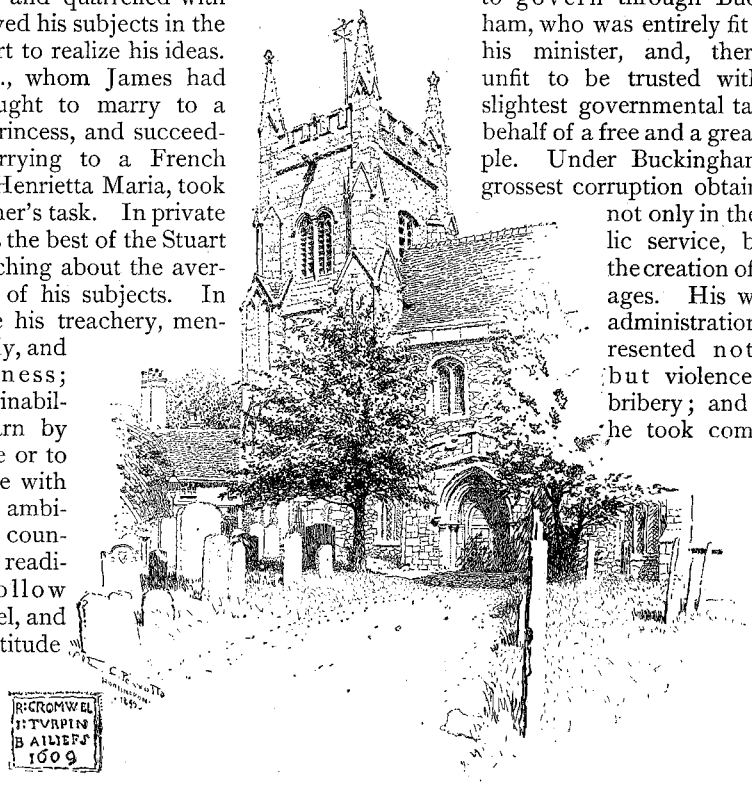
times were in their favor. The tendency was, however, very strongly in favor of hereditary kingship; so strongly indeed that nothing but the extreme folly, as well as the extreme baseness, of the Stuart kings could overcome it. Stability of government, and therefore order, depends in the last resort upon the ability of the people to come to a consensus as to where power belongs. This consensus is less a matter of volition than of long habit, of slow evolution; to Americans of to-day, the rule of the majority seems part of the natural order of things, whereas to Russians it seems utterly unnatural, and they could by no possibility be brought into sudden acquiescence in it. To Englishmen in the early decades of the seventeenth century hereditary kingship seemed the only natural government, and they could be severed from this belief only by a succession of violent wrenches.

James I. stood for absolutism in Church and State, and quarrelled with and annoyed his subjects in the futile effort to realize his ideas. Charles I., whom James had vainly sought to marry to a Spanish princess, and succeeded in marrying to a French princess, Henrietta Maria, took up his father's task. In private life he was the best of the Stuart kings, reaching about the average level of his subjects. In public life his treachery, mendacity, folly, and vindictiveness; his utter inability to learn by experience or to sympathize with any noble ambition of his country; his readiness to follow evil counsel, and his ingratitude toward any sincere friend, made him as unfit as either of his sons to sit on the English throne; and a greater condemnation than this it is not possible to award. Germany was convulsed by the Thirty Years' War; but Charles cared nothing for the struggle, and to her humiliation England had to see Sweden step to the front as the champion of the Reformation. At one period Charles even started to help the French king against the Huguenots, but was brought to a halt by the outburst of wrath this called forth from his subjects. Once he made feeble war on Spain, and again he made feeble war on France; but the expedition he sent against Cadiz failed, and the expedition he sent to Rochelle was beaten; and he was, in each case, forced to make peace without gaining anything. The renown of the English arms never stood lower than during the reigns of the first two Stuarts.

At the outset of his reign Charles sought to govern through Buckingham, who was entirely fit to be his minister, and, therefore, unfit to be trusted with the slightest governmental task on behalf of a free and a great people. Under Buckingham the grossest corruption obtained—not only in the public service, but in the creation of peerages. His whole administration represented nothing but violence and bribery; and when he took command



St. Mary's Church, Huntingdon.

In which some of the Cromwells worshipped, and which contains a stone recording the fact that Cromwell's father was one of the town bailiffs in 1609.

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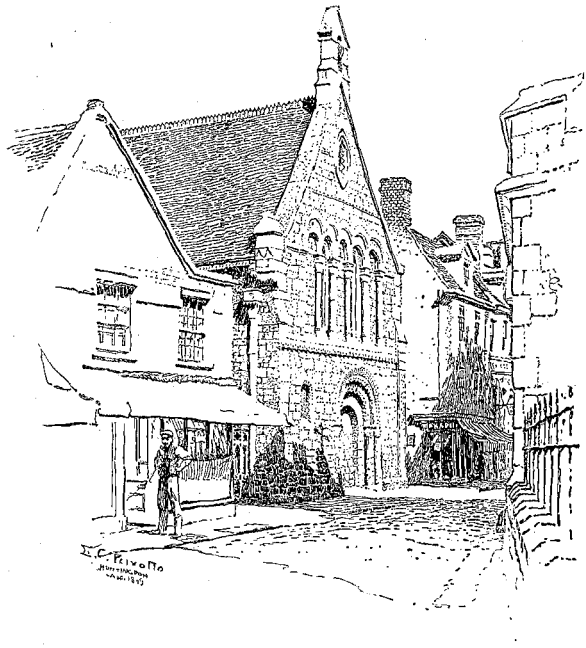

Grammar School, Huntingdon, where Cromwell was Educated.

of the forces to be employed against Rochelle, he showed that the list of his qualities included complete military incapacity.

It was after the failure at Rochelle that Charles summoned his third Parliament. With his first two he had failed to do more than quarrel, as they would not grant him supplies unless they were allowed the right to have something to say as to how they were used. He had, therefore, dissolved them, holding that their only function was to give him what may be needed.

With his third Parliament he got on no better. In it two great men sprang to the front—Sir Thomas Wentworth, afterward Lord Strafford, and Sir John Eliot, who had already shown himself a leader of the party that stood for free representative institutions as against the unbridled power of the King. Eliot was a man of pure and high character, and of dauntless resolution, though a good deal of a doctrinaire in his belief that Parliamentary government was the cure for all the evils of the body politic. Wentworth, dark, able, imperious, unscrupulous, was a born leader, but he had no root of true principle in him. At the moment, from jealousy of Buckingham, and from desire to show that he would have to be placated if the King were awake to self-interest, he threw all the weight of his great power on the popular side.

Instead of giving the King the money he wanted, Parliament formulated a Petition of Right, demanding such elementary measures of justice as that the King should agree never again to raise a forced loan, or give his soldiers free quarters on house-holders, or execute martial law in time of peace, or send whom he wished to prison without showing the cause for which it was done. The last was the provision against which Charles struggled hardest. The Star Chamber—a court which sat without a jury, and which was absolutely under the King's jurisdiction—had been one of his favorite instruments in working his arbitrary will. The powers of this court were left untouched by the Petition; yet even the service this court could render him was far less than what he could render himself if it lay in his power arbitrarily to imprison men without giving the cause. However, his need of money was so great, and the Commons stood so firm, that he had to yield, and on June 7th, in the year 1628, the Petition of Right became part of the law of the land. The first step had been taken toward cutting out of the English Constitution the despotic powers which the Tudor kings had bequeathed to their Stuart successors.

Immediately afterward Buckingham was assassinated by a soldier who had taken a violent grudge against him, and the nation breathed freer with this particular stumbling-block removed, while it lessened the strain between the King and the Commons, who were bent on his impeachment.

There were far more serious troubles ahead. If the King could raise money without summoning Parliament he could rule absolutely. If Parliament could control not only the raising, but the expenditure of money, it would be the supreme source of power, and the King but a figure-head; in other words, the government

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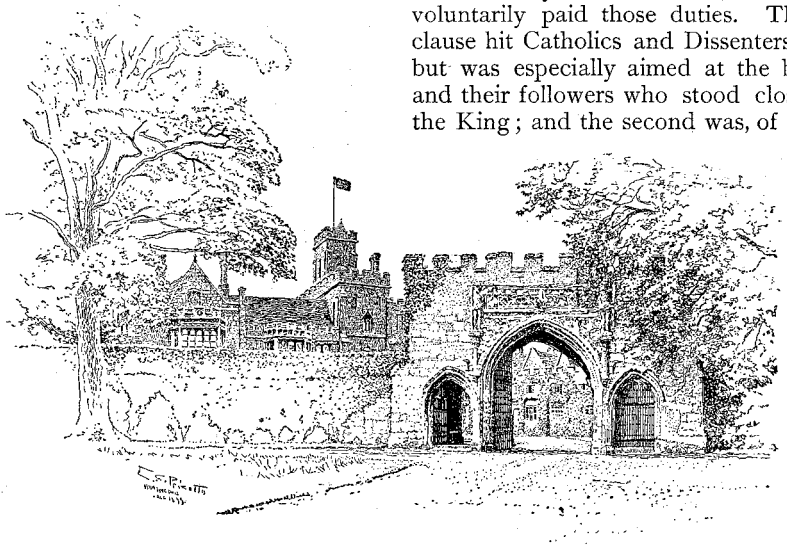
would be put upon the basis on which it has actually stood during the present century. For many reigns the Commons had been accustomed to vote to each king for life, at the outset of his reign, the duties on exports and imports, known as tonnage and poundage; but during the years immediately passed men had been forced to think much on liberty and self-government. Parliament was in no mood to surrender absolute power to the King.

With the right to lay taxes and to supervise the expenditure of money — that is, to conduct the government—was intertwined the question of religion. The mass of Englishmen adhered rather loosely to the Anglican communion, and were not extreme Puritans; on certain points, however, they were tinged very deeply with Calvinism. They were greatly angered by the attitude of those bishops, who under the lead of Laud, showed themselves more hostile to Protestant than to Catholic dogmas. These bishops preached not only that the views in Church matters held by the bulk of Englishmen were wrong, but furthermore that it was the duty of every subject to render entire obedience to the sovereign, no matter what the sovereign did, and they insisted that parliaments were of right mere ciphers in the State. Such doctrines were not only irritating from the theological stand-point; they also struck at the root of political freedom. The religious antagonism was accentuated by the fact that at this time the Protestant cause in Germany had touched the lowest point it ever reached during the Thirty Years' War, and the anger and alarm of the English Protestants, as they saw the Calvinists and Lutherans of Denmark and North Germany overcome, were heightened by the indifference, if not satisfaction, with which the King and the bishops looked at the struggle.

In 1629 the Commons, under the lead of Eliot and Pym, took advanced ground alike on the questions of religion and of taxation. Pym was supplementing Eliot's work, which was to make the House of Commons the supreme authority in England, by striving to associate together a majority of the members for the achievement of certain common objects; in other words, he was laying the foundation of party government. Under the lead of these two men, the first two Parliamentary and popular leaders in the modern sense, the House of Commons passed resolutions demanding uniformity in religious belief throughout the kingdom and condemning every innovation in religion, and declaring enemies to the kingdom and traitors to its liberties whoever advised the levying of tonnage and poundage without the authority of Parliament, or whoever voluntarily paid those duties. The first clause hit Catholics and Dissenters alike, but was especially aimed at the bishops and their followers who stood closest to the King; and the second was, of course,



Hinchingbrooke Manor.

Home of Sir Oliver Cromwell, uncle of the Protector. Many of the episodes of his boyhood are connected with this mansion.

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intended to transfer the sovereignty from the King to Parliament—in other words, from the King to the people. Charles met the challenge by dissolving Parliament. Eleven years were to pass before another met. Meantime, the King governed as a despot; and it must be remembered that when he deliberately chose thus to govern as a despot, responsible to no legal tribunal, he at once threw his subjects back on the only remedies which it is possible to enforce against despotism —deposition or death.

Charles was bitterly angry at the sturdy independence shown by the Commons, and marked out for vengeance those who had been foremost in thwarting his wishes. His course was easy. The Petition of Right formulated a principle, but as yet it offered no safeguard against an unscrupulous king; while the Star Chamber court, and the other judges for that matter, held office at his pleasure, and acted as his subservient tools in fining and imprisoning merchants who refused payment of the duties, or men whose acts or words the King chose to consider seditious. Eliot and some of his fellow-members were thrown into prison because of the culminating proceedings in Parliament. Eliot's comrades made submission and were released, but Eliot refused to acknowledge that the King, through his courts, had any right to meddle with what was done in Parliament. He took his stand firmly on the ground that the King was not the master of Parliament, and of course this could but mean ultimately that Parliament was master of the King. In other words, he was one of the earliest leaders of the movement which has produced English freedom and English government as we now know them. He was also its martyr. He was kept in the Tower without air or exercise for three years, the King vindictively refusing to allow the slightest relaxation in his confinement, even when it brought on consumption. In December, 1632, he died; and the King's hatred found its last expression in denying to his kinsfolk the privilege of burying him in his Cornish home.

Charles set eagerly to work to rule the kingdom by himself. To the Puritan dogma of enforced unity of religious belief—utterly mischievous, and just as much fraught with slavery to the soul in one sect as another—he sought, through Laud, to oppose the only less mischievous, because silly, doctrine of enforced uniformity in the externals of public worship. Laud was a small and narrow man, hating Puritanism in every form, and persecuting bitterly every clergyman or layman who deviated in any way from what he regarded as proper ecclesiastical custom. His tyranny was of that fussy kind which, without striking terror, often irritates nearly to madness. He was Charles's instrument in the effort to secure ecclesiastical absolutism.

The instrument through which the King sought to establish the royal prerogative in political affairs was of far more formidable temper. Immediately after the dissolution of Parliament Wentworth had obtained his price from the King, and was appointed to be his right-hand man in administering the kingdom. A man of great shrewdness and insight, he seems to have struggled to govern well, according to his lights; but he despised law and acted upon the belief that the people should be slaves, unpermitted, as they were unfit, to take any share in governing themselves. After awhile Laud was made archbishop; and Wentworth was later made Lord Strafford.

Wentworth and Laud, with their associates, when they tried to govern on such terms, were continually clashing with the people. A government thus carried on naturally aroused resistance, which often itself took unjustifiable forms; and this resistance was, in its turn, punished with revolting brutality. Criticism of Laudian methods, or of existing social habits, might take scurrilous shape; and then the critic's ears were hacked off as he stood in the pillory, or he was imprisoned for life.

The great fight was made, not on a religious, but on a purely political question —that of Ship Money. The King wished to go to war with the Dutch, and to raise his fleet he issued writs, first to the maritime counties, and then to every shire in England. He consulted his judges, who stated that his action was legal; as well they might, for when a judge disagreed with him on any important point, he was promptly dismissed from office. But there was one man in the kingdom who thought differently, John Hampden, a Bucking-

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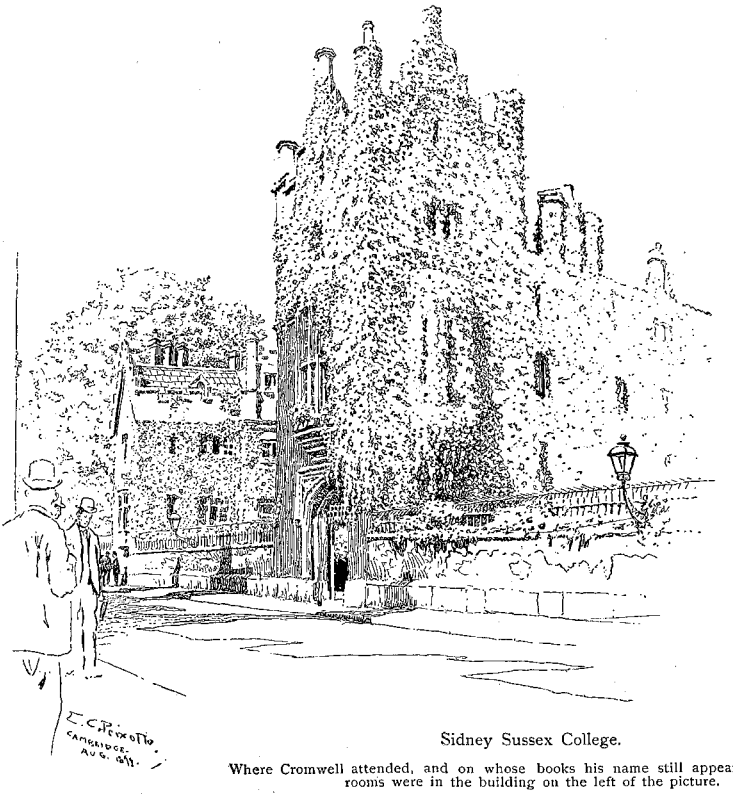

Sidney Sussex College.

Where Cromwell attended, and on whose books his name still appears. Cromwell's rooms were in the building on the left of the picture.

hamshire squire, who had already once sat as a silent member in Parliament, together with another equally silent member of the same social standing, his nephew, Oliver Cromwell. Hampden was assessed at twenty shillings. The amount was of no more importance than the value of the tea which a century and a half later was thrown into Boston Harbor; but in each case a vital principle, the same vital principle, was involved. If the King could take twenty shillings from Hampden without authority from the representatives of the people in Parliament assembled, then his rule was absolute; he could do what he pleased. On the other hand, if the House of Commons could do as it wished in granting money only for whatever need it chose to recognize in the kingdom, then the House of Commons was supreme. In Hampden's view but one course was possible—he was for the Parliament and the nation against the King; and he refused to pay the sum, facing without a murmur the punishment for his contumacy.

The King and his ministers did not flinch from proceeding to any length against either political or religious opponents. Charles heartily upheld Laud and Wentworth in carrying out their policy of "thorough;" Laud in England; Wentworth, after 1633, in Ireland. "Thorough," in their sense of the word, meant making the State, which was the King, paramount in every ecclesiastical and political matter, and putting his interests above the interests, the principles, and the prejudices of all classes and all parties; paying heed to nothing but to what seemed right in the eyes of the sovereign and the sovereign's chosen advisers. Under Wentworth's strong hand a certain amount of material prosperity followed in Ireland, although chiefly among the English settlers. There was no such material prosperity in England; 1630, for instance, was a famine year. The net effect of the policy would in the long run have been to bring down a freedom-loving people to a lower grade of political and social development. There was, of course, no oppression in England in any way resembling

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such oppression as that which led to the Dutch revolt against the Spaniards. It was exactly the kind of oppression which led, in 1776, to the American Revolution. Eliot, Hampden, and Pym stood for the principles that were championed by Washington, Patrick Henry, and the Adamses. The grievances which forced the Long Parliament to appeal to arms were like those which made the Continental Congress throw off the sovereignty of George III. In neither case was there the kind of grinding tyranny which has led to the assassination of tyrants and the frantic, bloodthirsty uprising of tortured slaves. In each case the tyranny was in its first stage, not its last; but the reason for this was simply that a nation of vigorous freemen will always revolt by the time the first stage has been reached. It was not possible, either for the Stuart kings or for George III., to go beyond a certain point, for as soon as that point was reached the freemen were called to arms by their leaders.

However, there was the greatest reluctance among Englishmen to countenance rebellion, even for the best of causes. This reluctance was eminently justifiable. Rebellion, revolution—the appeal to arms to redress grievances; these are measures that can only be justified in extreme cases. It is far better to suffer any moderate evil, or even a very serious evil so long as there is a chance of its peaceable redress, than to plunge the country into civil war; and the men who head or instigate armed rebellions for which there is not the most ample justification must be held as one degree worse than any but the most evil tyrants. Between the Scylla of despotism and the Charybdis of anarchy there is but little to choose; and the pilot who throws the ship upon one is as blameworthy as he who throws it on the other. But a point may be reached where the people have to assert their rights, be the peril what it may; and in Great Britain this point was passed under Charles I.

The first break came, not in England, but in Scotland. The Scotch abhorred Episcopacy; whereas the English had no objection whatever to bishops, so long as the bishops did not outrage the popular religious convictions. In Scotland the spirit of Puritanism was uppermost, and was already exhibiting both its strength and its weakness; its sincerity, and its lack of breadth; its stern morality and its failure to discriminate between essentials and non-essentials; its loftiness of aim, and its tendency to condemn liberality of thought in religion, art, literature, and science alike as irreligious; its insistence on purity of life, and yet its unconscious tendency to promote hypocrisy, and to drive out one form of religious tyranny merely to erect another.

A man of any insight would not have striven to force an alien system of ecclesiastical government upon a people so stubborn and self-reliant, who were wedded to their own system of religious thought. But this was what Laud attempted, with the full approval of Charles. In 1637 he made a last effort to introduce the ceremonies of the English Church at Edinburgh. No sooner was the reading of the Prayer Book begun than the congregation burst into wild uproar, execrating it as no better than celebrating mass. It was essentially a popular revolt. The incident of Jenny Geddes's stool may be mythical, but it was among the women and men of the lower orders that the resistance was stoutest. The whole nation responded to the cry, and hurried to sign a national Covenant, engaging to defend the Reformed religion, and to do away with all "innovations;" that is, with everything in which Episcopacy differed from Puritanism and inclined toward the Church of Rome.

In England and Scotland alike the Church of Rome was still accepted by the people at large as the most dangerous of enemies. The wonderful career of Gustavus Adolphus had just closed. The Thirty Years' War—the last great religious struggle—was still at its height. If, in France, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew stood far in the past, the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes yet lay in the future. The after-glow of the fires of Smithfield still gleamed with lurid light in each sombre Puritan heart. The men who, in England, were most earnest about their religion, held to their Calvinistic creed with the utmost sincerity, high purpose, and self-devotion; but with no little harshness. Theirs was a lofty creed, but one which, in the revolt against levity and

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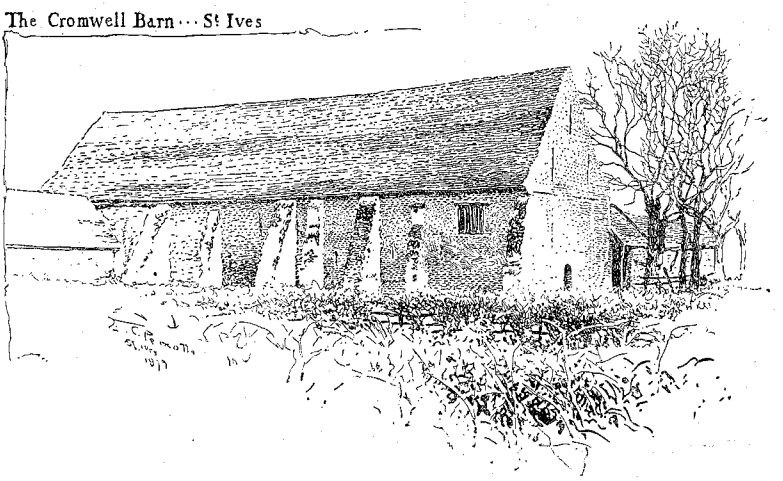
viciousness, set up a standard of gloom; and, though ready to fight to the death for liberty for themselves, they had as yet little idea of tolerating liberty in others. Naturally, such men sympathized with one another, and the action of the Scotch was heartily, though secretly, applauded by the stoutest Presbyterians of England. Moreover, while menaced by the common oppressor, the Puritan Independents, who afterward split off from the Presbyterians, made common cause with them, the irreconcilable differences between the two bodies not yet being evident.

Soon the Scotch held a general assembly of the Church, composed of both clerical and lay members, and formally abolished Episcopacy, in spite of the angry protests of the King. Their action amounted in effect to establishing a theocracy. They repudiated the unlimited power of the King and the bishops, as men would do nowadays in like case; but they declared against liberty of thought and conduct in religious matters, basing their action practically on the same line of reasoning that influenced the very men they most denounced, hated, and feared.

The King took up the glove which the Scotch had thrown down. He raised an army and undertook the first of what were derisively known as the "Bishops' Wars." But his people sympathized with the Scotch rather than with him. He got an army together on the Border, but it would not fight, and he was forced reluctantly to treat for peace. Then Strafford came back from Ireland and requested Charles to summon a Parliament so that he could get funds. In April, 1640, the Short Parliament came together, but the English spirit was now almost as high as the Scotch in hostility to the King, and Parliament would not grant anything to the King until the grievances of the people were redressed. To this demand Charles would not listen, and the Parliament was promptly dissolved. Then being heartened by Laud, and especially by Strafford, Charles renewed the war, only to see his army driven in headlong panic before the Scotch at Newburn. The result



The Cromwell Barn ··· St Ives

was that he had to try to patch up a peace under the direction of Strafford. But the Scotch would not leave the kingdom until they were paid the expenses of the war. There was no money to pay them, and Charles had to summon Parliament once more. On November 3, 1640, the Long Parliament met at Westminster.

When Oliver Cromwell took his seat in the Long Parliament he was forty-one years old. He had been born at Huntingdon on April 25, 1599, and by birth belonged to the lesser gentry, or upper middle-class. The original name of the family had been Williams; it was of Welsh origin. There were many Cromwells, and Oliver was a common name among them. One of the Protector's uncles bore the name, and remained a stanch Loyalist throughout the Civil War. Oliver's own father, Robert, was a man in very moderate circum-

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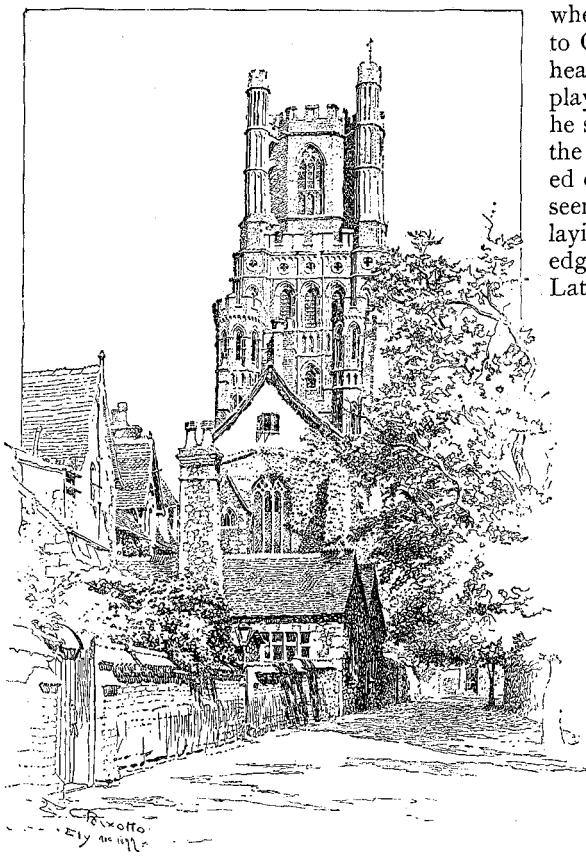

West Tower, Ely Cathedral, from Monastery Close.

stances, his estate in the town of Huntingdon bringing an income of some £300 a year. Oliver's mother, Elizabeth Steward, of Ely, seems to have been of much stronger character than his father. The Stewards, like the Cromwells, were "new people," both families, like so many others of the day, owing their rise to the spoliation of the monasteries. Oliver's father was a brewer, and his success in the management of the brewery was mainly due to Oliver's mother. No other member of Oliver's family—neither his wife nor his father—influenced him as did his mother. She was devoted to him, and he, in turn, loved her tenderly and respected her deeply. He followed her advice when young; he established her in the Royal Palace of Whitehall when he came to greatness; and when she died, he buried her in Westminster Abbey. As a boy he received his education at Huntingdon, but when seventeen years old, was sent to Cambridge University. A strong, hearty young fellow; fond of horseplay and rough pranks—as indeed he showed himself to be even when the weight of the whole kingdom rested on his shoulders—he nevertheless seems to have been a fair student, laying the foundation for that knowledge of Greek literature, and the Latin language, and that fondness for books, which afterward struck the representatives of the foreign powers at London. In 1617 his father died, and he left Cambridge. When twenty-one years old he was married in London, to Elizabeth Bourchier, who was one year older than he was; the daughter of a rich London furrier. She was a woman of gentle and amiable character, and though she does not appear to have influenced Cromwell's public career to any perceptible extent, he always regarded her with fond affection, and was always faithful to her.

For twenty years after his marriage he lived a quiet life, busying himself with the management of his farm. Nine children were born to him, of whom three sons and five daughters lived to maturity. About this time his soul was first deeply turned toward religious matters, and, like the great majority of serious thinkers of the time, he became devoted to the Puritan theology; indeed no other was possible to a representative of the prosperous, independent, and religious middle-class, from which all the greatest Puritan leaders sprang. While a boy, Oliver had been sent to the free school at Huntingdon, and his first training had been received under its master, the Reverend Thomas Beard, a zealous Puritan and Reformer, as well as a man of wide reading and sound scholarship, and lastly, an inflamed hater of the Church of Rome. All his surroundings, all his memories were such as to make the future Dictator of England sincerely feel that the Church of Rome was the arch-antagonist of all, temporal or spiritual, that he held most

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dear. In the first place his ancestors were among those who had profited by the spoliation of the monasteries; and the only way to avoid uncomfortable feelings on the part of the spoiler is for him to show—or if this is not possible, to convince himself that he has shown—the utmost iniquity on the part of the despoiled. When Oliver was a small boy the Gunpowder Plot shook all England. When he was a little older, Henry of Navarre was stabbed in Paris; and though Henry was a cynical turn-coat in matters of religion, and a man of the most revolting licentiousness in private life, he was yet a great ruler of men, and had been one of the props of the Protestant cause. Before Oliver came of age the Thirty Years' War had begun its course. To Oliver Cromwell, warfare against the Church of Rome, broken by truces which, whether long or short, were intended only to be breathing-spells, must have seemed the normal state of things.

In 1631 Oliver sold his paternal estate in Huntingdon and managed a rented farm at St. Ives for five years; then he removed to Ely in the fen country and again took up farming, being joined by his mother and sisters. He served in the great Parliament which passed the Petition of Right, but played no part of prominence therein; standing stoutly, however, for Puritanism and Parliamentary freedom. During the ensuing eleven years of unrest, while all England was making ready for the impending conflict, Oliver busied himself with his farm and his family. He showed himself one of the strongest bulwarks of the Puritan preachers; zealous in the endeavor to further the cause of religion in every way, and always open to appeals from the poor and the oppressed, of whom he was the consistent champion. When certain rich men, headed by the Earl of Bedford, endeavored to oust from some of their rights the poor people of the fens, Oliver headed the latter in their resistance. He was keenly interested in the trial of his kinsman, John Hampden, for refusal to pay the Ship Money; a trial which was managed by the advocate Oliver St. John, his cousin by marriage.

In short, Cromwell was far more concerned in righting specific cases of oppression than in advancing the great principles of constitutional government which

Cromwell's House at Ely.

The tall spire is that of St. Mary's Church, and the Cathedral tower is seen in the distance.

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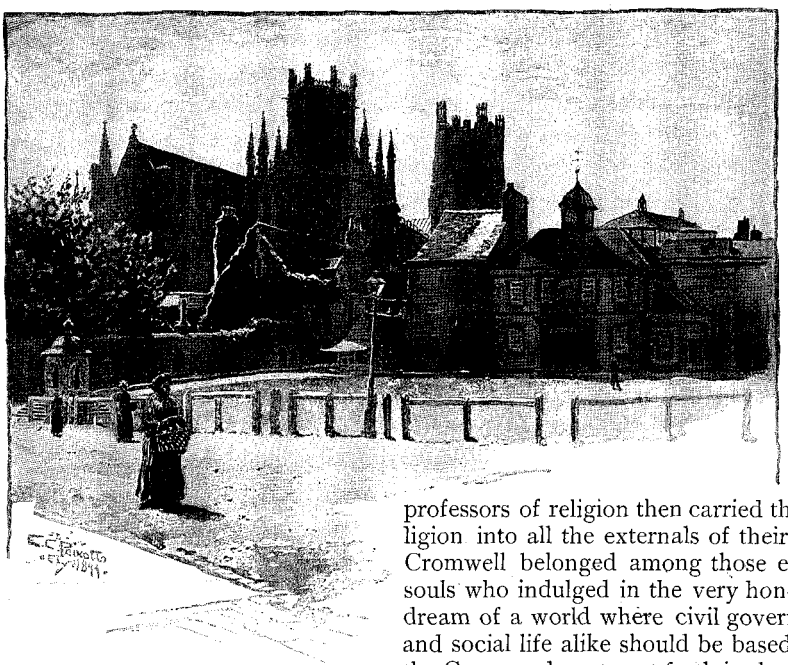

Ely Cathedral, from the Market Place.

alone make possible that orderly liberty which is the bar to such individual acts of wrong-doing. From the stand-point of the private man this is a distinctly better failing than is its opposite; but from the stand-point of the statesman the reverse is true. Cromwell, like many a so-called "practical" man, would have done better work had he followed a more clearly defined theory; for though the practical man is better than the mere theorist, he cannot do the highest work unless he is a theorist also. However, all Cromwell's close associations were with Hampden, St. John, and the other leaders in the movement for political freedom, and he acted at first in entire accord with their ideas; while with the religious side of their agitation he was in most hearty sympathy.

It is difficult for us nowadays to realize how natural it seemed at that time for the Word of the Lord to be quoted and appealed to on every occasion, no matter how trivial, in the lives of sincerely religious men. It is very possible that quite as large a proportion of people nowadays strive to shape their internal lives in accordance with the Ten Commandments and the Golden Rule; indeed, it is probable that the proportion is far greater; but professors of religion then carried their religion into all the externals of their lives. Cromwell belonged among those earnest souls who indulged in the very honorable dream of a world where civil government and social life alike should be based upon the Commandments set forth in the Bible. To endeavor to shape the whole course of individual existence in accordance with the hidden, or half-divulged, law of perfect righteousness, has to it a very lofty side; but if the endeavor is extended to include mankind at large, it has also a very dangerous side, so dangerous indeed that in practice the effort is apt to result in harm, unless it is undertaken in a spirit of the broadest charity and toleration; for the more sincere the men who make it, the more certain they are to treat, not only their own principles, but their own passions, prejudices, vanities, and jealousies, as representing the will, not of themselves, but of Heaven. The constant appeal to the Word of God in all trivial matters is, moreover, apt to breed hypocrisy of that sanctimonious kind which is peculiarly repellent, and which invariably invites reaction against all religious feeling and expression.

At that day Cromwell's position in this matter was, at its worst, merely that of the enormous majority of earnest men of all sects. Each sect believed that it was the special repository of the wisdom and virtue of the Most High; and the most zealous of its members believed it to be their duty to the Most High to make all other men worship Him according to what

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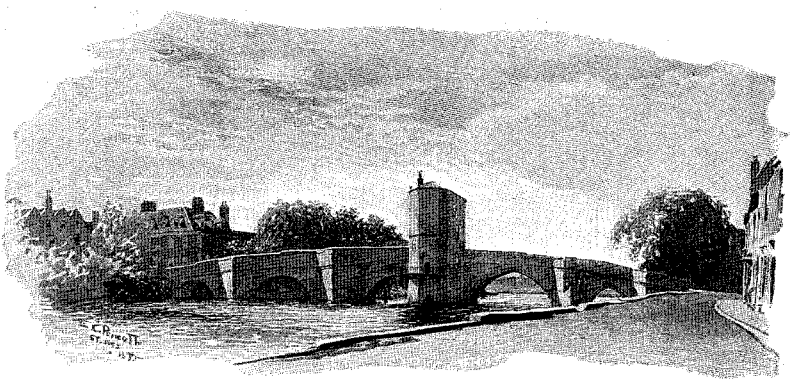
they conceived to be His wishes. This was the mediæval attitude, and represented the mediæval side in Puritanism; a side which was particularly prominent at the time, and which, so far as it existed, marred the splendor of Puritan achievement. The nobleness of the effort to bring about the reign of God on earth, the inspiration that such an effort was to those engaged in it, must be acknowledged by all; but, in practice, we must remember that, as religious obligation was then commonly construed, it inevitably led to the Inquisition in Spain; to the sack of Drogheda in Ireland; to the merciless persecution of heretics by each sect, according to its power, and the effort to stifle freedom of thought and stamp out freedom of action. It is right, and greatly to be desired, that men should come together to search after the truth, to try to find out the true will of God; but in Cromwell's time they were only beginning to see that each body of seekers must be left to work out its own beliefs without molestation, so long as it does not strive to interfere with the beliefs of others.

The great merit of Cromwell, and of the party of the Independents which he headed, and which represented what was best in Puritanism, consists in the fact that he and they did, dimly, but with ever-growing clearness, perceive this principle, and, with many haltings, strove to act up to it. The Independent or Congregational churches, which worked for political freedom, and held that each congregation of Protestants should decide for itself as to its religious doctrines, stood as the forerunners in the movement that has culminated in our modern political and religious liberty. How slow the acceptance of their ideas was, how the opposition to them battled on to the present century, will be appreciated by anyone who turns to the early writings of Gladstone, when he was the "rising hope of those stern Tories" whose special antipathy he afterward became. Even yet there are advocates of religious intolerance, but they are mostly of the academic kind, and there is no chance for any political party of the least importance to try to put their doctrines into effect. More and more, at least here in the United States, Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Gentiles, are learning the grandest of all lessons—that they can best serve their God by serving their fellow-men, and best serve their fellow-men, not by wrangling among themselves, but by a generous rivalry in working for righteousness and against evil.

This knowledge then lay in the future. When Cromwell grew to manhood he was a Puritan of the best type, of the type of Hampden and Milton; sincere, earnest, resolute to do good as he saw it, more liberal than most of his fellow-religionists, and saved from their worst eccentricities by his hard common-sense, but not untouched by their gloom, and sharing something of their narrowness. Entering Parliament thus equipped, he could not fail to be most drawn to the religious side of the struggle. He soon made himself prominent; a harsh-featured, red-faced, powerfully built man, whose dress appeared slovenly in the eyes of the courtiers, who was no orator, but whose great power soon began to impress friends and enemies alike.



St. Ives's Bridge.

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Drawn by Bernard Partridge.

"To meet Mr. T. Sandys."—Page 38.

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TOMMY AND GRIZEL

BY J. M. BARRIE

Author of "Sentimental Tommy," "The Little Minister," etc.

CHAPTER I

HOW TOMMY FOUND A WAY

O. P. PYM, the colossal Pym, that vast and rolling figure, who never knew what he was to write about until he dipped grandly, an author in such demand that on the foggy evening which starts our story his publishers have had his boots removed lest he slip thoughtlessly round the corner before his work is done, as was the great man's way—shall we begin with him or with Tommy, who has just arrived in London carrying his little box and leading a lady by the hand? It was Pym, as we are about to see, who in the beginning held Tommy up to the public gaze, Pym who first noticed his remarkable indifference to female society, Pym who gave him——. But, alack, does no one remember Pym for himself; is the king of the "Penny Number" already no more than a button that once upon a time kept Tommy's person together? And we are at the night when they first met! Let us hasten into Marylebone, before little Tommy arrives and Pym is swallowed like an oyster. This is the house, 22 Little Owlet Street, Marylebone, but which were his rooms it is less easy to determine, for he was a lodger who flitted placidly from floor to floor according to the state of his finances, carrying his apparel and other belongings in one great armful and spilling by the way. On this particular evening he was on the second floor front, which had a fire-place in the corner, furniture all his landlady's and mostly horse-hair, little to suggest his calling save a noble saucerful of ink, and nothing to draw attention from Pym, who lolled, gross and massive, on a sofa, one leg over the back of it, the other drooping, his arms extended and his pipe, which he could find nowhere, thrust between the buttons of his waistcoat, an agreeable pipe-rack. He wore a yellow dressing-gown, or could scarcely be said to wear it, for such of it as was not round his neck he had converted into a cushion for his head, which is perhaps the part of him we should have turned to first. It was a big round head, the plentiful gray hair in tangles, possibly because in Pym's last flitting the comb had dropped over the banisters, the features ugly and beyond life-size, yet the forehead had altered little except in color since the day when he was near being made a fellow of his college; there was sensitiveness left in the thick nose, humor in the eyes, though they so often watered, the face had gone to flabbiness at last, but not without some lines and dents, as if the head had resisted the body for a space before the whole man rolled contentedly down hill.

He had no beard. "Young man, let your beard grow." Those who have forgotten all else about Pym may recall him in these words; they were his one counsel to literary aspirants, who, according as they took it, are now bearded and prosperous or shaven and on the rates. To shave costs threepence, another threepence for loss of time, nearly ten pounds a year, three hundred pounds since Pym's chin first bristled. With his beard he could have bought an annuity or a cottage in the country, he could have had a wife and children and driven his dog-cart and been made a church-warden. All gone, all shaved, and for what? When he asked this question he would move his hand across his chin with a sigh, and so, bravely to the barber's.

Pym was at present suffering from an ailment that had spread him out on that

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sofa again and again, acute disinclination to work.

Meanwhile all the world was waiting for his new tale. So the publishers, two little round men, have told him. They have blustered, they have fawned, they have asked each other out to talk it over behind the door.

Has he any idea of what the story is to be about ?

He has no idea.

Then at least, Pym, excellent Pym, sit down and dip, and let us see what will happen.

He declined to do even that. While all the world waited, this was Pym's ultimatum :

"I shall begin the damned thing at eight o'clock."

Outside, the fog kept changing at intervals from black to white, as lazily from white to black (the monster blinking), there was not a sound from the street save of pedestrians tapping with their sticks on the pavement as they moved forward warily, afraid of an embrace with the unknown ; it might have been a city of blind beggars, one of them a boy.

At eight o'clock Pym rose with a groan and sat down in his stocking soles to write his delicious tale. He was now alone. But though his legs were wound round his waste-paper basket, and he dipped often and loudly in the saucer like one ringing at the door of Fancy, he could not get the idea that would set him going. He was still dipping for inspiration when T. Sandys, who had been told to find the second floor for himself, knocked at the door and entered, quaking.

"I remember it vividly," Pym used to say when questioned in the after years about this, his first sight of Tommy, "and I hesitate to decide which impressed me more, the richness of his voice, so remarkable in a boy of sixteen, or his serene countenance with its noble forehead, behind which nothing base could lurk."

Pym, Pym! it is such as you that makes the writing of biography difficult. The richness of Tommy's voice could not have struck you, for at that time it was a somewhat squeaky voice, and as for the noble forehead behind which nothing base could lurk, how could you say that, Pym, you who had a noble forehead yourself ?

No, all that Pym saw was a pasty-faced boy sixteen years old and of an appearance mysteriously plain ; hair light brown and waving defiance to the brush, nothing startling about him but the expression of his face, which was almost fearsomely solemn and apparently unchangeable ; he wore his Sunday blacks, of which the trousers might with advantage have borrowed from the sleeves, and he was so nervous that he had to wet his lips before he could speak. He had left the door ajar for a private reason, but Pym, misunderstanding, thought he did it to fly the more readily if anything was flung at him ; so he must be a printer's devil.

Pym had a voice that shook his mantelpiece ornaments ; he was all on the same scale as his ink-pot. "Your Christian name, boy ?" he roared, hopefully, for it was thus he sometimes got the idea that started him.

"Thomas," replied the boy.

Pym gave him a look of disgust. "You may go," he said. But when he looked up presently, Thomas was still there. He was not only there but whistling, a short encouraging whistle that seemed to be directed at the door ; he stopped quickly when Pym looked up, but during the remainder of the interview he emitted this whistle at intervals, always with that anxious glance at his friend, the door, and its strained joviality was in odd contrast with his solemn face, like a cheery tune played on the church organ.

"Begone !" cried Pym.

"My full name," explained Tommy, who was speaking the English correctly, but with a Scot's accent, "is Thomas Sandys. And fine you know who that is," he added, exasperated by Pym's indifference, "I'm the T. Sandys that answered your advertisement."

Pym knew who he was now. "You young ruffian," he gasped, "I never dreamt that you would come !"

"I have your letter engaging me in my pocket," said Tommy, boldly, and he laid it on the table. Pym surveyed it and him in comic dismay, then with a sudden thought produced nearly a dozen letters from a drawer and planted them down beside the other. It was now his turn to look triumphant and Tommy aghast.

Pym's letters were all addressed from

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the Dubb of Prosen Farm, near Thrums, N. B., to different advertisers, care of a London agency, and were Tommy's answers to the "wants" in a London newspaper which had found its way to the far North. "XYZ" was in need of a chemist's assistant, and from his earliest years, said one of the letters, chemistry had been the study of studies for T. Sandys. He was glad to read, was T. Sandys, that one who did not object to long hours would be preferred, for it seemed to him that those who objected to long hours did not really love their work, their heart was not in it, and only where the heart is, can the treasure be found.

"123" had a vacancy for a page-boy; "Glasgow Man" for a photographer; page-boy must not be over fourteen, photographer must not be under twenty. "I am a little over fourteen, but I look less," wrote T. Sandys to "123"; "I am a little under twenty," he wrote to "Glasgow Man," "but I look more." His heart was in the work.

To be a political organizer! If "H and H," who advertised for one only knew how eagerly the undersigned desired to devote his life to political organizing!

In answer to "Scholastic's" advertisement for janitor in a boys' school, T. Sandys begged to submit his name for consideration.

Undoubtedly the noblest letter was the one applying for the secretaryship of a charitable society, salary to begin at once, but the candidate selected must deposit one hundred pounds. The application was noble in its offer to make the work a labor of love, and almost nobler in its argument that the hundred pounds was unnecessary.

"Rex" had a vacancy in his drapery department. T. Sandys had made a unique study of drapery.

Lastly "Anon" wanted an amanuensis. "Salary," said "Anon," who seemed to be a humorist, "salary large but uncertain." He added, with equal candor, "Drudgery great, but to an intelligent man the pickings may be considerable." Pickings! Is there a finer word in the language? T. Sandys had felt that he was particularly good at pickings. But amanuensis? The thing was unknown to him, no one on the farm could tell him what it was. But never mind. His heart was in it.

All this correspondence had produced one reply, the letter on which Tommy's hand still rested. It was a brief note, signed O. P. Pym, and engaging Mr. Sandys on his own recommendation "If he really felt quite certain that his heart (treasure included) was in the work." So far good, Tommy had thought when he received this answer, but there was nothing in it to indicate the nature of the work, nothing to show whether O. P. Pym was "Scholastic," or "123," or "Rex," or any other advertiser in particular. Stop, there was a postscript: "I need not go into details about your duties, as you assure me you are so well acquainted with them, but before you join me please send (in writing) a full statement of what you think they are."

There were delicate reasons why Mr. Sandys could not do that, but, oh, he was anxious to be done with farm labor, so he decided to pack and risk it. The letter said plainly that he was engaged; what for he must find out slyly when he came to London. So he had put his letter firmly on Pym's table, but it was a staggerer to find that gentleman in possession of the others.

One of these was Pym's by right, the remainder were a humorous gift from the agent who was accustomed to sift the correspondence of his clients. Pym had chuckled over them and written a reply that he flattered himself would stump the boy, then he had unexpectedly come into funds (he found a forgotten check while searching his old pockets for tobacco-crumbs), and in that glory T. Sandys escaped his memory. Result, that they were now face to face.

A tiny red spot, not noticeable before, now appeared in Tommy's eyes. It was never there except when he was determined to have his way. Pym, my friend, yes, and everyone of you who is destined to challenge Tommy, 'ware that red light.

"Well, which am I?" demanded Pym, almost amused, Tommy was so obviously in a struggle with the problem.

The saucer and the blank pages told nothing. "Whichever you are," the boy answered, heavily, "it's not herding nor foddering cattle, and so long as it's not that, I'll put my heart in it, and where the heart is, there the treasure——"

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He suddenly remembered that his host must be acquainted with the sentiment.

Easy-going Pym laughed, then said, irritably, "Of what use could a mere boy be to me?"

"Then it's not the page-boy!" exclaimed Tommy, thankfully.

"Perhaps I am 'Scholastic,'" suggested Pym.

"No," said Tommy, after a long study of his face.

Pym followed this reasoning, and said, touchily, "Many a schoolmaster has a red face."

"Not that kind of redness," explained Tommy, deliberately.

"I am 'H and H'," said Pym.

"You forget you wrote to me as one person," replied Tommy.

"So I did. That was because I am the chemist, and I must ask you, Thomas, for your certificate." Tommy believed this time, and Pym triumphantly poured himself a glass of whiskey, spilling some of it on his dressing-gown.

"Not you," said Tommy, quickly, "a chemist has a steady hand."

"Confound you!" cried Pym, "what sort of a boy is this?"

"If you had been the draper you would have wiped the drink off your gown," continued Tommy, thoughtfully, "and if you had been 'Glasgow Man' you would have sucked it off, and if you had been the 'Charitable Society' you wouldn't swear in company." He flung out his hand. "I'll tell you who you are," he said, sternly, "you're 'Anon.'"

Under this broadside Pym succumbed. He sat down feebly. "Right," he said, with a humorous groan, "and I'll tell you who you are—I am afraid you are my amanuensis!"

Tommy immediately whistled, a louder and more glorious note than before.

"Don't be so cocky," cried Pym in sudden rebellion. "You are only my amanuensis if you can tell me what that is. If you can't—out you go."

He had him at last!

Not he!

"An amanuensis," said Tommy, calmly, "is one who writes to dictation. Am I to bring in my box? it's at the door."

This made Pym sit down again. "You didn't know what an amanuensis was when you answered my advertisement," he said.

"As soon as I got to London," Tommy answered, "I went into a bookseller's shop pretending I wanted to buy a dictionary, and I looked the word up."

"Bring in your box," Pym said, with a groan.

But it was now Tommy's turn to hesitate. "Have you noticed," he asked, awkwardly, "that I sometimes whistle?"

"Don't tell me," said Pym, "that you have a dog out there."

"It's not a dog," Tommy replied, cautiously.

Pym had resumed his seat at the table and was once more toying with his pen. "Open the door," he commanded, "and let me see what you have brought with you."

Tommy obeyed gingerly, and then Pym gaped, for what the open door revealed to him was a tiny roped box, with a girl of twelve sitting on it. She was dressed in some dull-colored winsey, and looked cold and patient and lonely, and as she saw the big man staring at her she struggled in alarm to her feet and could scarce stand on them. Tommy was looking apprehensively from her to Pym.

"Good God, boy," roared Pym, "are you married?"

"No," cried Tommy in agony, "she's my sister, and we're orphans, and did you think I could have the heart to leave Elspeth behind?" He took her stoutly by the hand.

"And he never will marry," said little Elspeth, almost fiercely; "will you, Tommy?"

"Never!" said Tommy, patting her and glaring at Pym.

But Pym would not have it; "Married," he shouted, "magnificent!" and he dipped exultantly, for he had got his idea at last. Forgetting even that he had an amanuensis he wrote on and on and on.

"He smells o' drink," Elspeth whispered.

"All the better," replied Tommy, cheerily. "Make yourself at home, Elspeth, he's the kind I can manage. Was there ever a kind I couldna manage?" he whispered, top-heavy with conceit.

"There was Grizel," Elspeth said, rather thoughtlessly, and then Tommy frowned.

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CHAPTER II

THE SEARCH FOR THE TREASURE

SIX years afterward Tommy was a famous man, as I hope you do not need to be told, but you may be wondering how it came about. The whole question, in Pym's words, resolves itself into how the solemn little devil got to know so much about women. It made the world marvel when they learned his age, but no one was quite so staggered as Pym, who had seen him daily for all those years, and been damning him for his indifference to the sex during the greater part of them.

It began while he was still no more than an amanuensis, sitting with his feet in the waste-paper basket, Pym dictating from the sofa and swearing when the words would not come unless he was perpendicular. Among the duties of this amanuensis was to remember the name of the heroine, her appearance and other personal details, for Pym constantly forgot them in the night, and he had to go searching back through his pages for them, cursing her so horribly that Tommy signed to Elspeth to retire to her tiny bedroom at the top of the house. He was always most careful of Elspeth, and with the first pound he earned he insured his life, leaving all to her, but told her nothing about it, lest she should think it meant his early death. As she grew older he also got good dull books for her from a library, and gave her a piano on the hire system and taught her many things about life, very carefully selected from his own discoveries.

Elspeth out of the way he could give Pym all the information wanted. "Her name is Felicity," he would say at the right moment, "she has curly brown hair in which the sun strays and a blushing neck, and her eyes are like blue lakes."

"Height," roared Pym, "have I mentioned it?"

"No, but she is about five feet six."

"How the — could you know that?"

"You tell Percy's height in his stocking soles, and when she reached to his mouth and kissed him she had to stand on her tiptoes so to do."

Tommy said this in a most business-like tone, but could not help smacking his lips. He smacked them again when he had to write,

"Have no fear, little woman, I am by your side."

Or, "What a sweet child you are."

Pym had probably fallen into the way of making the Percys revel in such epithets because he could not remember the girl's name, but this delicious use of the diminutive, as addressed to full-grown ladies, went to Tommy's head. His solemn face kept his secret, but he had some narrow escapes, as once when saying good-night to Elspeth he kissed her on mouth, eyes, nose, and ears, and said, "Shall I tuck you in, little woman?" He came to himself with a start.

"I forgot," he said, hurriedly, and got out of the room without telling what he had forgotten.

Pym's publishers knew their man, and their arrangement with him was that he was paid on completion of the tale. But always before he reached the middle he struck for what they called his honorarium, and this troubled them, for the tale was appearing week by week as it was written. If they were obdurate he suddenly concluded his story in such words as these:

"Several years have passed since these events took place, and the scene changes to a lovely garden by the bank of old Father Thames. A young man sits by the soft-flowing stream, and he is calm as the scene itself, for the storm has passed away, and Percy (for it is no other) has found an anchorage. As he sits musing over the past, Felicity steals out by the French window and puts her soft arms round his neck. 'My little wife!' he murmurs. *The End, unless you pay up by messenger.*"

This last line, which was not meant for the world (but little would Pym have cared though it had been printed), usually brought his employers to their knees, and then, as Tommy advanced in experience, came the pickings, for Pym, with money in his pockets, had important engagements round the corner and risked intrusting his amanuensis with the writing of the next instalment, "all except the bang at the end."

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Smaller people in Tommy's state of mind would have hurried straight to the love-passages, but he saw the danger and forced his Pegasus away from them. "Do your day's toil first," he may be conceived saying to that animal, "and at evenfall I shall let you out to browse." So, with this reward in front, he devoted many pages to the dreary adventures of pretentious males, and even found a certain pleasure in keeping the lady waiting. But as soon as he reached her he lost his head again.

"Oh, you beauty! oh, you small pet!" he said to himself, with solemn transport.

As the artist in him was stirred, great problems presented themselves; for instance, in certain circumstances was darling or little one the better phrase! Darling in solitary grandeur is more pregnant of meaning than little one, but little has a flavor of the patronizing which darling perhaps lacks. He wasted many sheets over such questions, but they were in his pocket when Pym or Elspeth opened the door. It is wonderful how much you can conceal between the touch on the handle and the opening of the door if your heart is in it.

Despite this fine practice, however, he was the shyest of mankind in the presence of women, and this shyness grew upon him with the years. Was it because he never tried to uncork himself? Oh, no! It was about this time that he one day put his arm round Clara, the servant, not passionately, but with deliberation, as if he were making an experiment with machinery. He then listened as if to hear Clara ticking. He wrote an admirable love-letter, warm, dignified, sincere, to nobody in particular, and carried it about in his pocket in readiness. But in love-making, as in the other arts, those do it best who cannot tell how it is done, and he was always stricken with a palsy when about to present that letter. It seemed that he was only able to speak to ladies when they were not there. Well, if he could not speak he thought the more; he thought so profoundly that in time the heroines of Pym ceased to thrill him.

This was because he had found out that they were not flesh and blood, but he did not delight in his discovery; it horrified him, for what he wanted was the old thrill. To make them human so that they could be his little friends again, nothing less was called for. This meant slaughter here and there of the great Pym's brainwork, and Tommy tried to keep his hands off, but his heart was in it. In Pym's pages the ladies were the most virtuous and proper of their sex (though dreadfully persecuted), but he merely told you so at the beginning, and now and again afterward to fill up, and then allowed them to act with what may be called rashness, so that the story did not really suffer. Before Tommy was nineteen he changed all that. Out went this because she would not have done it, and that because she could not have done it; fathers might now have taken a lesson from T. Sandys in the upbringing of their daughters; he even sternly struck out the diminutives. With a pen in his hand and woman in his head he had such noble thoughts that his tears of exaltation damped the pages as he wrote, and the ladies must have been astounded as well as proud to see what they were turning into.

That was Tommy with a pen in his hand and a handkerchief hard by, but it was another Tommy, who, when the finest bursts were over, sat back in his chair and rested. The lady was consistent now, and he would think about her and think and think, until concentration, which is a pair of blazing eyes, seemed to draw her out of the fool's-cap to his side, and then he and she sported in a way forbidden in the tale. While he sat there with eyes riveted he had her to dinner at a restaurant, and took her up the river, and called her "little woman," and when she held up her mouth he said, tantalizingly, that she must wait until he had finished his cigar. This queer delight enjoyed, back he popped her into the story, where she was again the vehicle for such glorious sentiments that Elspeth, to whom he read the best of them, feared he was becoming too good to live.

In the meantime the great penny public were slowly growing restive, and at last the two little round men called on Pym to complain that he was falling off, and Pym turned them out of doors and then sat down heroically to do what he had not done for two decades, to read his latest work.

"Elspeth, go up-stairs to your room,"

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whispered Tommy, and then he folded his arms proudly. He should have been in a tremble, but latterly he had often felt that he must burst if he did not soon read some of his bits to Pym, more especially the passages about the hereafter; also the opening of Chapter Seventeen.

At first Pym's only comment was, "It is the same old drivel as before; what more can they want?"

But presently he looked up, puzzled. "Is this chapter yours or mine?" he demanded.

"It is about half and half," said Tommy.

"Is mine the first half? Where does yours begin?"

"That is not exactly what I mean," explained Tommy, in a glow, but backing a little; "you wrote that chapter first, and then I—I——"

"You re-wrote it!" roared Pym, "you dared to meddle with—" He was speechless with fury.

"I tried to keep my hand off," Tommy said, with dignity, "but the thing had to be done, and they are human now."

"Human! who wants them to be human? The fiends seize you, boy, you have even been tinkering with my heroine's personal appearance; what is this you have been doing to her nose?"

"I turned it up slightly, that's all," said Tommy.

"I like them down," roared Pym.

"I prefer them up," said Tommy, stiffly.

"Where," cried Pym, turning over the leaves in a panic, "where is the scene in the burning house?"

"It's out," Tommy explained, "but there is a chapter in its place about—it's mostly about the beauty of the soul being everything, and mere physical beauty nothing. Oh, Mr. Pym, sit down and let me read it to you."

But Pym read it, and a great deal more, for himself. No wonder he stormed, for the impossible had been made not only consistent, but unreadable. The plot was lost for chapters, the characters no longer did anything, and then went and did something else; you were told instead how they did it; you were not allowed to make up your own mind about them; you had to listen to the mind of T. Sandys; he described and he analyzed; the road he had tried to clear through the thicket was impassable for chips.

"A few more weeks of this," said Pym, "and we should all three be turned out into the streets."

Tommy went to bed in an agony of mortification, but presently to his side came Pym.

"Where did you copy this from?" he asked. "'It is when we are thinking of those we love that our noblest thoughts come to us, and the more worthy they are of our love the nobler the thought, hence it is that no one has done the greatest work who did not love God.'"

"I copied it from nowhere," replied Tommy, fiercely; "it's my own."

"Well, it has nothing to do with the story, and so is only a blot on it, and I have no doubt the thing has been said much better before. Still, I suppose it is true."

"It's true," said Tommy; "and yet——"

"Go on. I want to know all about it."

"And yet," Tommy said, puzzled, "I've known noble thoughts come to me when I was listening to a brass band."

Pym chuckled. "Funny things, noble thoughts," he agreed. He read another passage:

"'It was the last half hour of day when I was admitted with several others to look upon my friend's dead face. A handkerchief had been laid over it. I raised the handkerchief. I know not what the others were thinking, but the last time we met he had told me something, it was not much, only that no woman had ever kissed him. It seemed to me that as I gazed the wistfulness came back to his face. I whispered to a woman who was present, and stooping over him she was about to —but her eyes were dry, and I stopped her. The handkerchief was replaced, and all left the room save myself. Again I raised the handkerchief. I cannot tell you how innocent he looked.'"

"Who was he?" asked Pym.

"Nobody," said Tommy, with some awe; "it just came to me. Do you notice how simple the wording is? It took me some time to make it so simple."

"You are just nineteen, I think?"

"Yes."

Pym looked at him wonderingly.

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"Thomas," he said, "you are a very queer little devil."

He also said, "And it is possible you may find the treasure you are always talking about. Don't jump to the ceiling, my friend, because I say that; I was once after the treasure myself, and you can see whether I found it."

From about that time, on the chances that this mysterious treasure might spring up in the form of a new kind of flower, Pym zealously cultivated the ground, and Tommy had an industrious time of it. He was taken off his stories, which at once regained their elasticity, and put on to exercises.

"If you have nothing to say on the subject, say nothing," was one of the new rules which few would have expected from Pym. Another was, "As soon as you can say what you think, and not what some other person has thought for you, you are on the way to being a remarkable man."

"Without concentration, Thomas, you are lost; concentrate though your coat-tails be on fire.

"Try your hand at description, and when you have done chortling over the result reduce the whole by half without missing anything out.

"Analyze your characters and their motives at the prodigious length in which you revel, and then, my sonny, cut your analysis out. It is for your own guidance, not the reader's.

"'I have often noticed,' you are always saying. The story has nothing to do with you. Obliterate yourself. I see that will be your stiffest job.

"Stop preaching. It seems to me the pulpit is where you should look for the treasure. Nineteen, and you are already as didactic as seventy."

And so on.

Over his exercises Tommy was now engrossed for so long a period that as he sits there you may observe his legs slowly lengthening and the coming of his beard. No, his legs lengthened as he sat with his feet in the basket, but I feel sure that his beard burst through prematurely some night when he was thinking too hard about the ladies.

There were no ladies in the exercises, for despite their altercation about noses Pym knew that on this subject Tommy's mind was a blank. But he recognized the sex's importance, and, becoming possessed once more of a black coat, marched his pupil into the somewhat shoddy drawing-rooms still open to him, and there ordered Tommy to be fascinated for his future good. But it was as it had always been. Tommy sat white and speechless and apparently bored, could not even say "You sing with so much expression," when the lady at the piano-forte had finished.

"Shyness I could pardon?" the exasperated Pym would roar, "but want of interest is almost immoral. At your age the blood would have been coursing through my veins. Love! You are incapable of it. There is not a drop of sentiment in your frozen carcass."

"Can I help that?" growled Tommy. It was an agony to him even to speak about women.

"If you can't," said Pym, "all is over with you. An artist without sentiment is a painter without colors. Young man, I fear you are doomed."

And Tommy believed him and quaked. He had the most gallant struggles with himself. He even set his teeth and joined a dancing class, though neither Pym nor Elspeth knew of it, and it never showed afterward in his legs. In appearance he was now beginning to be the Sandys of the photographs, a little over the middle height and rather heavily built; nothing to make you uncomfortable until you saw his face. That solemn countenance never responded when he laughed, and stood coldly by when he was on fire; he might have winked for an eternity and still the onlooker must have thought himself mistaken. In his boyhood the mask had descended scarce below his mouth, for there was a dimple in the chin to put you at your ease, but now the short brown beard had come, and he was forever hidden from the world.

He had the dandy's tastes for superb neckties, velvet jackets, and he got the ties instead of dining; he panted for the jacket, knew all the shop-windows it was in, but for years denied himself with a moan so that he might buy pretty things for Elspeth. When eventually he got it, Pym's friends ridiculed him. When he saw how ill his face matched it he ridiculed himself. Often when Tommy was feeling that now at last the ladies must come to heel, he saw his

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face suddenly in a mirror and all the spirit went out of him. But still he clung to his velvet jacket.

I see him in it stalking through the terrible dances, a heroic figure at last. He shuddered every time he found himself on one leg, he got sternly into everybody's way, he was the butt of the little noodle of an instructor; all the social tortures he endured grimly in the hope that at last the cork would come out. Then though there were all kinds of girls in the class, merry, sentimental, practical, coquettish, prudes, there was no kind, he felt, whose heart he could not touch; in love-making, as in the favorite Thrums game of the dambrod, there are sixty-one openings and he knew them all. Yet at the last dance as at the first the universal opinion of his partners (shop-girls mostly from the large millinery establishments, who had to fly like Cinderellas when the clock struck a certain hour) was that he kept himself to himself, and they were too much the lady to make up to a gentleman who so obviously did not want them.

Pym encouraged his friends to jeer at Tommy's want of interest in the sex, thinking it a way of goading him to action. One evening, the bottles circulating, they mentioned one Dolly, goddess at some bar, as a fit instructress for him. Coarse pleasantries passed, but for a time he writhed in silence, then burst upon them indignantly for their unmanly smirching of a woman's character, and swept out, leaving them a little ashamed. That was very like Tommy.

But presently a desire came over him to see this girl, and it came because they had hinted such dark things about her. That was like him also.

There was probably no harm in Dolly, though it is man's proud right to question it in exchange for his bitters. She was tall and willowy and stretched her neck like a swan and returned you your change with disdainful languor; to call such a haughty beauty Dolly was one of the minor triumphs for man, and Dolly they all called her, except the only one who could have given an artistic justification for it.

This one was a bearded stranger who, when he knew that Pym and his friends were elsewhere, would enter the bar with a cigar in his mouth and ask for a whiskey and water, which was heroism again, for smoking was ever detestable to him and whiskey more offensive than quinine. But these things are expected of you, and by asking for the whiskey you get into talk with Dolly, that is to say, you tell her several times what you want, and when she has served every other body you get it. The commercial must be served first; in the bar-room he blocks the way like royalty in the street. There is a crown for us all somewhere.

Dolly seldom heard the bearded one's "Good-evening"; she could not possibly have heard the "Dear," for though it was there it remained behind his teeth. She knew him only as the stiff man who got separated from his glass without complaining, and at first she put this down to forgetfulness and did nothing, so that he could go away without drinking, but by and by, whenever he left his tumbler, cunningly concealed behind a water-bottle or temptingly in front of a commercial, she restored it to him, and there was a twinkle in her eye.

"You little rogue, so you see through me!" Surely it was an easy thing to say, but what he did say was "Thank you." Then to himself he said, "Ass, ass, ass!"

Sitting on the padded seat that ran the length of the room, and surreptitiously breaking his cigar against the cushions to help it on its way to an end, he brought his intellect to bear on Dolly at a distance and soon had a better knowledge of her than could be claimed by those who had Dollied her for years. He also wove romances about her, some of them of too lively a character, and others so noble and sad and beautiful that the tears came to his eyes and Dolly thought he had been drinking. He could not have said whether he would prefer her to be good or bad.

These were but his leisure moments, for during the long working hours he was still at the exercises, toiling fondly and right willing to tear himself asunder to get at the trick of writing. So he passed from exercises to the grand experiment.

It was to be a tale, for there, they had taken for granted, lay the treasure. Pym was most considerate at this time, and mentioned woman with an apology.

"I have kept away from them in the

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exercises," he said in effect, "because it would have been useless (as well as cruel) to force you to labor on a subject so uncongenial to you, and for the same reason I have decided that it is to be a tale of adventure, in which the heroine need be little more than a beautiful sack of coals which your cavalier carries about with him on his left shoulder. I am afraid we must have her to that extent, Thomas, but I am not asking much of you; dump her down as often as you like."

And Thomas did his dogged best, the red light in his eye; though he had not and never could have had the smallest instinct for writing stories, he knew to the finger-tips how it is done, but forever he would have gone on breaking all the rules of the game. How he wrestled with himself! Sublime thoughts came to him (nearly all about that girl) and he drove them away, for he knew they beat only against the march of his story, and, whatever befall, the story must march. Relentlessly he followed in the track of his men, pushing the dreary dogs on to deeds of valor. He tried making the lady human, and then she would not march; she sat still and he talked about her, he dumped her down and soon he was yawning. This weariness was what alarmed him most, for well he understood that there could be no treasure where the work was not engrossing play, and he doubted no more than Pym that for him the treasure was in the tale or nowhere. Had he not been sharpening his tools in this belief for years? Strange to reflect now, that all the time he was hacking and sweating at that story (the last he ever attempted) it was only marching toward the waste-paper basket.

He had a fine capacity, as has been hinted, for self-deception, and in time, of course, he found a way of dodging the disquieting truth. This, equally, of course, was by yielding to his impulses. He allowed himself an hour a day, when Pym was absent, in which he wrote the story as it seemed to want to write itself, and then he cut this piece out, which could be done quite easily, as it consisted only of moralizings. Thus was his day brightened, and with this relaxation to look forward to he plodded on at his proper work, delving so hard that he could avoid asking himself why he was still delving. What shall we say? he was digging for the treasure in an orchard, and every now and again he came out of his hole to pluck an apple, but though the apple was so sweet to the mouth, it never struck him that the treasure might be growing overhead. At first he destroyed the fruit of his stolen hour, and even after he took to carrying it about fondly in his pocket and to re-writing it in a splendid new form that had come to him just as he was stepping into bed, he continued to conceal it from his overseer's eyes. And still he thought all was over with him when Pym said the story did not march.

"It is a dead thing," Pym would roar, flinging down the manuscript, "a dead thing because the stakes your man is playing for, a woman's love, is less than a wooden counter to you. You are a fine piece of mechanism, my solemn-faced don, but you are a watch that won't go because you are not wound up. Nobody can wind the artist up except a chit of a girl, and how you are ever to get one to take pity on you, only the Gods who look after men with a want can tell."

"It becomes more impenetrable every day," he said. "No use your sitting there tearing yourself to bits. Out into the street with you. I suspend these sittings until you can tell me you have kissed a girl."

He was still saying this sort of thing when the famous "Letters" were published, T. Sandys author. "Letters to a Young Man about to be Married" was the full title, and another almost as applicable would have been "Bits Cut out of a Story because they Prevented its Marching." If you have any memory you do not need to be told how that splendid study, so ennobling, so penetrating, of woman at her best, took the town. Tommy woke a famous man, and except Elspeth no one was more pleased than big-hearted, hopeless Pym.

"But how the —— has it all come about!" he kept roaring.

"A woman can be anything that the man who loves her would have her be," says the "Letters," and "Oh," said woman everywhere, "if all men had the same ideal of us as Mr. Sandys!"

"To meet Mr. T. Sandys." Leaders of society wrote it on their invitation

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cards. Their daughters a-thirst for a new sensation thrilled at the thought, "Will he talk to us as nobly as he writes!" and oh, how willing he was to do it, especially if their noses were slightly turned up.

CHAPTER III

SANDYS ON WOMEN

"CAN you kindly tell the name of the book I want?" It is the commonest question asked at the circulating library by dainty ladies just out of the carriage, and the librarian after looking them over can usually tell. In the days we have now to speak of, however, he answered, without looking them over:

"Sandys's Letters."

"Ah, yes, of course. May I have it, please?"

"I regret to find that it is out."

Then the lady looked naughty. "Why don't you have two copies?" she pouted.

"Madam," said the librarian, "we have a thousand."

A small and very timid girl of eighteen, with a neat figure that shrank from observation, although already aware that it looked best in gray, was there to drink in this music and carried it home in her heart. She was Elspeth, and that dear heart was almost too full at this time; I hesitate whether to tell or to conceal how it even created a disturbance in no less a place than the House of Commons. She was there with Mrs. Jerry, and the thing was recorded in the papers of the period in these blasting words: "The Home Secretary was understood to be quoting a passage from 'Letters to a Young Man,' but we failed to catch its drift owing to an unseemly interruption from the ladies' gallery."

"But what was it you cried out?" Tommy asked Elspeth when she thought she had told him everything. (Like all true women, she always began in the middle.)

"Oh, Tommy, have I not told you? I cried out, 'I'm his sister.'"

Thus, owing to Elspeth's behavior, it can never be known which was the passage quoted in the House, but we may be sure of one thing, that it did the House good. That book did everybody good, even Pym could only throw off its beneficent effects by a tremendous effort, and young men about to be married used to ask at the bookshops, not for the "Letters," but simply for "Sandys on Woman," acknowledging Tommy as the authority on the subject, like Mill on Jurisprudence, or Thomson and Tait on the Differential Calculus. Controversies raged about it. Some thought he asked too much of man, some thought he saw too much in women; there was a fear that young people, knowing at last how far short they fell of what they ought to be, might shrink from the matrimony that must expose them to each other, now that they had Sandys to guide them, and the persons who had simply married and risked it (and it was astounding what a number of them there proved to be) wrote to the papers suggesting that he might yield a little in the next edition. But Sandys remained firm.

At first they took for granted that he was a very aged gentleman; he had indeed hinted at this in the text, and when the truth came out ("And just fancy, he is not even married!") the enthusiasm was doubled. "Not engaged!" they cried, "don't tell that to me. No unmarried man could have written such a eulogy of marriage without being on the brink of it." Perhaps she was dead? It ran through the town that she was dead. Some knew which cemetery.

The very first lady Mr. Sandys ever took in to dinner mentioned this rumor to him, not with vulgar curiosity; but delicately, with a hint of sympathy in waiting, and it must be remembered, in fairness to Tommy, that all artists love sympathy. This sympathy uncorked him, and our Tommy could flow comparatively freely at last. Observe the delicious change.

"Has that story got abroad," he said, simply. "The matter is one which, I need not say, I have never mentioned to a soul."

"Of course not," the lady said, and waited eagerly.

If Tommy had been an expert he might have turned the conversation to brighter topics, but he was not; there had already been long pauses, and in dinner talk it is

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perhaps allowable to fling on any faggot rather than let the fire go out. "It is odd that I should be talking of it now," he said, musingly.

"I suppose," she said, gently, to bring him out of the reverie into which he had sunk, "I suppose it happened some time ago?"

"Long, long ago," he answered. Having written as an aged person he often found difficulty in remembering suddenly that he was two-and-twenty.

"But you are still a very young man."

"It seems long ago to me," he said, with a sigh.

"Was she beautiful?"

"She was beautiful to my eyes."

"And as good I am sure as she was beautiful."

"Ah me!" said Tommy.

His confidante was burning to know more and hoping they were being observed across the table, but she was a kind, sentimental creature, though stout, or because of it, and she said, "I am so afraid that my questions pain you."

"No, no," said Tommy, who was very, very happy.

"Was it very sudden?"

"Fever."

"Ah! But I meant your attachment."

"We met and we loved," he said, with gentle dignity.

"That is the true way," said the lady.

"It is the only way," he said, decisively.

"Mr. Sandys, you have been so good, I wonder if you would tell me her name?"

"Mildred," he said with emotion. Presently he looked up. "It is very strange to me," he said, wonderingly, "to find myself saying these things to you who an hour ago were a complete stranger to me. But you are not like the other women."

"No, indeed!" said the lady, warmly.

"That," he said, "must be why I tell you what I have never told to another human being. How mysterious are the workings of the heart."

"Mr. Sandys," said the lady, quite carried away, "no words of mine can convey to you the pride with which I hear you say that. Be assured that I shall respect your confidences." She missed his next remark because she was wondering whether she dare ask him to come to dinner on the twenty-fifth, and then the ladies had to retire, and by the time he rejoined her he was as tongue-tied as at the beginning. The cork had not been extracted; it had been knocked into the bottle where it still often barred the way, and there was always, as we shall see, a flavor of it in the wine.

"You will get over it yet, the summer and the flowers will come to you again," she managed to whisper to him kind-heartedly as she was going.

"Thank you," he said with that inscrutable face. It was far from his design to play a part, he had indeed had no design at all, but an opportunity for sentiment having presented itself, his mouth had opened as at a cherry. He did not laugh afterward even when he reflected how unexpectedly Mildred had come into his life, he thought of her rather with affectionate, regard, and pictured her as a tall slim girl in white. When he took a tall slim girl in white in to dinner he could not help saying, huskily:

"You remind me of one who was a very dear friend of mine. I was much startled when you came into the room."

"You mean someone who is dead?" she asked, in awe-struck tones.

"Fever," he said.

"You think I am like her in appearance?"

"In every way," he said, dreamily, "the same sweet—pardon me, but it is very remarkable. Even the tones of the voice are the same. I suppose I ought not to ask your age?"

"I shall be twenty-one in August."

"She would have been twenty-one in August had she lived," Tommy said, with fervor. "My dear young lady——"

This was the aged gentleman again, but she did not wince; he soon found out that they expect authors to say the oddest things, and this proved to be a great help to him.

"My dear young lady, I feel that I know you very well."

"That," she said, "is only because I resemble your friend outwardly. The real me (she was a bit of philosopher also) you cannot know at all."

He smiled sadly. "Has it ever struck you," he asked, "that you are very unlike other women?"

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"Oh, how ever could you have found that out?" she exclaimed, amazed.

Almost before he knew how it came about he was on terms of very pleasant sentiment with this girl, for they now shared between them a secret that he had confided to no other. His face, which had been so much against him hitherto, was at last in his favor; it showed so plainly that when he looked at her more softly or held her hand longer than is customary, he was really thinking of that other of whom she was the image. Or if it did not precisely show that, it suggested something or other of that nature which did just as well. There was a sweet something between them which brought them together, and also kept them apart; it allowed them to go a certain length, while it was also a reason why they could never, never exceed that distance; and this was an ideal state for Tommy, who could be most loyal and tender so long as it was understood that he meant nothing in particular. She was the right kind of girl, too, and admired him the more (and perhaps went a step farther) because he remained so true to Mildred's memory.

You must not think him calculating and cold-blooded, for nothing could be less true to the fact. When not engaged, indeed, on his new work, he might waste some time planning scenes with exquisite ladies, in which he sparkled or had a hidden sorrow (he cared not which); but these scenes seldom came to life. He preferred very pretty girls to be rather stupid (oh, the artistic instinct of the man!), but instead of keeping them stupid, as he wanted to do, he found himself trying to improve their minds. They screwed up their noses in the effort. Meaning to thrill the celebrated beauty, who had been specially invited to meet him, he devoted himself to a plain woman, for whose plainness a sudden pity had mastered him (for like all true worshippers of beauty in women, he always showed best in the presence of plain ones). With the intention of being a gallant knight to Lady I-Won't-Tell-The-Name, a whim of the moment made him so stiff to her that she ultimately asked the reason; and such a charmingly sad reason presented itself to him that she immediately invited him to her riverside party on Thursday week. He had the conversations and incidents of that party ready long before the day arrived; he altered them and polished them as other young gentlemen in the same circumstances overhaul their boating costumes; but when he joined the party there was among them the children's governess, and, seeing her slighted, his blood boiled, and he was her attendant for the afternoon.

Elspeth was not at this pleasant jink in high life. She had been invited, but her ladyship had once let Tommy kiss her hand for the first and last time; so he decided sternly that this was no place for Elspeth. When temptation was high he first locked Elspeth up, and then walked into it.

With two in every three women he was still as shy as ever, but the third he walked triumphantly to the conservatory. She did no harm to his work, rather sent him back to it refreshed; it was as if he were shooting the sentiment which other young men get rid of more gradually by beginning earlier, and there were such accumulations of it that I don't know whether he ever made up on them. Punishment sought him in the night, when he dreamt constantly that he was married, to whom scarcely mattered; he saw himself coming out of a church a married man, and the fright woke him up. But with the daylight came again his talent for dodging thoughts that were lying in wait, and he yielded as recklessly as before to every sentimental impulse. As illustration, take his humorous passage with Mrs. Jerry. Geraldine something was her name, but friends called her Mrs. Jerry.

She was a wealthy widow, buxom, not a day over thirty when she was merry, which might be at inappropriate moments, as immediately after she had expressed a desire to lead the higher life. "But I have a theory, my dear," she said solemnly to Elspeth, "that no woman is able to do it who cannot see her own nose without the help of a mirror." She had taken a great fancy to Elspeth, and made many engagements with her and kept some of them, and the understanding was that she apprenticed herself to Tommy through Elspeth, he being too terrible to face by himself, or as Mrs. Jerry expressed it, "all nose." So Tommy had seen very little of her and thought less until one day he

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called by passionate request to sign her birthday-book, and heard himself proposing to her instead.

For one thing it was twilight, and she had forgotten to ring for the lamps. That might have been enough, but there was more; she read to him part of a letter in which her hand was solicited in marriage, "and for the life of me," said Mrs. Jerry, almost in tears, "I cannot decide whether to say yes or no."

This put Tommy in a most awkward position. There are probably men who could have got out of it without proposing, but to him there seemed at the moment no other way open. The letter complicated matters also by beginning "Dear Jerry" and saying "little Jerry" farther on, expressions which stirred him strangely.

"Why do you read this to me?" he asked in a voice that broke a little.

"Because you are so wise," she said. "Do you mind?"

"Do I mind!" he exclaimed bitterly. ("Take care, you idiot!" he said to himself.)

"I was only asking your advice. Is it too much?"

"Not at all. I am quite the right man to consult at such a moment, am I not!"

It was said with profound meaning, but his face was as usual.

"That is what I thought," she said, in all good faith.

"You do not even understand!" he cried, and he was also looking longingly at his hat.

"Understand what?"

"Jerry," he said, and tried to stop himself, with the result that he added "dear little Jerry." ("What am I doing!" he groaned.)

She understood now. "You don't mean —" she began in amazement.

"Yes," he cried, passionately. "I love you. Will you be my wife? ("I am lost!")

"Gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Jerry, and then on reflection she became indignant. "I would not have believed it of you," she said, scornfully. "Is it my money or what? I am not at all clever, so you must tell me."

With Tommy of course it was not her money. Except when he had Elspeth to consider he was as much a Quixote about money as Pym himself, and at no moment of his life was he a snob.

"I am sorry you should think so meanly of me," he said, with dignity, lifting his hat, and he would have got away then (which when you come to think of it was what he wanted) had he been able to resist an impulse to heave a broken-hearted sigh at the door.

"Don't go yet, Mr. Sandys," she begged, "I may have been hasty. And yet — why, we are merely acquaintances."

He had meant to be very careful now, but that word sent him off again. "Acquaintances!" he cried, "no, we were never that."

"It almost seemed to me that you avoided me."

"You noticed it!" he said, eagerly. "At least you do me that justice. Oh, how I tried to avoid you!"

"It was because——"

"Alas!"

She was touched of course, but still puzzled. "We know so little of each other," she said.

"I see," he replied, "that you know me very little, Mrs. Jerry, but you—oh, Jerry, Jerry, I know you as no other man has ever known you!"

"I wish I had proof of it," she said, helplessly.

Proof! She should not have asked Tommy for proof. "I know," he cried, "how unlike all other women you are. To the world you are like the rest, but in your heart you know that you are different, you know it and I know it, and no other person knows it."

Yes, Mrs. Jerry knew it, and had often marvelled over it in the seclusion of her boudoir, but that another should have found it out was strange and almost terrifying.

"I know you love me now," she said, softly, "only love could have shown you that, but—oh, let me go away for a minute to think," and she ran out of the room.

Other suitors have been left for a space in Tommy's state of doubt, but never, it may be hoped, with the same emotions. Oh, Heavens, if she should accept him! He saw Elspeth sickening and dying of the news.

His guardian angel, however, was very

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good to Tommy at this time, or, perhaps, like cannibals with their prisoner, the God of sentiment (who has a tail) was fattening him for a future feast, and Mrs. Jerry's answer was that it could never be.

Tommy bowed his head.

But she hoped he would let her be his very dear friend. It would be the proudest recollection of her life that Mr. Sandys had entertained such feelings for her.

Nothing could have been better, and he should have been finding difficulty in concealing his delight, but this strange Tommy was really feeling his part again. It was an unforced tear that came to his eye. Quite naturally he looked long and wistfully at her.

"Jerry, Jerry," he articulated, huskily, and whatever the words mean in these circumstances he really meant, then he put his lips to her hand for the first and last time, and so was gone, broken but brave. He was in splendid fettle for writing that evening. Wild animals sleep after gorging, but it sent this monster, refreshed, to his work.

Nevertheless, the incident gave him some uneasy reflections. Was he indeed a monster, was one that he could dodge as yet, but suppose Mrs. Jerry told his dear Elspeth of what had happened? She had said that she would not, but a secret in Mrs. Jerry's breast was like her pug in her arms, always kicking to get free.

"Elspeth," said Tommy, "what do you say to going north and having a sight of Thrums again?"

He knew what she would say. They had been talking for years of going back; it was the great day that all her correspondence with old friends in Thrums looked forward to.

"They made little of you, Tommy," she said, "when we left, but I'm thinking they will all be at their windows when you go back."

"Oh," replied Thomas, "that's nothing. But I should like to shake Corp by the hand again."

"And Aaron," said Elspeth. She was knitting stockings for Aaron at that moment.

"And Gavinia," Tommy said, "and the dominie."

"And Ailie."

And then came an awkward pause, for they were both thinking of that independent girl called Grizel. She was seldom discussed. Tommy had a queer shyness about mentioning her name; he would have preferred Elspeth to mention it, and Elspeth had misgivings that this was so, with the result that neither could say Grizel without wondering what was in the other's mind. Tommy had written twice to Grizel, the first time unknown to Elspeth, but that was in the days when the ladies of the penny numbers were disturbing him, and against his better judgment (for well he knew she would never stand it) he had begun his letter with these mad words, "Dear little woman." She did not answer this, but soon afterward she wrote to Elspeth, and he was not mentioned in the letter proper, but it carried a sting in its tail: "P. S.," it said, "How is Sentimental Tommy?"

None but a fiend in human shape could have written that, and Elspeth put her protecting arms round her brother. "Now we know what Grizel is," she said. "I am done with her now."

But when Tommy had got back his wind he said, nobly: "I'll call her no names. If this is how she likes to repay me for—for all my kindnesses, let her. But, Elspeth, if I have the chance, I shall go on being good to her just the same."

Elspeth adored him for it, but Grizel would have stamped had she known. He had that comfort.

The second letter he never posted. It was written a few months before he became a celebrity, and had very fine things indeed in it, for old Dr. McQueen, Grizel's dear friend, had just died at his post, and it was a letter of condolence. While Tommy wrote it he was in a quiver of genuine emotion, as he was very pleased to feel, and it had a specially satisfying bit about death and the world never being the same again. He knew it was good, but he did not send it to her, for no reason I can discover save that postscript jarred on him.

(To be continued.)

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THE WALK UP-TOWN

IN NEW YORK

By Jesse Lynch Williams

THE walk up-town reaches from the bottom of the buzzing region where money is made to the bright zone where it is spent and displayed; and the walk is a delight all the way. It is full of variety, color, charm, exhilaration—almost intoxication, on its best days.

Indeed, there are connoisseurs in cities who say that of all walks of this sort in the world New York's is the best. The walk in London from the city to the West End by way of Fleet Street, the Strand and Piccadilly, is teeming with interest to the tourist—Temple Bar, St. Clement's, Trafalgar Square and all—but, for a walk up-town, a walk home to be taken daily, it is apt to be oppressive and saddening, even without the fog; so say many of those who know it best. Paris, with her boulevards, undoubtedly has unapproachable opportunities for the *flaneur*, but, like Rome and Vienna and most of the other European capitals, she has no one main artery for a homeward stream of working humanity at close of day; and that is what "the walk up-town" means.

And yet so few, comparatively, of those whose physique and office hours permit, take this appetizing, worry-dispelling walk of ours; this is made obvious every afternoon, from three o'clock on, by the surface and elevated cars, into which the bulk of scowling New York seems to prefer to push itself (after a day spent mostly in-doors); here to get bumped and ill-tempered, snatching an occasional glimpse of the afternoon paper held in the hand which does not clutch the strap overhead. It seems a great pity. The walk is just the right length to take before dressing for dinner. A line drawn eastward from the park plaza at Fifty-eighth Street will almost strike an old mile-stone still standing in Third Avenue, which says, "4 miles from City Hall, New York." The City Hall was in Wall Street when those old-fashioned letters were cut, and Third Avenue was the Post Road.

I

MANY good New Yorkers (chiefly, however, of that small per cent. born in New York, who generally know rather little about their town except that they love it) have not been so remotely far down the island as Battery Park for a decade, unless to engage passage at the steamship offices which have usurped until recently all of the sturdy houses of the good old Row (though once called "Mushroom Row") opposite the oval of the ancient Bowling Green, where now the oddly placed statue of Abram de Peyster sits and stares all day. (These old gable windows and broad chimneys are now to be pulled down, and I wonder how he will like the new Custom-house.)

Now, the grandmothers of these same New Yorkers, long ago, before there were any steamships, when Castle Garden was a separate island and Battery Park was a

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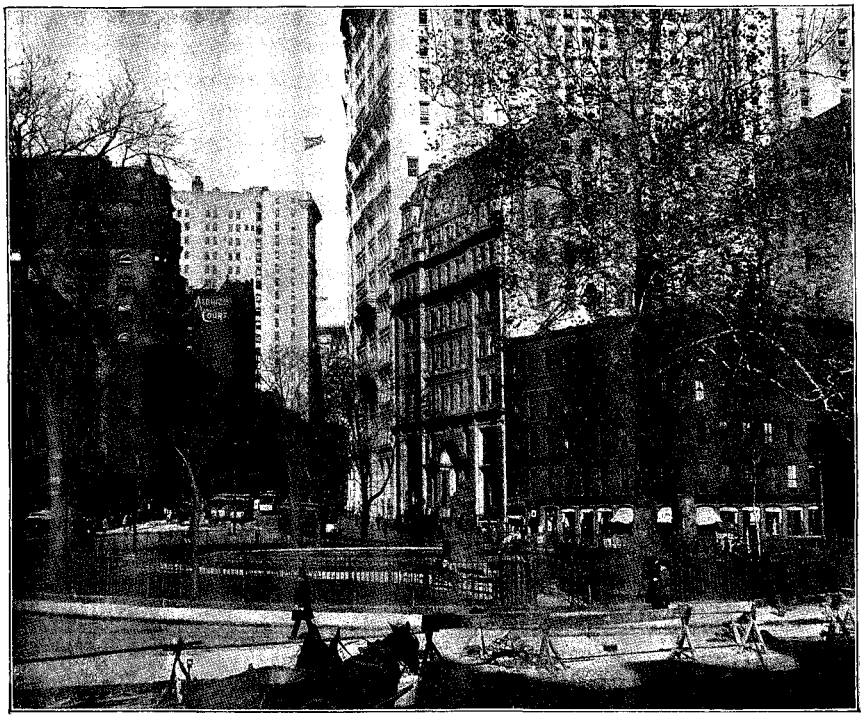

. . . opposite the oval of the ancient Bowling Green.

fashionable esplanade from which to watch the shipping in the bay and the sunsets over the Jersey hills—their grandmothers, dressed in tight pelisses and carrying reticules, were wont to take a brisk walk, in their very low-cut shoes, along the sea-wall before breakfast and breathe the early morning air. They did not have so far to go in those days, and it was a fashionable thing to do. To-day you can see almost every variety of humanity on the cement paths from Pier A to Castle Garden, except that known as fashionable. But the sunsets are just as good and the lights on the gentle hills of Staten Island quite as soft, and there are more varieties of water-craft to gaze at in the bristling bay. I should think more people would come to look at it all.

I mean of those even who do not like to mingle with other species than their own and yet want fresh air and exercise. On a Sunday in winter if they were to come down here for their afternoon stroll they would find (after a pleasant trip on nearly empty elevated cars) less "objectionable" people and fewer of them than on the crowded up-town walks.

What there are of strollers down here—in winter—are representatives of the various sets of eminently respectable janitors' families (of which there are almost as many grades as there are heights of the roofs from which they have descended), and modest young jackies, with flapping trousers, and open-mouthed emigrants, though more of the latter are to be seen on those flimsy, one-horsed express wagons coming from the Barge Office, seated on piles of dirty baggage—with steerage tags still fresh—whole families of them, bright-colored head-gear and squalling children, bound for the foreign-named immigrant hotels and homes which are as interesting as the immigrants. Some of these latter are right opposite there on State Street, including one with "pillared balcony rising from the second floor to the roof," which is said to be the earlier home of Jacob Dolph in Bunner's novel—a better fate surely than that of the other New York house for which the book was named.

Across the park and up around West Street are more of these immigrant places, some with foreign lettering and some plain Raines's law hotels with mirrored bars.

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. . . immigrant hotels and homes.

No. 1 Broadway.

Lower Broadway during a parade.

One of them, perhaps the smallest and lowest-ceiled of all, is where Stevenson slept, or tried to, in his amateur emigranting.

These are among the few older houses in New York used for the same purposes as from the beginning. They seem to have been left stranded down around this earliest part of the town by an eddy in the commercial current which sweeps nearly everything else to the northward from its original moorings. . . . But this is not what is commonly meant by "down-town," though it is the farthest down you can go, nor is it where the walk up-town properly begins.

The Walk Up-town begins where the real Broadway begins, somewhat above the bend, past the foreign consulates, away from the old houses and the early century atmosphere. Crowded sidewalks, a continuous roar, intent passers-by, jammed streets, clanging cable-cars with down-towners dodging them automatically; the region of the modern high business building.

Above are stories uncountable (unless you are willing to be bumped into); beside you, hurried-looking people gazing straight ahead or dashing in and out of these large doors which are kept swinging back and forth all day; very heavy doors to push, especially in winter, when there are sometimes three sets of them. Within is the vestibule bulletin-board with hundreds of men's names and office-numbers on it; near by stands a judicial-looking person in uniform who knows them all, and starts the various elevators by exclaiming "Up!" in a resonant voice. While outside, the crowd still hums and hurries on; it never gets tired; it seems to pay no attention to anything. It is a matter of wonder how a living is made by all the newsstands on the corners; all the dealers in pencils and pipe-cleaners and shoe-strings and rubber faces who are thick between the corners, to whom as little heed is given as to the clatter of trucks or the wrangling of the now-blocked cable-cars, or the cursing truck-drivers, or the echoing hammering of the iron-workers on the huge girders of that new office building across the way.

But that is simply because the crowd is accustomed to all these common phenomena of the city street. As a matter of fact, half of them are not so terrifically busy and important as they consider themselves. They seem to be in a great hurry, but they do not move very fast, as all know who try to take the walk up-town at a brisk pace, and most of them wear that intent, troubled expression of countenance simply from imitation or a habit generated by the spirit of the place. But it gives a quaking sensation to the

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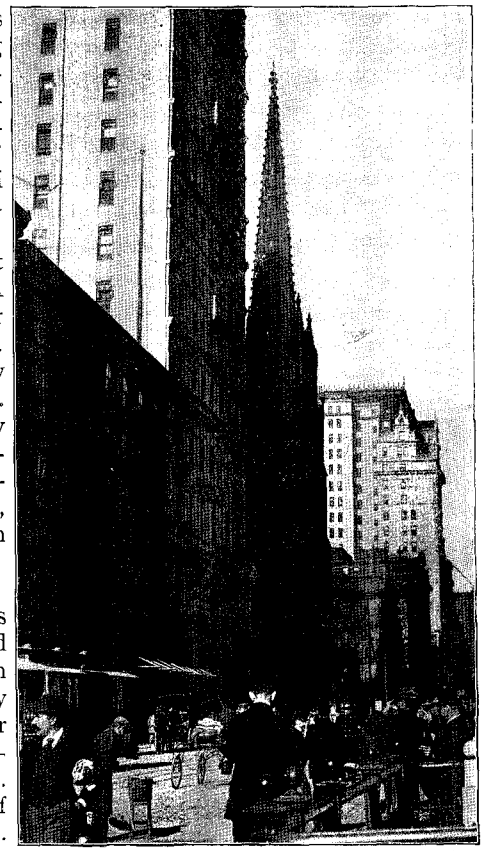
poor young man from the country who has been walking the streets for weeks looking for a job; and it makes the visiting foreigner take out his note-book and write a stereotyped phrase or two about Americans—next to his note about our "Quick Lunch" signs which never fail to astonish him, and behind which may be seen lunchers lingering for the space of two cigars.

An ambulance, with its nervous, arrogant bell, comes scudding down the street. A very important young interne is on the rear keeping his balance with arrogant ease. His youthful, spectacled face is set in stony indifference to all possible human suffering. The police clear the way for him. And now see your rushing "busy throng" forget itself and stop rushing. It blocks the sidewalk in five seconds, and still stays there, growing larger, after those walking up-town have passed on.



The beautiful spire of Trinity . . .

The beautiful spire of Trinity, with its soft, brown stone and the green trees and quaintly lettered historic tombs beneath and the damp monument to Revolutionary martyrs over in one corner—no longer looks down benignly on all about it, because, for the most part, it has to look up. On all sides men have reared their marts of commerce higher than the house of God.

It seems perfectly proper that they should, for they must build in some direction and see what valuable real estate they have given up to those dead people who cannot even appreciate it. Here among the quiet graves the thoughtful stranger is accustomed to moralize tritely on how thoughtless of death and eternity is "the hurrying throng" just outside the iron fence, who, by the way, have to pass that church every day, in many cases three or four times, and so can't very well keep on being impressed by the nearness of death, etc., about which, perhaps, it is just as well not to worry during the hours God meant for work. Even though one cannot get much of a view from the steeple, except down Wall Street, which looks harmless and disappointingly narrow and quiet at first sight, Trinity is still one of the showplaces of New York, and it makes a pleasing and restful landmark in the walk up Broadway. It deserves to be starred in Baedeker.

. . . clattering, crowded, typical Broadway.

Now comes the most rushing section of

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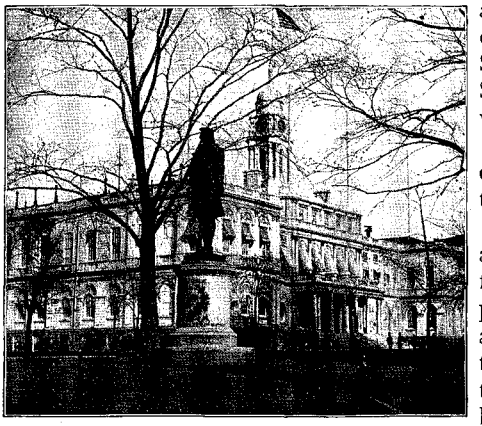
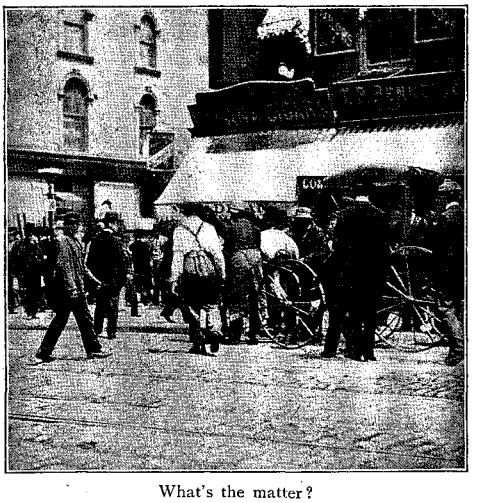
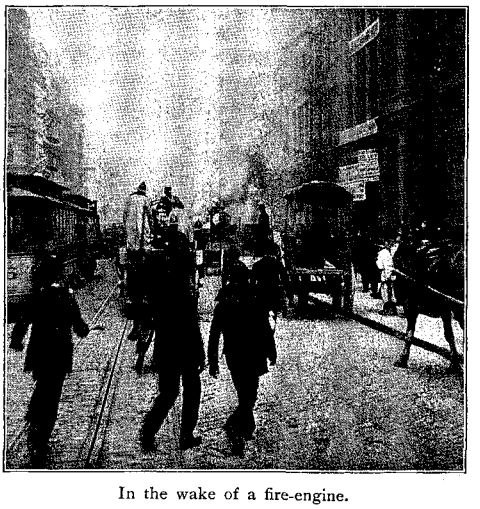


. . . City Hall with its grateful lack of height . . .



What's the matter?



In the wake of a fire-engine.

all down-town : from Trinity to St. Paul's, clattering, crowded, typical Down-Town. So much in a hurry is it that at Cedar Street it skips in twenty or thirty feet a whole section of numbers from 119 to 135. The east side of the street is not so capricious ; it skips merely from No. 120 to 128.

The people that cover the sidewalks up and down this section, occasionally overflowing into the streets, would probably be pronounced a typical New York crowd, although half of them never spend an entire day in New York City from one end of the month to the other, and half of that half sleep and eat two of their meals in another State of the Union. The proportion might seem even greater than that, perhaps it is, if at the usual hour the uptown walker should, instead, try to wade up Cortlandt Street or any of the ferry streets down which the solid streams of commuters pour.

Up near St. Paul's the sky-scrapers again become thick, so that the occasional old-fashioned five or six story buildings of solid walls with steep steps leading up to the door, seem like playthings beside which the modern building shoots up—on up, as if just beginning where the old ones left off. More like towers are many of these new edifices, or magnified obelisks, as seen from the ferries, the windows and lettering for hieroglyphics. Others are shaped like plain goods-boxes on end, or suggest, the ornate ones, pieces of carefully cut cake standing alone and ready to fall over at any moment and damage the icing.

Good old St. Paul's, which is really old and, to some of us, more lovable than ornate, Anglican Trinity, has also been made to look insignificant in size by its overpowering commercial neighbors, especially as seen from the Sixth Avenue Elevated cars against the new, ridiculous, high building on Park Row. But St. Paul's turns its plain, broad, Colonial back upon busy Broadway and does not seem to care so much as Trinity. This churchyard is not so old nor so large as Trinity's, but somehow it always seems to me more rural and churchyardish and feels as sunny and sequestered as though miles instead of a few feet from Broadway and business.

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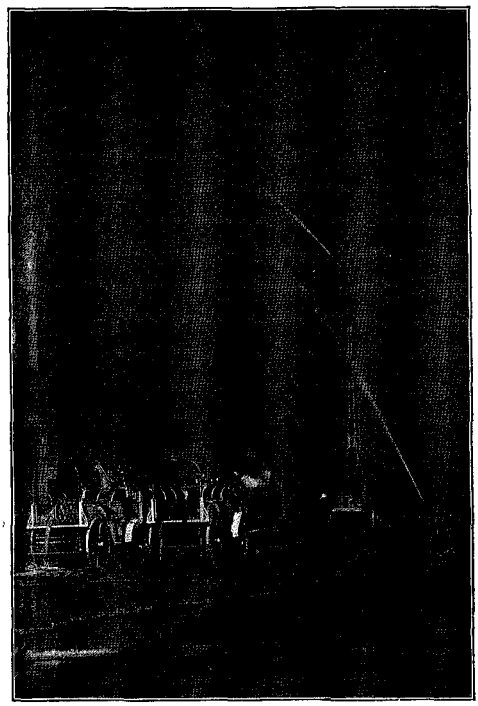
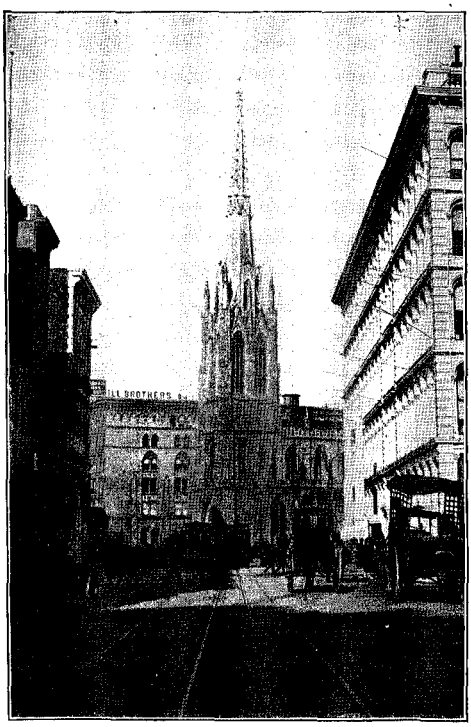
Now, off to the right-oblique from St. Paul's, marches Park Row with its very mixed crowd, which overflows the sidewalks, not only now at going-home time, but at all hours of the day and most of the night; and on up, under the bridge conduit, black just now with home-hurrying Brooklynites and Long Islanders, we know we could soon come to the Bowery and all that the Bowery means, and that, of course, is a walk worth taking. But The Walk Up-town, as such, lies straight up Broadway, between the substantial old Astor House, the last large hotel remaining down-town, and the huge, obtrusive post-office building, as hideous as a badly tied bundle, but which leads us on because we know—or, if strangers, because we do not know—that when once we get beyond it we shall see the calm, unstrenuous beauty of the City Hall with its grateful lack of height, in its restful bit of park. Here, under the first trees, is the unconventional statue of Nathan Hale, and there, under those other trees—up near the court-house, I suppose—is where certain memorable boy stories used to begin, with a poor, pathetic newsboy who did noble deeds and in the last chapter always married the daughter of his former employer, now his partner.

By this time some of the regular walkers up-town have settled down to a steady pace; others are just falling in at this point—just falling in here where once (not so very many years ago) the city fathers thought that few would pass but farmers on the way to market, and so put cheap red sandstone in the back of the City Hall.

Over there, on the west side of the street, still stands a complete row of early buildings—one of the very few remaining along Broadway—with gable windows and wide chimneys. Lawyers' offices and insurance signs are very prominent for a time. Then comes a block or two chiefly of sporting-goods stores with windows crowded full of hammerless guns, smokeless cartridges, portable canoes and other delights which from morning to night draw sighs out of little boys who press their faces against the glass awhile and then run on. Next is a thin stratum composed chiefly of ticket-scalpers, then suddenly you find yourself in the heart of the wholesale district, with millions of brazen signs, one over another,



No longer to be thrilled . . . will mean to be old.



. . . Grace Church spire becomes nearer.

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Instead of buyers . . . mostly shoppers.

Through Union Square.

. . . windows which draw women's heads around.

with names "like a list of Rhine wines;" block after block of it, a long, unbroken stretch.

II

THIS comes nearer to being monotonous than any part of the walk. But even here, to lure the walker on, far ahead, almost exactly in the centre of the cañon of commercial Broadway, can be seen the pure white spire of Grace Church, planted there at the bend of the thoroughfare, as if purposely to stand out like a beacon and signal to those below that Broadway changes at last and that up there are some Christians.

But there are always plenty of people to look at, nor are they all black-mustached, black-cigared merchants talking dollars; at six o'clock women and girls pour down the stairs and elevators, and out upon the street with a look of relief; stenographers, cloak inspectors, forewomen, and little girls of all ages. Then you hear "Good-night, Mame." "Good-night, Rachel." "What's your hurry? Got a date?" And off they go, mostly to the eastward, looking exceedingly happy and not invariably overworked.

Others are emissaries from the sweat-shops, men with long beards and large bundles and very sober eyes, patriarchal-looking sometimes when the beard is white, who go upstairs with their loads and come down again and trudge off down the side-street once more to go on where they left off, by gaslight now.

And all this was once the great Broadway where not many years ago the prom-

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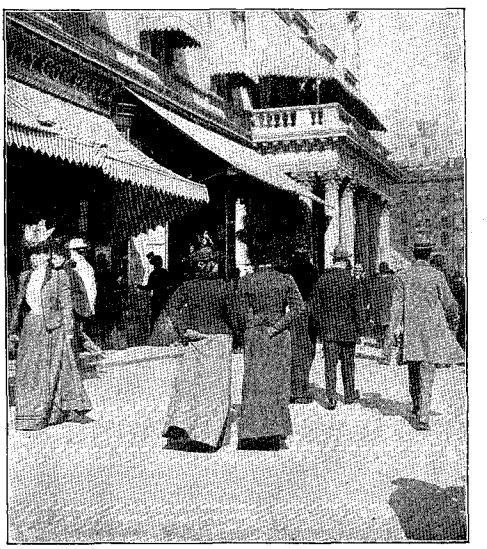
. . . crossing Fifth Avenue at Twenty-third Street.

enaders strutted up and down in the afternoon, women in low neck and India shawls ; dandies, as they were then called, in tremendous trousers with huge checks. Occasionally even now you see a few strollers here by mistake, elderly people from a distance revisiting New York after many years and bringing their families with them. "Now, children, you are on Broadway!" the fatherly smile seems to say. "Look at everything." They probably stop at the Astor House.

As the wholesale dry-goods district is left behind and the realm of the jobbers in "notions" is reached, and the handlers of artificial flowers and patent buttons and all sorts of specialties, Grace Church spire becomes nearer and plainer, so that the base of it can be seen. Here, as below, and farther below and above and everywhere along Broadway, are the stoop and sidewalk sellers of candies, dogs, combs, chewing-gum, pipes, looking-glasses, and horrible burning smells. They seem especially to love the neighborhood of what all walkers up-town detest, a new building in the course of erection—with sidewalks blocked, and a set of steep steps to mount —only, your true walker up-town always prefers to go around by way of the street where he is almost run down by a cab, perhaps, which he forgets entirely a moment later when he suddenly hears a stirring bell, an approaching roar, and a shrieking whistle growing louder.

Across Broadway flashes a fire-engine, with the horses at a gallop, the earth trembling, the hatless driver leaning forward with arms out straight, and a trail of sparks and smoke behind. Another whizz, and

. . . Madison Square with the sparkle of a clear . . . October morning.



In front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

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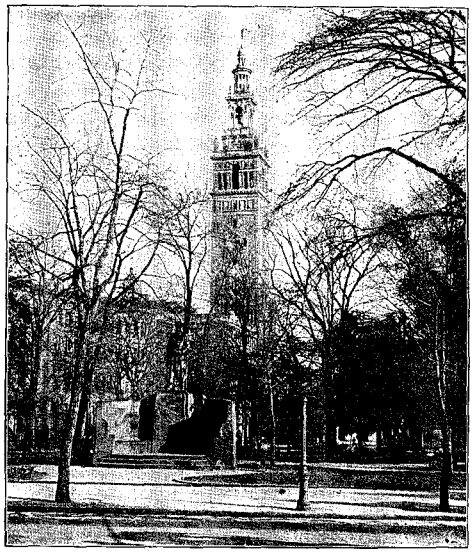
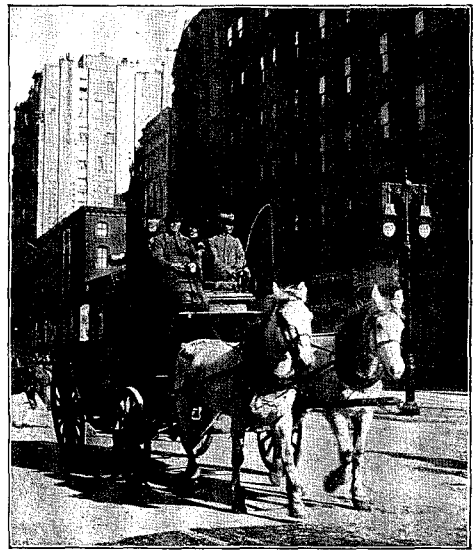


. . . Diana on top, glistening in the sun.



Seeing the Avenue from a stage top.

the long ladder-wagon shoots across with firemen slinging on their flapping coats, while behind in its wake are borne many small, crazed boys, who could no more keep from running than the alarm-bell at the engine-house could keep from ringing when the policeman turned on the circuit. And young boys are not the only ones. No more to be thrilled by this delight—it will mean to be old.

III

At last Grace Church, with its clean light stone, is reached; and the green grass and shrubbery in front of the interesting-looking Gothic rectory. It is a glad relief. And now—in fact, a little before this point—about where stands that melancholic building still bearing the plaintive sign "Old London Streets"—which has been used for church services and prize-fights and has never apparently been a great success at anything—about here, the up-town walkers notice (unless lured off to the left by the thick tree-tops of Washington Square to look at the goodliest row of houses in all the island) that the character of Broadway has changed even more than the direction of the street changes. A short distance below the bend all the stores were wholesale, now they are becoming solidly retail. Instead of buyers the people along the street are mostly shoppers. Down there were very few women; up here are very few men. This is especially noticeable when Union Square is reached, with cable-cars clanging around Dead Man's Curve in front of Lafayette's statue. Here, down Fourteenth Street, may be seen shops and shoppers of the most virulent type; windows which draw women's heads around whether they want to look or not, causing them to run you down and making them deaf to your apologies for it. Big dry-goods stores and small millinery shops; general stores and department stores, and the places where the sidewalks are crowded with what is known to the trade as "Louis Fourteenth Street furniture." All this accounts for there being more restaurants now and different smells and another feeling in the air.

From the upper corner of Union Square, with its glittering jewellery-shops and music-stores and publishers' buildings, and its somewhat pathetic-looking hotels, once fashionable but now fast becoming out-of-date and landmarky (though they seem fine enough to those who sit and wait on park benches all day), the open spaciousness of Madison Square comes into view, the next green oasis for the up-town traveller. This will help him up the intervening blocks if he is not interested in the stretch of stores, though these are a dif-

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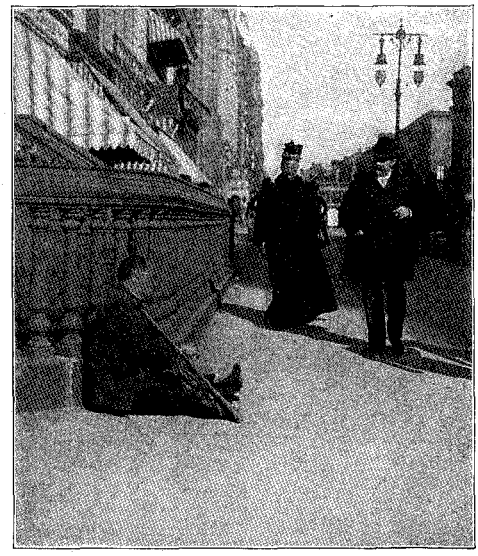
. . . people go to the right, up Fifth Avenue.



A seller of pencils.

ferent sort of shop, and they seem to say, with their large, impressive windows, their footmen, their buttons at the door, "We are very superior and fashionable, are we not?"

The shoppers, too, are not so rapacious along here, because they have more time; and the clatter is not so great, because there are more rubber-tired carriages in the street. Nor are all these people shoppers by any means, for along this bit of Broadway mingle types of all the different sorts of men and women who use Broadway at all: nuns, actors, pickpockets, detectives, sandwich-men, little girls going to Huyler's, artists on the way to the Players'—the best people and the worst people, the most mixed crowd in town may be seen here of a bright afternoon.

When they get up to Madison Square the crowd divides and, as some would have us think, all the "nice" people go to the right, up Fifth Avenue, while all the rest go to the left, up the Broadway Rialto and the typical part of the tenderloin.

But when Madison Square is reached you have come to one of the Places of New York. It is the picture so many confirmed New Yorkers see when homesick, Madison Square with the sparkle of a clear, bracing October morning, the creamy Garden Tower over the trees, standing out clear-cut against the sky, Diana on top glistening in the sun; a soft, purple light under the branches in the park, a long, decorative row of cabs waiting for "fares," over toward the statue of Farragut, and lithe New York women wearing clothes as they alone know how to wear them, crossing Fifth avenue at Twenty-third Street while a tall Tammany policeman holds the carriages back with a wave of his little finger.

It is all so typically New York. Over on the north side by the Worth monument I have heard people exclaim, "Oh, Paris!" because, I suppose, there is a broad open expanse of asphalt and the street-lights are in a cluster, but it seems to me to be as New Yorkish as New York can be. It has an atmosphere distinctively its own—so distinctly its own that many people, as I tried to say in a former article, miss it entirely, simply because they are looking for and failing to find the atmosphere of some other place.

IV

Now this last lap of the walk—from green Madison Square and the old Delmonico's up the sparkling avenue to the broad, bright Plaza at the Park entrance, where the brightly polished hotels look down at the driving, with their awnings flapping and flags out straight—makes the most popular part of all the walk.

This is the land of liveried servants and

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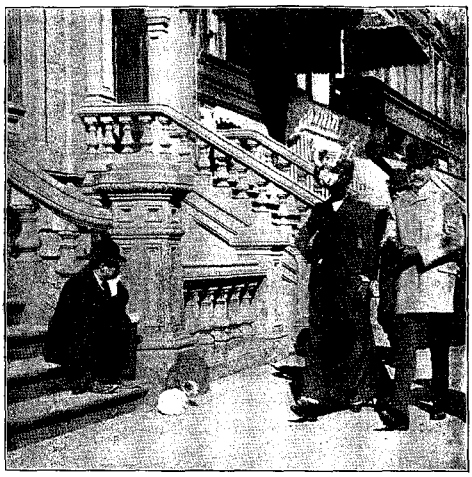
It is also better walking up here.



. . . those who walk for the sake of walking.

At the lower corner of the Waldorf-Astoria.

jangling harness, far away, or pretending to be, from work and worry; this is where enjoyment is sought and vanity let loose—and that, with the accompanying glitter and glamour, is always more interesting to the great bulk of humanity.

It is also better walking up here. The pavements are cleaner now and there is more room upon them. A man could stand still in the middle of the broad, smooth walk and look up in the air without collecting a crowd instantaneously. You can talk to your companion and hear the reply since the welcome relief of asphalt.

Here can be seen hundreds of those who walk for the sake of walking, not only at this hour but all day long. In the morning, large, prosperous-looking New Yorkers with side-whiskers and well-fed bodies—and, unintentionally, such amusing expressions, sometimes—walking part way, at least, down to business, with partly read newspapers under their arms; while in the opposite direction go young girls, slender, erect, with hair in a braid and school-books under their arms and well-prepared lessons.

Then come those that walk at the convenience of dogs, attractive or kickable, and a little later the close-ranked boarding-school-squads and the cohorts of nurse-maids with baby-carriages four abreast, charging everyone off the sidewalk. Next come the mothers of the babies and their aunts, setting out for shopping, unless they have gone to ride in the Park, and for Guild Meetings and Reading Clubs and Political Economy Classes and Heaven knows what other important morning engagements, ending, perhaps, with a visit to the nerve-specialist.

And so on throughout the morning and afternoon and evening hours, each with its characteristic phase, until the last late theatre-party has gone home, laughing and talking, from supper at Delmonico's or the Waldorf-Astoria, the last late bachelor has left the now quiet club; the rapping of his cane along the silent avenue dies away down an echoing side-street; and a lonely policeman nods in the shadow of the church gate-post. Suddenly the earliest milk-wagon comes jangling up from the ferry; then dawn comes up over the gas-houses along East River and it all begins over again.

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But the most popular and populous time of all is the regular walking-home hour, not only for those who have spent the day down toward the end of the island at work, but for those who have no more serious business to look after than wandering from club to club drinking cocktails, or from house to house drinking tea.

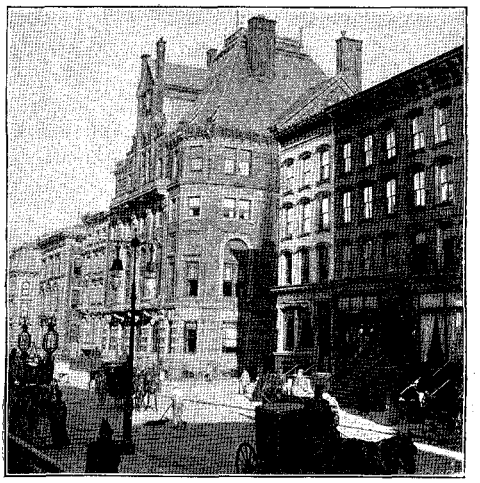
All who take the walk regularly meet many of the same ones every day, not only acquaintances, but others whom we somehow never see in any other place, but learn to know quite well, and we wonder who they are—and they wonder who we are, I suppose. Pairs of pink-faced old gentlemen, walking arm-in-arm and talking vigorously. Contented young couples who look at the old furniture in the antique-shop windows and who are evidently married, and other younger couples who evidently soon will be, and see nothing, not even their friends. Intent-browed young business men with newspapers under their arms; governesses out with their charges; bevies of fluffy girls with woodcock eyes, especially on matinée day with Lyceum programmes in their hands, talking gushingly.

It is a sort of a club, this walking-up-the-avenue crowd; and each member grows to expect certain other members at particular points in the walk and is rather disappointed when, for instance, the old gentleman with the large nose is not with his daughter this evening. "What can be the matter?" the rest of us ask each other, seeing her alone.

There is one man, the disagreeable member of the club, a bull-frog-looking man of middle age with a Germanic face and beard, a long stride, and a tightly buttoned walking-coat (I'm sure he's proud of his chest), who comes down when we are on the way up and gets very indignant every time we happen to be late. His scowl says, as plainly as this type, "What are you doing way down here by the Reform Club? You know you ought to be up by the Cathedral by this time!" And the worst of it is, we always do feel ashamed and I'm afraid he sees it.

This mile and a half from where Flora McFlimsey lived to the beginning of the driving in the Park is not the staid, sombre, provincial old Fifth Avenue which

. . . with baby carriages.



This is the region of clubs. (The Union League.)

. . . close-ranked boarding-school squads

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. . . the coachmen and footmen flock there.

The Church of the Heavenly Rest.

Flora McFlimsey knew. Up Fifth Avenue to the Park New York is a world-city.

Not merely have so many of the brownstone dwellings, with their high stoops and unattractive impressiveness, been turned over to business or pulled down altogether to make room for huge, hyphenated hotels, but the old spirit of the place itself has been turned out; the atmosphere is different.

The imported smartness of the shops, breeches makers to His Royal Highness So-and-So, and millinery establishments with the same Madame Luciles and Mademoiselle Lusettes and high prices, that have previously risen to fame in Paris and London, together with the numerous clubs and picture-galleries, all furnish local color; but it is the people themselves that you see along the streets, the various languages they speak, their expression of countenance, the way they hold themselves, the manner of their servants—in a word, it is the atmosphere of the spot that makes you feel that it is not a mere metropolis, but along this one strip at least our New York is a cosmopolis.

And the Walk-Up-town hour is the best time to observe it, when all the world is driving or walking home from various duties and pleasures.

There, on that four-in-hand down from Westchester County comes a group of those New Yorkers who, unwillingly or otherwise, get their names so often in the papers. The lackey stands up and blows the horn and they manage very well to endure the staring of those on the sidewalks.

Here, in the victoria behind them, is a woman who worships them. She would give many of her husband's new dollars to be up there too, though pretending not to see the drag. See how she leans back in the cushions and tries to prop her eyebrows up, after the manner of the Duchess she once saw in the Row. She succeeds fairly well, too, if only her husband wouldn't spoil it by crossing his legs and exposing his socks.

Here are other women with sweet, artless faces who do not seem to be strenuous or spoiled (as yet) by the world they move in, and these are the most beautiful women in all the world; some in broughams (as one popular story-writer invariably puts his heroines), or else walking independently with an interesting gait.

Here, in that landau, comes the latest foreign-titled visitor, urbane and thoughtfully attentive to all that his friends are saying and pointing out to him. And here is a bit of color, some world-examining, tired-eyed Maharajah, with silk clothes—or was it only one of the foreign consuls who drive along here every day?

There goes a fashionable city doctor, who has a high gig, and correspondingly high prices, hurrying home for his office hours. Surely, it would be more comfortable to get in and out of a low phaëton; this vehicle is as high as that loud, conspicuous,

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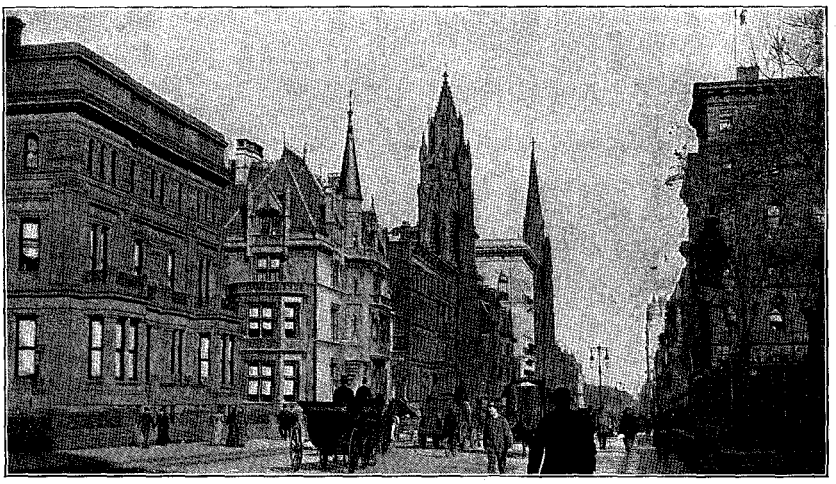

Approaching St. Thomas's.

advertising florist's wagon—but not for the same reason, surely not.

Here in that grinding automobile come a man and two women on their way to the Martin *table d'hôte*, to see Bohemia, as they think; see how reckless and devilish they look by anticipation! Up there on that 'bus are some people from the country, real people from the real country, and their mouths are open and they don't care. They are having much more pleasure out of their trip than the self-conscious family group entering that big gilded hotel, whose windows are constructed for seeing in as well as out (and that is another way of advertising).

Here comes a prominent citizen outlining his speech on his way home to dress for the great banquet to-night, for he is a well-known after-dinner orator, and during certain months of the year never has a chance to dine at home with his family. Suppose, after all, he fails of being nominated!

Here come a man and his wife walking down to a well-known restaurant—early, so that he will have plenty of time to smoke at the restaurant and she to get comfortably settled at the theatre with the programme folded before the curtain rises; such a sensible way. He is not prominent at all, but they have a great deal of quiet happiness out of living, these two.

And there goes the very English comedian these two are to see in Pinero's new piece after dinner, though they did not observe him, to his disappointment. It is rather late for an actor to be walking down to his club to dine, but he is the star and doesn't come on until the second act, and his costume is merely that same broad-shouldered English-cut frock coat he now has on. We, however, must hurry on.

Because it keeps the eyes so busy, seeing all the people that pass, one block of buildings seems very much like another the first few times the new-comer takes this walk, except, of course, for conspicuous landmarks like that of the late reservoir (it seems a pity its grimness and greenness has to go), or the late Windsor Hotel, with its ghastly memories; but after awhile all the blocks begin to seem very different; not only the one where you saw a boy on a bicycle run down and killed, or where certain well-known people live, but the blocks formerly considered monotonous. There are volumes of stories along the way. Down Twenty-ninth Street can be seen, so near the avenue and yet so sequestered, the Church of the Transfiguration, as quaint and low and toy-like as a stage-setting, ever blessed by stage-people for the act which made the Little Church Around the Corner known to everyone, and by which certain pharisees were taught the lesson they should have learned from the parable in their New Testament.

Farther up is a church of another sort, where Europeans of more or less noble

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"Olympia" Jackies on shore leave.

The new University Club . . . with college coats-of-arms.

blood marry American daughters of acknowledged solvency, while the crowd covers the sidewalks and neighboring house-steps. Here, consequently, other people's children come to be married, though neither, perhaps, attended this church before the rehearsal, and get quite a good deal about it in the society column too, though, to tell the truth, they had hoped that the solemn union of these two souls would appropriately call forth more publicity. Shed a tear for them in passing. There are many similar disappointments in life along this thoroughfare.

Farther back we passed what a famous old rich man intended for the finest house in New York, and it has thus far served chiefly as a marble moral. Its brilliance is dingy now, its impressiveness is gone, and its grandeur is something like that of a Swiss *châlet* at the base of a mountain since the erection across the street of an overpowering, glittering hotel.

This is the region of clubs; they are more numerous than drug-stores, as thick as florists' shops. But it seems only yesterday that a certain club, in moving up beyond Fortieth Street, was said to be going ruinously far up-town. Now nearly all the well-known clubs are creeping farther and farther along, except the old Union Club, which still stands in its cheerless exclusiveness down at the corner of Twenty-first Street, stranded among piano-makers and publishers. Soon the new, beautiful University Club at Fifty-fourth Street, with the various college coats of arms on its walls, which never fail to draw attention from the out-of-town visitors on 'bus-tops, will not seem to be very far up-town, and by and by even the great, white Metropolitan will not be so much like a lonely iceberg opposite the Park entrance. I wonder if anyone knows the names of them all; there always seem to be others to learn about. Also one learns in time that two or three houses which for a long time were thought to be clubs are really the homes of former mayors, receiving, according to the old Dutch custom, free from the city the two lighted lamps for their doorways. This section of the avenue where, in former years, were well-known rural road-houses along the drive, is once more becoming, since the residence *régime* is over, the region of famous hostelries of another sort.

There is just one of the old variety left, and it, strangely enough, is within a few feet of the two most famous restaurants in this hemisphere—the somewhat quaint and quite dirty old Willow Tree Cottage; named presumably for the tough old willow-tree which still persistently stands out in front, not seeming to mind the glare and stare of the tall electric lights any more than the complacent old tumble-down frame tavern itself resents the proximity of Delmonico's and Sherry's, with whom it seems to fancy itself to be in bitter but successful rivalry—for do not all the coachmen and footmen flock there

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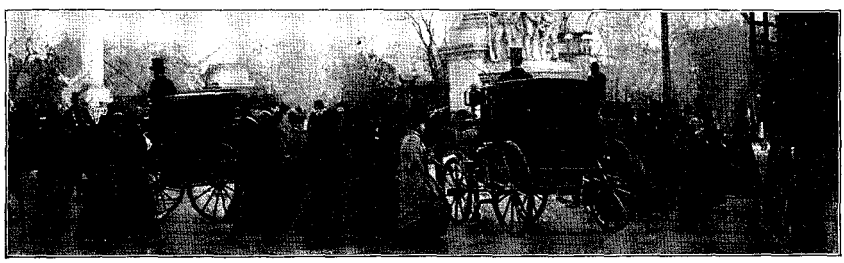
during the long, wet waits of winter nights, while the dances are going on across at Sherry's and Delmonico's? Business is better than it has been for years.

Nearing Forty-second Street I always look at the narrow, little, sad gray house pushed a rod or so back from the pavement, with a small, damp grass-plot in front. It is always for sale but never bought. There are three or four real-estate signs there at once, and as soon as one is worn out another is put up; but the sad little house still stands there unoccupied, squeezed in between two modern buildings so chokingly tight that a bow-window protrudes from the second floor like a tongue lolling forth. It is a remnant of what was once a large, impressive place—a house with a past. I wish someone would buy it and tear it down and put it out of its misery.

In time, even the inconspicuous houses that formerly seemed so much alike become differentiated and, like the separate blocks, gain individualities of their own, though you may never know who are the owners. They mean something to you, just as do so many of the regular up-town walkers whose names you do not know; fine old comfortable places many of them are, even though the architects of their day did try hard to make them uncomfortable with high, steep steps and other absurdities. When a "For Sale" sign comes to one of these you feel sorry, and when one day in your walk up-town you see it finally irrevocably going the way of all brick, with a contractor's sign out in front blatantly boasting of his wickedness, you resent it as a personal loss. It seems all wrong to be pulling down those thick walls, exposing the privacy of the inside of the house, its arrangement of rooms and fire-places, and the occupant's taste in color and wall-decorations. Two young women who take the walk up-town always look the other way when they pass this sad display; they say it's unfair to take advantage of the house. Soon there will be a deep pit there with puffing derricks, the sidewalk closed, and show-bills boldly screaming. And by the time we have returned from the next sojourn out of town there will be an office-building of ever-so-many stories or another great hotel. Already the sign there will tell about it.

You quicken your pace as you draw near the Park; some of the up-town walkers who live along here have already reached the end of their journey and are running up the steps taking out door-keys. The little thirteen-year-old boy in knicker-bockers who always lights up Fifth Avenue has already begun his zigzag trip along the street; soon the long double rows of lights will seem to meet in perspective. A few belated children are being hurried home by their maids from dancing-school; their white frocks sticking out beneath their coats gleam in the half light. Cabs and carriages with diners in them go spinning by, the coachmen whip up to pass ahead of you at the street-crossing; you catch a gleam of men's shirt-bosoms within and the light fluffiness of women, with the perfume of gloves. Fewer people are left on the sidewalks now—those that are look at their watches. The sun is well set by the time you reach the Plaza, but down Fifty-ninth Street you can see long bars of afterglow across the Hudson.

In the half-dark, under the Park trees, comes a group of Italian laborers; their hob-nailed shoes clatter on the cement-walk, their blue blouses and red neckerchiefs stand out against the almost black of the trees; they, too, are walking home for the night. The Walk Up-town is finished and the show is over for to-day.



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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

His niece had found him lying dead.—Page 69.

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A LIFE FOR A LIFE

By Howard Pyle

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

WHEN you enter Marley from the landward side of the town you pass from a poorly tilled, shaggy, straggling farm country, into a long, white street of heavy sand. All of the houses are built of frame and are generally new, sometimes making a pathetically obtrusive effort, with patent paint and scroll-work, to be pretty and tasty, but achieving only something garish and vulgar. Now and then, however, still standing among these ugly creations of a later generation, you come upon an old shingle house, gray with age and history, with long, sloping roof, dormer windows, and nearly always standing back behind a tangled garden of old-fashioned flowers.

Thus entering Marley, almost nothing betokens it to be a seaport town except the universal presence of the sand, an indescribable aroma of saltness in the air, and the fact that the curbs of the sidewalks are built out of the masts of wrecked vessels.

Then you suddenly come out upon the other—the salt side of Marley—and all is different.

A large, square, frame hotel, overtopping an irregular row of wooden houses, looks down upon a narrow, turgid stream of brackish water, called Marley Creek. The stream is spanned here and there by rough wooden bridges, with gates to keep the cattle from coming over from the salt-marshes into the town. Beyond the stream is a level sandy flat, half a mile wide, covered over with a sparse, wiry sedge-grass. Two or three sandy roads run out across the flat, and it is peppered over toward the bay shore with a scattering of frame shanties, and intersected here and there by ditches. Beyond this flat you see the smooth, bright bosom of the harbor and the ragged line of the Breakwater, with its squat white-washed lighthouse, and the light-keeper's dwelling. Within the shelter of the breakwater cluster the vessels lying at anchor—a fleet of coasting schooners, two or three foreign ships or barks, a pilot-boat, a great ocean tramp, rusty brown with the corroding weeks of briny water. The protecting arm of the sandy shore curves around and shuts in the harbor from the Atlantic beyond. Upon the smooth sand-hill at point of the cape rises far away the white towering column of the light-house. Beyond all lies the distant purple thread of the everlasting ocean, meeting the overarching sky at the sharp, keen line of far horizon.

This is the other face of Marley, and here you breathe a different air of a different life—a life that belongs to the ships in the harbor, to the pilot-boats, to the fishermen's houses that lie scattered out along the sandy road that leads across the marsh to the water-front—a life that belongs to the light-house, the quarantine-station, the life-saving station, and the maritime exchange. The air is full of salt, and the eyes are full of wide spaces of sunlight, of infinite sky, of marsh, of water, of ships, of ocean. One side belongs to the dry, straggling, unkempt farm country, the other side breathes the salt air that sweeps gloriously in from across the sedgy salt-marshes.

The big square hotel is the Wilcox House. It fronts a little open, grassy space, intervening between it and the creek, called the "Battery." Here a half-dozen old cannon of the War of 1812 still lie, pointing blankly out in the same direction in which they at one time threatened with yawning mouths Beresford's frigates riding at anchor within the sandy shelter of the capes. Beyond lies the wide space of marsh, harbor, ocean, and sky.

Nearly always in front of the hotel you may find a lounging group, back-tilted in hickory chairs, discursively talking mari-

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time matters or local gossip, and incidentally reciting facetious stories.

Just now it was the swift falling of a cloudy August twilight. A dry nor'-easter was blowing, and a low hurrying wrack of clouds threatening rain, but not spitting it forth, blew up from the bay and across the sedgy flat and overhead inland. The harbor itself was all a dim snarl of white-caps, and a fleet of coasting vessels rode at anchor back of the breakwater, pitching and tossing to the swift run of the choppy waves. Far away one could see the distant strip of the Atlantic Ocean, a gray, lumpy, ragged line against the fading gloom of the horizon.

Suppers were generally over throughout the town, and the usual evening back-tilted group of loungers was beginning to gather in the warm, windy dusk. You could hear the distant rattle of knives and forks and plates coming from the hotel dining-room, where the two Philadelphia gentlemen who had come down the day before, two coasting captains, and a solitary hardware drummer sat at a belated supper.

Abe Lynch had come over from the shore. He had been lounging about all day waiting for the weather to break, so that he might take the two Philadelphia gentlemen out fishing. He now sat back-tilted waiting for them to come out from the dining-room. He was a tall, lean, angular young fellow of about twenty-three or twenty-four, with a thin face burned to a leathery russet brown by continual exposure to the sun and the salt air. The skin of his horny hands had the same tough, leathery look as that of his face. He wore coarse clothes weather-stained to a colorless brown, and a gray flannel shirt fastened at the throat by a startlingly white porcelain button. His slouched felt hat was pulled down over his eyes, which shone bright under the shade, looking restlessly out this way and that. His lean jaws chewed intermittently at the cud of tobacco in his mouth. He belonged regularly to the Hennipen Life-Saving Station, No. 47, but he did not go upon duty until September 1st; during the summer months he spent his time fishing or aimlessly lounging, and now and then he and old Tony Bratton would take fishing parties out to the Breakwater at a dollar a head.

Old Tony had just finished his supper and was coming up the dusking street along a stretch of earthen sidewalk toward the hotel. He swayed a little as he walked, and he had been drinking. He was a grim, saturnine man, with shaggy iron-gray hair, a sun-tanned leathery face, and his lean cheeks nearly always prickled over with a frosty stubble of beard. He stopped in front of the group and stood with one arm clasped around the porch pillar, his jaws working cavernously as he chewed tobacco.

"Well, Tony," said Tom Handy, "how goes it?"

"Goes like h—l," said Tony.

A laugh followed.

"What does?"

"Jim Wilcox's whiskey," said Tony. "When you get a taste—it's hot all the way down."

Jim Wilcox, a stout man, was the hotel proprietor. He laughed. He, too, had finished his supper and sat in his shirt-sleeves, chewing a toothpick. "Go in and tell Billy to give you a drink of it, Tony," said he.

Old Tony Bratton was a notable character in Marley. The natives would point him out to a stranger with a certain pride. "See that man? That's old Tony Bratton. He killed a man once right here in the town. Shot him with Downey's duck-gun."

It was true, and old Tony had only just escaped on the plea of self-defence.

Besides this he had once been a party in a rather notable lawsuit.

In his younger days, while he was still a pilot, he had run a Russian bark aground on the Gridiron Shoals. It had never been proven that the vessel had been wrecked intentionally, but everybody believed that Tony had been paid to run her aground. Indeed it was reported that he had told old John Marvel that he had not lost money by the job. Of course he had been broken as a commissioned pilot. Since then he had done a great deal of wrecking, and had made a snug living by breaking up the occasional wrecks that went ashore in the harbor. The year before the Philadelphia Wrecking Company had been organized, and since then old Tony

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Bratton had made a living from hand to mouth; now working for the wrecking company, now fishing, now taking parties out fishing to the breakwater, now taking sportsmen from the city down to Indian Head Bay in the late fall when the black-ducks and wild-geese were on.

The back-tilted group in the falling dusk were talking about the Philadelphians.

"I guess you didn't take them two Philadelphia men out to-day. Did you, Abe?"

Abe Lynch sat for awhile in silence, as though he had not heard. The others waited expectantly. "No," said he, at length.

"By golly!" said another speaker, "I'd like to seen 'em out to the break-water to-day. They'd a-got a bellyful of it."

"Did they catch anything yesterday, Abe? I seen they didn't bring in nothing but a little string of trout."

Abe Lynch did not reply.

"Old Tony went out with you yesterday, didn't he, Abe?"

Abe Lynch nodded his head.

There was a little period of silence.

"They fetched enough guns and fishing-lines with 'em," said Tom Handy, the hack-driver, recurring to the two Philadelphia strangers, "to kill all the birds and fish from here to Indian Head."

There was another little space of silence.

"One of 'em—that little fellow with the black hair—fetched a rifle with him, too. I hear him say he wanted to kill a bald eagle to take home with him."

"What'd he want with a bald eagle?"

"I don' know."

"I reckon that's so," said Tom Handy. "I drove Mr. Willis over to the light-house yesterday, and I seen him out on the flats trying to come up with an eagle."

The shirt-sleeved hotel proprietor sat listening with indifferent silence to the scattering talk. Presently Abe Lynch got up from his chair and went into the bar-room where Tony Bratton still lingered after having taken his drink.

Meanwhile the two Philadelphia men sat eating their supper in the great dim expanse of the hotel dining-room. The table next theirs was occupied by the drummer, in solitary state; another, in a more distant part of the room, was taken up by two coasting captains who had come over from the harbor during the afternoon. Three or four coal-oil lamps that hung in brackets about the wall filled the room with a dull, yellow light. The heavy silence was broken only by the clicking and clattering of knives and forks. It was a plentiful meal of corn-bread, fish, greasy fried potatoes in little oblong china fishes, cold meat, tea in thick, massive, china cups, preserves, and apple-sauce.

The two Philadelphians had been lounging about the hotel all day, kept in by the storm, and it had been very dull and tiresome.

"Well, if this wind holds on to-morrow," said Paton, "I tell you what it is, Jack, I'm going back to town again. It's an awful bore loafing about here with nothing to do."

His voice struck out loud into the brooding silence of the dining-room, and the two coasting captains looked up almost furtively from their suppers. The waiter-girl, hearing the voice, appeared for a moment at the door of the dining-room, looked in and then disappeared once more into some unknown recess of the hotel from which she occasionally emerged with a fresh supply of food.

"Oh, well," said Ellsworth, "it's not likely this weather's going to last any time. Like as not to-morrow'll be a good, clear day. If it isn't," he added, after a pause, "we can go down along the beach after birds. I saw two flocks of curlew fly over this afternoon. I shouldn't be surprised if we'd find plenty of birds down about Indian Head to-morrow. We'll get Handy to drive us over in that two-seated hack of his."

"You'd better get old Tony Bratton to go with you if you're going down to the bay," said the drummer, cutting into the dialogue.

Ellsworth did not reply, but he stared at his interlocutor with strong disapproval. After that the two said no more, but finished their supper in silence. They pushed back their chairs, grating noisily upon the bare floor, and arose, turning into the long passage-way, picking up their hats as they passed and going out into the warm, gusty darkness. The figures of the loungers still sat dim and indistinct, tilted back against the wall. Ellsworth offered Paton

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a cigar. Each lit his weed, and then choosing empty chairs tilted back with the others. A flock of marsh-birds passing overhead whistled shrill and far from out the darkness. The light-house lamp had just been lit. The great dazzling eye blazed steadily out into the gray gloom, and there were other twinkling lights shining out over the harbor. There was an all-pervading feeling of limitless saline emptiness filled by the fading twilight.

Old Tony Bratton and Abe Lynch left the bar-room together. They lingered for a time just outside the doorway whence the lights from within shone faint and yellow across the sidewalk and the sandy street. The wind was still blowing, in warm, strong gusts. By and by the two men, as if by mutual consent, turned and walked off down the street together in the direction of Bratton's house, which lay beyond the outskirts of the town. They walked stumblingly on through the darkness and presently had left the scattering lights of the town behind them and were out in the gusty darkness of the night. The sandy road stretched away before them, just perceptible in the gloom. Always there was ever present the great blazing eye of the distant light-house flaming through the night. Neither of the two spoke, and by and by Tony's house rose before them, a spare block of blackness against the night sky, the big willow-tree looming a shapeless shadow beside it. A faint yellow light shone from one of the windows.

"Damn if I don't believe Mace Green's in there," said old Tony, breaking the silence for the first time since they had left the hotel. "You wait here, Abe, an' I'll slip around to the winder an' take a look."

Abe stood watching the old man's receding figure as he went down along the shingled side of the house, and then the sudden yellow illumination of his face as he raised himself and peeped in at the window. He stood there looking in for some time, his jaws working cavernously the while. He often peeped in thus upon his niece and her company. By and by he left the window and came back to where Abe stood waiting for him.

"Yes," he said, "he's in there; but you come on in, Abe."

"No," said Lynch, "I'm not going in."

Old Tony stood for awhile without speaking. He swayed a little in the sudden strong blowing of the wind.

"Who the — is Mace Green, anyhow?" he burst out suddenly, "and who the — the Philadelphia Wrecking Company—a comin' down here to Marley and takin' the bread out of all our mouths? I don't want Mace Green to come to see Maggie."

"Yes, you do, too," said Abe Lynch. "Anyhow, you let him come and you don't darst to keep him away."

"Oh, well," said Tony, "I ain't going to keep him away neither, and you know that, Abe Lynch. If I kep' him away, why then I'm a goin' to lose my job at wracking."

"Well," said Abe Lynch, "if he don't keep away, it'll be the worse for him some day. Damn if I don't settle him some day."

Old Bratton stood silent in the night.

"When I was as young as you is," said he, presently, "I'd a shot the man that come between me and my gal."

"Damn if I don't shoot him some day," said Abe Lynch.

Then the two men parted without any further words, Lynch going back toward the town and Bratton turning toward the house.

There was a singular likeness between the young man and the old man, and in that likeness perhaps was the affinity that drew and bound them together. Old Tony would have liked his niece to have taken up with Abe Lynch.

The Philadelphia Wrecking Company's office was in the second floor of a tall, lean, white-washed wooden building, the gable of which stood facing the head of the bridge and the wide sandy road that ran out across the sedgy flat. There was a big-lettered sign across the face of the building which you could read almost as far away as the harbor beach. The company had been established about two years before, and Mason Green had come down to look after it. He had relatives in Marley, and so was indirectly connected with the place; but nevertheless he had been, and was still, regarded with a certain latent jealousy and distrust. The Marley people felt that he had come to

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take away from them something that was by rights theirs.

The company had thrown a great deal of work into the hands of Tony Bratton, who was one of the most experienced wreckers along the coast, and upon the whole the old man had perhaps made more money out of it than he would have done had he worked in his own interest. But nevertheless he felt himself to be aggrieved in that the Philadelphia company should come down to Marley and take away the business that had until then belonged almost entirely to him. This feeling rarely broke out except when the old man was in liquor. Then he would sometimes come stumbling up into the company's office and be very abusive. Mason Green bore with him very patiently, for he felt that the Marley people were jealous of him and that they sympathized with old Tony.

Mason Green was a small man, with insignificant, boyish features, fair hair, and a close-clipped, straggling yellow beard.

Maggie Bratton was a rather pretty, smooth-faced girl, with light brown colorless hair and filigree gold ear-rings, set each with a blue stone. She was Tony Bratton's niece and lived with him as his daughter.

After Abe Lynch had left him, Tony Bratton stood for awhile in the darkness in front of the house. Then he spat the cud of tobacco out from his mouth into his hand, and threw it away with a sweep of his arm into the darkness. He stumblingly mounted the wooden steps to the door, lifted the old-fashioned iron latch with a loud click and entered, passing along the short entry-way and into the room beyond.

"How-de-do, Tony?" said Mason Green.

The old man did not answer. He hung up his hat very carefully behind the door. Then he crossed the room to the mantel-shelf, filled his pipe with uncertain fingers and struck a sulphur match with a long scrape under the mantel-shelf. As he stood holding the sputtering match, sheltering it with his hand as though from the wind, he swayed almost imperceptibly. The young man and the girl had not known at first that he had been drinking. Mason Green watched him furtively as he lit his pipe. Maggie sat rocking herself, alternately picking up and dropping the handkerchief in her lap. There was a little space of constrained silence.

"Well," said Mason Green, "I guess I'd better be going back home."

"Don't go yet," said Maggie, but she did not urge him further, and he arose, pushing back his chair with a noisy grating on the bare floor.

Old Tony turned slowly around, holding with one hand to the mantel-shelf to steady himself. He stared balefully with his pale gray eyes from under the shag of his eyebrows.

"I guess you'd better be goin', Mace Green," said he, and as he spoke he took out the pipe from his mouth and shook the stem at the young fellow.

"I guess you'd better be goin'—and not come back again."

He stopped short and looked into the bowl of his pipe with sudden interest. Then he looked up at Mason Green again and began swearing at him. The girl sat silently in her chair, rocking with an almost imperceptible motion.

"That's all right, Tony," said the young man, soothingly.

"No, it ain't all right, Mace Green, and you can't talk to me. You don't own Tony Bratton, an' don't you forget it. The Philadelphia Wracking Company don't own me, and don't you forget that, neither. They think because they paid me for to break up the Baltimore Belle and the Rosalind Osborn they own me—but they don't own Tony Bratton. They know'd there was no man about here could get out of them wracks what I got out of 'em, and they don't own me because I broke 'em up."

"That's all right, Tony," said the young man again, soothingly.

"No, it ain't all right, neither," reiterated old Tony, stubbornly. "You don't own me, and the Philadelphia Wracking Company don't own me, and you ain't going to come here to see Maggie as you choose, neither. Some of these days Abe Lynch'll give you —ll—that's what he'll do."

"That's all right, Tony," said the young man. "I'm going, good-night. Good-night, Maggie," and this time she did not ask him to stay.

He stopped at the hotel on his way

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back. The group of loungers still sat back-tilted in the darkness. The young fellow told how old Bratton had come home and what he had said. The others listened in silence, and then there was a brief laugh. The only one who spoke was Wilcox, the proprietor of the hotel.

"You'll get yourself into trouble some of these days, Mace," said he.

"Oh, I ain't afraid of that," said Mason Green.

"Well, you may be afraid," said Wilcox. "I know Tony Bratton better than you do. I helped pick up Tom Willis after he'd shot him."

"Well, I tell you what it is," said Mason Green, "if he ever tries any of his tricks on me, I'll be doggoned if I wouldn't shoot as quick as he'd shoot."

Abe Lynch had stopped at the hotel again on his return from Tony Bratton's. He sat listening, unobserved by Mason Green.

No one said anything further, and presently Mason Green went on down the street.

"He'll get himself into trouble with Tony Bratton one of these days," observed Wilcox.

The two Philadelphia gentlemen were sitting listening to all that had passed. There was a little space of silence and then the dropping talk began about other things.

"They say Jim Cardweld's going to git the appointment for inspector after all," said Tom Handy.

"Sho!" said John Wells. "He'll never get it as long as he lives—it ain't in the wood."

The next day it was still blowing strongly from the east, and there was little appearance of the weather breaking. Some rain had fallen during the night, but it had ceased by morning, and about two o'clock Handy's hack came to take the Philadelphia gentlemen down to Indian Head Bay.

Abe Lynch had come over from the beach early in the morning and a consultation had been held.

"Do you think it's going to rain, Abe?" said Ellsworth.

Abe Lynch looked up at the gray, windy sky.

"I dunno," said he, after awhile. "If it don't break away by noon we'll like enough have a little weather."

"It ain't a-goin' to rain this morning, gentlemen," said Handy, having an eye to hiring his hack.

"What's the odds, anyhow, Jack?" said Paton. "I'd rather get a little wet than loaf around here all day." And so it was decided upon to go.

Wilcox and the bartender and two loungers stood looking on as various *desiderata* were handed into the hack—guns, waterproofs, two boxes of cartridges, Paton's rifle, and a lunch-basket.

"Hold on a minute, Abe; stick this in the basket," said Ellsworth, reaching him a bottle three-fourths filled with whiskey.

Each of the young men wore a brown-yellow hunting-jacket, the pockets stuffed and bulged out with necessaries for the day.

Then the hack drove away, the young Philadelphia men looking back and waving their hats at the hotel.

During the day it began raining, in fine, driving, misty sheets of moisture. Late in the afternoon the hack returned. At the sound of loud voices and laughter Wilcox came out of the hotel and stood looking as the curtained hack, wet and gleaming in the gray, sodden light, disgorged its contents—first the men themselves, then damp and muddy waterproofs, guns, cartridge-belts, a basket, and finally an indiscriminate bunch of dead birds. The two young men talked with loud voices and laughed a great deal. They had evidently made frequent applications to pocket-flasks on the way home, and were in a wild, skylarking humor. The figure of Abe Lynch could be dimly seen within the damp, curtained space of the hack. He made some remark, and the two young men burst out laughing.

"Did you get your eagle, Mr. Paton?" said the landlord.

"No," said the young fellow. "I couldn't get within a mile of him."

"They're mighty shy," said the landlord.

"You bet your life they are," said Paton.

Then the hack drove away through the slanting sheets of rain. "Did you get your rifle, Paton?" said Ellsworth.

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"No, by George!—forgot all about it. Abe'll look after it, though," said Paton. "Did you get your bottle of whiskey, Jack?" he added.

"Yes; it's in the basket."

Paton turned over the contents of the lunch-basket. "It ain't here," said he.

"Then it's been left in the hack," said Ellsworth.

Paton burst out laughing. "Abe'll take care of it, too," said he. "Good-by, whiskey."

The bartender stood lounging in the doorway of the bar-room, "Let's see what you've got, Mr. Paton," said he, and Paton held up the gray bunch of dead, shattered birds.

After he got home Abe Lynch found the rifle and the half-filled bottle of whiskey. He took them both into the house with him, standing the bottle on the shelf over the stove and the rifle in the corner. He could see through the open door that his supper was ready for him. His mother had finished her meal, and was rattling about in the shed outside where the firewood was kept. His brain was already blurred and confused with the high-grade Club whiskey he had drunk, and he felt an appetite for more. He took the whiskey-bottle from the shelf, uncorked it with his lean, horny fingers, and took a deep draught. He shuddered as the fiery strength of the liquor passed his palate, and wiped his hand across his mouth.

"Is that you, Abe?" called his mother from the shed beyond.

"Yes," said he.

"Well, come an' git your supper," said she.

He went in and sat down to his supper. It was greasy with frying; the bread was thick and heavy, and the tea was a dark and bitter brown. Every moment he felt the liquor he had drunk mounting to his head. His mother spoke, her voice coming to him as though from a distance. He ate, not knowing what he was eating, and by and by he found that he had done.

"D'ye want some more fish, Abe?" asked his mother. "There's a lot more left here on the stove."

He collected his rambling intelligence before he answered. "No," he said; "I guess I've had enough." He pushed back his chair noisily, arose, steadied himself with his hand on the back of it; then he went out into the other room. Presently he found himself standing by the shelf, fumbling along the top of it. What was he looking for? Oh, yes; it was his pipe. He knocked over a dusty, greasy, flat bottle that had once held patent liniment. There was another bottle; it was the bottle of whiskey. He looked steadily at it for awhile, and then uncorked it and took another drink.

"Where did you git that liquor, Abe?" said his mother's voice from behind him.

Again he steadied himself before he answered. "It's Mr. Ellsworth's whiskey," said he. He was conscious that his tongue was thick.

"Well, you'd better not take any more," said his mother, eying him sharply.

"Never you mind," said he. He corked the bottle unsteadily, driving in the stopper with a smack of his palm; then he found his pipe and lit it. He went out and sat on the doorstep, leaning back in the doorway. He shut his eyes, and his dizzy brain reeled and swam. He heard his mother moving about within, and when he opened his eyes he saw that she was taking away the whiskey-bottle. He aroused himself and asked her what she was doing.

"I'm going to put it away," said she. "You've had too much as it is."

"Well, just you put it back again," said he. "I'll take care of that. I know what I'm about." Then his mother put the bottle back on the shelf and went away.

He felt that there was some weight of trouble lying heavily upon him. What was it about? Oh, yes! It was about Mason Green and Maggie Bratton. His brooding humor blazed up in a sudden flame of anger. What business had Mason Green to come down here to Marley, anyway? Damn if he wouldn't shoot him some day. That's what Tony Bratton would have done. Dogged if he wouldn't take that there rifle and do it to-night. Then he was conscious that he was laboriously knocking the ashes out of his pipe against the heel of his boot. He got up and went into the house. He was

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standing with his hand resting on the mantel-shelf. What was he going to do? Oh, yes; he was going to take another drink of whiskey. Then he was going to do something with the rifle. What was it? Oh, yes; dogged if he wouldn't fix it with Mace Green. What time of night was it, anyhow? He had taken the breech-loader up in his hand. He pushed down the lever and looked dully at the weapon. He was conscious that there was a cartridge in it, and that the cartridge had not been used. Presently he was out in the windy night. He found himself laboring staggeringly along the heavy, sandy road toward Marley. He had the rifle in his hand. Should he go down through the town? No; he wouldn't do that; they would stop him and take the rifle away from him, or else they would know what he was going to do. He must cut across the marsh to the creek, upon the farther bank of which abutted the house. He turned off from the road, plunged down into the hog-wallow, unseen in the darkness, and fell heavily, rolling over. The rifle was gone. He felt around through the sedge-grass in the darkness and found it again. It was gritty with the sand, into which it had fallen, and he wiped it carefully with his sleeve. Then he went on again, stumbling through the darkness and surrounded by swarms of mosquitoes.

Presently he found through the haze in his mind that he had come close to Tony Bratton's house. Between him and it were the dark waters of the creek. There was a light shining from the window, but he could not see inside. He felt very dull and sleepy, and lay down at length on the ground. The mosquitoes were biting his face and neck, and he slapped heavily at them.

He did not know how long he lay there, but suddenly a head came between him and the square of window. It was a man, and he was peeping into the house spying on Maggie Bratton. Abe Lynch felt a sudden flaming rush of anger that Mason Green should come thus spying on Maggie. No matter, he would make it even with him. He raised his rifle, resting with his elbows upon the damp ground, and took a long, steady aim at the head outlined against the window. He pulled the trigger, but no report came. Then he looked at it, and found he had not cocked the piece. He lifted the hammer with fumbling, uncertain fingers, and raised the weapon again. Was the head gone? No; there it was. Again he took a long, steady aim, and again he pulled the trigger.

Instantly there was a loud, stunning report and a flash of light. . . . The head was gone.

The shock of the report and the instant second shock of the thought of what he had done cleared his brain, as a flash of lightning and a clap of thunder clear the heaviness in the air. Suddenly every sense was abnormally and keenly alert. He heard a scuffling noise, then silence. He lay staring into the darkness, the warm rifle still grasped in his hand. Then presently he saw two heads appear at the window, and the window opened. My God! what had he done? Had he just shot Mason Green? It could not be! Who were they at the window? What if he had really shot that man? He got up softly, and crept away into the darkness.

A bridge crossed the creek some little distance below the house. He went down there and stood for a little while leaning on the rail of the bridge, looking and looking. The two heads at the window had gone away, and there was no disturbance at the house. All was perfectly quiet. It could not be that he had really shot anyone—it must have been a dream. He had forgotten all about his having been drunk, and now he felt nothing except a sort of inert keenness of thought; a rambling positiveness of intelligence. He thought to himself that he would go up to the house and make sure that he had not shot anyone.

In spite of the clouds that yet drifted across the sky there was a sort of pallid, all-pervading light. . . . He stood silently in front of the house, listening for awhile. Everything was perfectly silent except for the rushing of the wind and the gurgling of the ebbing tide in the creek. What was that dark thing lying not far from the doorsteps? He went over, approaching on tiptoe. My God! It was true! It was a man's figure. He had

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shot Mason Green! He stooped down, and felt with his hand. The body was yet warm; was it dead? He felt the hair of the man's head—it was thick and bushy. It was not like Mason Green's. There was something wet upon it. He stooped forward and looked more closely. He could see a dark line down across the forehead. He looked still closer, and now he could see the face.

It was Tony Bratton!

The next morning the news spread over the town like wild-fire. Somebody had shot and killed Tony Bratton the night before. His niece had found him lying dead in front of the house that morning. It was the first thing that the two Philadelphia gentlemen heard when they came downstairs. The news struck them like a blow. Tony Bratton, whom they had seen alive and well only the night before, now dead! "By George!" commented Paton, almost breathlessly. It seemed incredible, and he could not believe it.

When they came out-of-doors they found the street strangely deserted. They could see in the distance, down the road, that a crowd was gathered brokenly about Tony's house. "Let's go over and see," said Ellsworth.

They found the house surrounded by clustering groups of men and women and half-grown children. There was an all-pervading air of dreadful excitement, and people were crowding into the house as others struggled out of it. Within the doorway could be seen a mass of men and women filling the entry beyond. The two Philadelphia men went in with the others. It was hot and oppressively close in the crowded space; they could hear the sound of women crying in a farther room as they elbowed their way forward, and so finally made their way into the room where the body lay. They could see over the heads of the crowd the tall, spindle posts of an old-fashioned bedstead and a square Connecticut clock tick-tacking on a shelf by the window, a pair of grotesque plaster-of-Paris dogs, flanked on either side by a cracked blue pitcher and a coal-oil lamp. The crowd was gathered about the bed whereon the body lay. They pressed forward, and then they were looking down upon the half-undressed figure; the yellow, waxy face, and the round blue hole in the side of the head. Abe Lynch was standing there also looking down at the dead face, his hands clasped, motionless as a statue. There were some crying women in the room beyond.

It was horribly and grotesquely tragic and the two young men were glad to get out into the open air again. They lingered about for awhile, listening to the scattering talk and comments, and presently Abe Lynch came out of the house and joined them. He appeared stunned and bewildered.

It seemed very strange to Abe Lynch as he walked back to the hotel with the two Philadelphia gentlemen, that everything around him should be just as it always had been—the trees, the houses, the people. He could think of nothing but that still form lying upon the bed in the back room waiting for the coroner. Oh, God! if he could only undo what he had done! It did not seem to him that it could really be so—there must be some dreadful mistake.

"By the way, Abe," said Ellsworth, his voice cutting with a keen, sudden jar upon the intense silence, "Mr. Paton and I are going back to Philadelphia this morning."

"What are you going back for?" said Abe Lynch, speaking aimlessly for the sake of saying something.

"Oh, well," said Ellsworth, "this easterly weather seems likely to hang on for no end of time; and to tell you the truth, we're tired of it down here. It's so thunderingly dull."

Abe Lynch listened dully. He was thinking to himself, "Oh, if they only had gone home yesterday, then this would not have happened." He walked on in silence, thinking and thinking.

"I wish you'd fetch my rifle over this morning, Abe," said Paton. "You may keep the bottle of whiskey."

"How much do you expect to charge us, Abe?" said Ellsworth.

"I don't know," said Abe Lynch. "I guess five dollars is about right, isn't it?"

"By George! you stick it on pretty well, Abe," said Paton.

"I've been with you three days," said Abe Lynch, sullenly.

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"That's all right," said Ellsworth, "let it be at his own figure, Tom."

"By the way," said Paton, suddenly, after a moment or two of silence, "I forgot to tell you—I didn't think to draw the cartridge from that rifle yesterday."

Abe Lynch's every nerve thrilled. "There ain't no cartridge there," said he, after a long pause. "Somebody shot it off."

"Oh, you're mistaken," said Paton. "I put a fresh cartridge in yesterday morning."

"All the same somebody's shot it off," said Abe Lynch, doggedly. "I looked at it last night before I put it away, and I seen it myself."

Paton looked puzzled for a moment or two. "That's queer," he said; "I could have sworn I slipped in a fresh cartridge yesterday morning."

Ellsworth laughed. "I don't believe you knew what you was doing half the time, Tom," said he.

Then a sudden recollection of that still, half-dressed figure came simultaneously to both young men and they fell silent. Abe Lynch drew a deep, slow breath. He moistened his lips with his tongue.

"Who do you suppose shot him, Abe?" said Ellsworth.

"I don't know," said Abe Lynch; "unless," he added, "it was Mace Green."

Nobody in Marley even accused Mason Green of shooting Tony Bratton; but if it were not he, who could it have been? The unanswered question grew by degrees to suspicion, and by and by it was no longer possible for Mason Green to live at Marley. Then during the fall the Philadelphia Wrecking Company failed, and he went to Philadelphia. Maggie Bratton had gone to Camden to live with her aunt, and after awhile news reached Marley that Mason Green and she were married. During the spring Ned Handy came home to Marley for a visit. He said that he had seen Mace Green, and that Green had told him that he was about to sail as supercargo on one of William White & Sons' coasting schooners.

II

THE great blizzard of 1888 struck Marley between one and two o'clock at night, coming down upon the town and the harbor and the vessels crowded together back of the breakwater, out of the northwest, a tremendous unseen blow, delivered out of the gulf of midnight darkness. In half an hour it was blowing a howling, thundering hurricane, the snow driving in blinding sheets and a surf almost like that of the Atlantic breaking upon the harbor beach.

In a hurricane from such a quarter the breakwater is no protection to the vessels. Besides that, the storm broke so suddenly and unexpectedly that they had not time to get out extra anchors. Presently the anchored vessels began to drag toward the shore and then every ship-captain knew that a great disaster was impending.

Before morning broke half of Marley was out along the beach. Half a score of vessels had already come ashore, and little crowds gathered here and there, watching the crews of the life-saving station taking off the shipwrecked men.

But during the night the greatest crowd of all—maybe a hundred men and boys—had gathered to watch an English bark and a coasting schooner that were slowly drifting together. Every now and then the bark burned a blue light, the sudden livid halo flashing out in the drifting whiteness of a snow-storm and showing the looming mass of the two vessels ever closer and closer together, their hulls black and gleaming with freezing sheets of brine, pitching and tossing to the run of the swell, their masts and rigging towering, swaying pinnacles of ice, as white as snow.

In one such time of livid light the two vessels came together. For a moment the schooner seemed to tower in a smothering cloud of foam. Then it drove down and against the bark with a crash that could almost be heard above the trembling thunder of the hurricane and the roar of the breakers. The bark heeled over before the impact and for a second or two, as the two vessels ground together, and by the glaring brightness of the blue-light the spectators upon the shore could see the crew of the sinking schooner swarming up over the sides of the bark. Then the light went out again into sudden darkness.

Those on the shore stood waiting and watching, but there was no recurrence of the light; nothing but darkness.

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But about the gray of the morning word flew about that the bark had broken loose from her moorings—perhaps from the impact of the schooner—and had driven out upon the outer bar. The crowd along the beach began to gather thither, out upon the point of the cape. There they collected watching the vain efforts of the life-saving crews from Marley, Hennipen, and Indian Head to get away in the life-boats. Each time a boat was launched it was only to be whirled around by the wind and driven back again upon the beach.

Every now and then, through snow-squalls, the wreck of the great vessel could be seen rolling sullenly back and forth to the sweep of the swell, her hull now and again a smother of foam, her masts and rigging pinnacles of ice, the foremast gone, the mainmast standing apparently firm, the mizzen-mast rocking back and forth, ready any moment to fall. There were little clusters of men crowded together in the main rigging, clinging blackly amid the ice and snow, waiting the desperate chance of being saved. Every now and then a towering wave would come marching up from oceanward, and in the suction from the undertow the hulk would heel to windward to meet the smothering impact of mountainous water, before which she would roll over with a tremendous sweep while the onlookers held their breath. Then she would right again, the black figures still clinging to the rigging. Then, perhaps, there would be a long period of comparative calm in which the life-saving crews would try again to launch the life-boats.

About half-past seven o'clock the storm began to lull, and a little before nine the Hennipen life-boat got off. The crowd cheered; the sound of their voices rising faint and thin in the ceaseless roaring monotone of surf and vibrating counter-roar of the hurricane.

It was a noble sight, the boat launched by a score of rubber-coated men, meeting the tossing whirl of surf with a tremendous burst of exploding cataractal water; the crew scrambling into her; the rattle of dropping oars; an onrushing breaker that meeting the boat whirled it high aloft like a chip; the captain standing in the stern shining in drenched and gleaming waterproof, grasping the oar and steadying the boat swaying back and forth but never losing his footing; another rush of breakers pitching the boat, cork-like, into the air; then the tremendous down dip into the trough of the next oncoming sea. Then the onlookers saw that the boat was off and they cheered again.

One of the crew was Abe Lynch.

Almost immediately the Marley life-boat also got away, and by and by the two were under the side of the bark—now riding duck-like on the rise of a wave, now lost in the trough of the sea. As the people on the shore stood watching they saw that Captain Turnbull was shouting orders to the men in the rigging. Then they saw one of the sailors upon the wreck crawl perilously out upon the ice-coated yard-arm and drop a line that fell like a thread down toward the boats below. They could see that the life-boat had presently caught the end of the line, and that the sailor had crawled back with it to the shrouds. A sudden squall of snow almost hid the wreck from sight, and when it passed a man was seen slipping down the rope to the life-boat below. Another cheer went up from the shore—the men were about to be saved. Both life-boats were now floating under the lee of the doomed vessel, and one after another the figures in the rigging were sliding down the thin, thread-like line. Each minute there were fewer and fewer men in the rigging and more and more men huddled into the life-boats.

Meantime the bark was palpably going to pieces. At each leaden blow of onsweeping wave there would be a larger and more ragged gap in the bulwarks. The shore was already littered with wreckage, and the tangled wreck of the foremast tossed helpless arms in the foaming surge of the water.

At last it seemed to those ashore that all of the men were out of the rigging of the wreck. Yet still the life-boats lingered under the lee of the bark. Why did they not come ashore? Then the onlookers began to see that there was one man yet clinging, lashed to the shrouds just above the main-top. That was why one of the life-boats was coming up close

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under the stern-quarter of the wreck; that man was to be saved before they left the dissolving hull.

Those on the beach watched the boat as it came close up under the towering hulk of the bark, the crew staving it off with oars and boat-hooks. The next moment a man in yellow water-proof and sou'wester was seen scrambling up by the mizzen-chains and over the rail. He carried with him, hung over his arm, a coil of line, which he paid out to the life-boat as he ran along by the rail to the main-shrouds.

It was Abe Lynch.

The man who clung to the rigging was the supercargo of the schooner which had stove in against the bark during the night.

Until Abe Lynch had scrambled up over the rail and had fairly stood upon the ice-sheeted deck of the bark, he did not see what a wreck she was. The side nearest the shore was pretty sound; upon the other side the whole stern-quarter was stove in—a great ragged gap open to the sea, which at every plunge shook the shattered hulk as though to burst it into fragments.

Abe Lynch ran along the lee rail, shaking out the coil of rope as he did so, Captain Turnbull in the life-boat hauling in the slack, and so he reached the shrouds. They were coated almost solidly thick with ice, and he had to kick the frozen mass loose in a shower of fragments and broken lumps. Then he began slowly and carefully to mount the icy ratlins. Now and again he stopped to pay out the line a little more, then again he would mount a few steps. At last he had reached the main-top. The still and apparently lifeless figure was just above him.

He did not stop to look at him, except to see that he was apparently lashed to the ratlins, for at that moment a great sea was coming towering toward the wreck and thither his eyes were turned. Would the bark hold together under the impact? The outgoing rush of water heeled the vessel over dizzily toward the oncoming mountainous gray of advancing water. The next minute the sea struck with a shock that rocked the loosened mizzen-mast back and forth, whipping it like a switch. Then the wreck swayed tremendously over the lee, Abe Lynch clinging tight to the ratlins. Looking down he could see that the hull beneath him was entirely covered with the mass of white foam, and he felt that the wreck was melting away. Still he clung dizzily to the rigging. Then the sea was gone and he saw the deck below emerging from the sliding rush of water. The mizzen-mast had now gone, and was rolling a wreck astern. But the mainmast still stood; he was still safe, and he aroused himself to act.

Shaking out the slack of the line he still held, he climbed up to the figure in the shrouds. Coming near, he saw that the man, whoever he was, was coated with ice; that he wore heavy sea-boots and a waterproof coat. He thought at first that the poor fellow was frozen dead, but when he got to him and felt him he knew that he was yet alive. He stooped around and looked into the face, and then in an instant he knew who it was—it was Mason Green. The hands covered with slivers of ice clutched desperately to the ratlins; they were white and waxy, the eyes were set and fixed, but the man was frozen and exhausted, not dead, and it was Abe Lynch's paid business to save him. He threw the end of the line he held over the ratlins above the unconscious head, drawing it down until he had enough slack for his purpose. Then he made a sliding-knot, leaving enough of the slack to lash fast under the arm-pits and around the body. As he reached the line around the senseless figure the frozen waterproof rattled and little broken sheets of ice fell in a shower. He tested the knot to see that it was perfectly safe. Then he cut loose the lashings that held the other fast to the shrouds.

As the inanimate figure swung out into space he looked down and sang out, "Lower away!" He held fast to the ratlins, still looking down as the nearly dead man was lowered slowly, slowly down into the boat below. He knew that the crowd was watching from the shore, and he felt a great pride that they were seeing what he was doing. The next moment the life-boat had received the rescued man.

Then he made ready himself to de-

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

Another rush of breakers pitching the boat, cork-like, into the air.—Page 71.

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scend. That was an easy enough matter. He grasped the doubled rope that hung to the life-boat below, threw his leg around it, swung out into space, and slid rapidly down.

As he did so he saw over his shoulder a towering mountain of water come sweeping slowly and enormously toward the wreck. It seemed to lift higher and higher as it came nearer and nearer, and again the suction from the trough of the sea heeled the wreck over in the direction of the oncoming sea—at first slowly, then with a rushing sweep. Abe Lynch saw himself being swung in toward the hull of the wreck, and knew that he would be dashed against it, unless the men in the life-boat below held the lower end of the line. For a moment he hung poised. Then suddenly he felt that the line had slipped from those who held it. He whirled dizzily half around and swung violently toward the wreck. In an instant he saw the shattered hull flying at him. Then there was a tremendous deafening crash, a flash of light, then a humming darkness circled by a myriad sparks of light. With a glimmering consciousness he still clung instinctively to the line he held, but he felt that he was badly hurt. The next moment he was in the ice-cold water. He still strove to cling to the line, but the monstrous power of the water swept him loose and he felt himself whirled away helplessly by the waves. Again he felt something strike him, this time more heavily and dully. Then he lost consciousness.

The crew of the life-boat saw his helpless body entangled in the wreck of the mizzen-mast. A few strokes brought them to him, and the next moment he was dragged into the boat. They pulled quickly away from the wreck of the mast. Then they looked at him and saw that a little trickle of blood was running out of the corner of his mouth and spreading down across his wet cheek.

It was eleven o'clock when Abe Lynch regained a numb, senseless consciousness. He felt no pain, but everything glimmered pallidly to his sight. He saw that Dr. Closson was standing over him, and then that he was in the Quarantine Hospital. He tried to speak to the doctor, but could only whisper. The physician bent over him. "Am I hurt, doctor?" said he, and he panted as he spoke.

"I am afraid you are pretty badly hurt, Abe," said the doctor, very seriously. "Don't talk any more." He wiped the wounded man's lips, and the cloth came away stained red.

"I must—talk," panted Abe Lynch. "It—wasn't Mace Green—shot—Tony Bratton. It was me."

He died at two o'clock in the afternoon, and if he had taken a life he had given one in exchange for it.

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Drawn by Howard Pyle.

He looked down and sang out, "Lower away!"—Page 72.

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Native Boats (Cascoes) in which Newly arrived Regiments are Carried from Transports to Shore.

WHITE MAN AND BROWN MAN IN THE PHILIPPINES

By Frederick Palmer

AS surely as war is the art which our chosen young men study at West Point, the campaign in the Philippines is not war, but a chase where the prey, more cunning than the fox, leaves neither track nor scent and carries the best of modern quick-firing rifles.

"You can't wrestle when you can't lay hands on the other fellow," said my comrade, the private, while we lay on our stomachs at dawn waiting for the order to charge, as we had often done. "It's hike, hike, hike (march) till you stick in the mud, and then you hike back again a little slower than you went, 'cause you're tired and ugly, and mebbe you're sick. With every hike there's a few laid out with their hands crossed—and no gugu's (native's) blood atones for that."

He raised himself up on his hands and looked across the paddy field toward the line of red at the edge of a bamboo grove, the enemy's trenches. We might get a few volleys from them or they might be evacuated already.

"Come out, Mister Aguinaldo!" he exclaimed. "Come out in the open and bring your whole army! If our regiment can't lick you before dinner you can have our rifles and the islands and we'll quit. H-m, yes, but you know better, don't you!"

A general's view of the situation as long ago as the taking of Malolos differed only in its expression from the private's. On the morning that we walked into the enemy's capital I asked General MacArthur if he thought that the backbone of the rebellion was broken. He smiled knowingly and tapped the knuckles of one hand into the palm of the other in a familiar gesture.

"I am not yet convinced," he said, "that this rebellion is a vertebrate organism."

More than any other feature of the campaign McArthur's skilful advance on Malolos approximated a success of the kind which gratifies public imagination. Its great weakness in this respect was explained unintentionally by a French journalist in his letters from our base of supplies. The farthest that any of our troops had advanced in a day was eight miles; whereas the French soldiers often march

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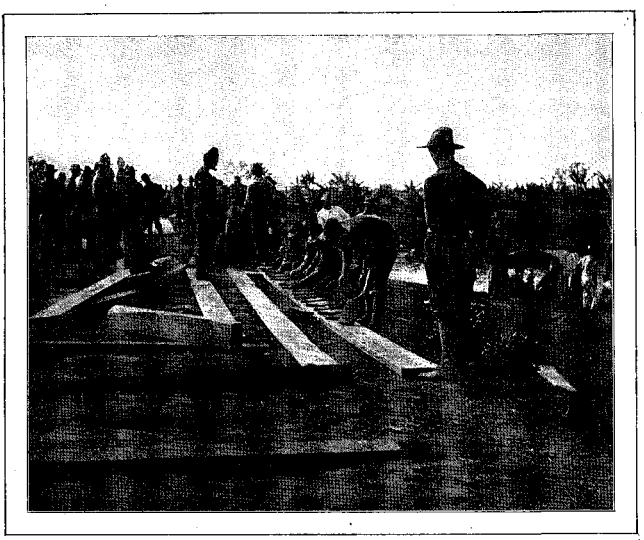
twenty-five. Such qualifications as morasses and jungles and streams defended by well-built trenches, on the one hand, and macadamized roads, on the other, cannot be appreciated in *feuilletons* written under the shade of an awning and a big helmet at the table of a café in Manila. Alas! they do not always fit in well in newspaper headlines.

"Hiking" Supplies to MacArthur's Division Through Enemy's Country Under Guard.

For the contrast between the great theatric feat of arms which won the islands and the labor of pacifying them is that of a panorama bursting upon the gaze with the suddenness of the break of Oriental dawn, and of exhibiting day by day a piece of scenery or a character of a panorama through a course of years till all the parts have been shown. On land we have had simply a multitude of picturesque incidents which make his conscience goad the memory of the correspondent. By day and by night our men have suffered the drudgery of marches, and the nagging of ever-present danger. Wherever the enemy's country lay beyond them the occasional bullet has sought its prey. I have known a company whose day began at three o'clock, and was to begin at three in the morning again, to be called out at eleven, just as they were stretched under their ponchos, to ascertain the meaning of a scattering fire. They searched through a copse without finding an enemy or hearing another shot. Scarcely had they lain down at one o'clock when crack, crack, and crack came the Mauser bullets, with grim regularity and the creepy effect of a ticktack swaying against the window of a cell on a rainy night. How we should have welcomed the change if our tormentors had only charged us *en masse* as the Afridis charged when they were slaughtered under the light of star shells by the British! But Malay cunning and Spanish cunning mixed in equal parts, as my comrade, the private, has said, know better.



Engineers Preparing Timbers for Repairing Bridge at the Bagbag River.

Watching our men advance across the open in even and seemingly irresistible lines, making individual paths through a grove of bamboo to regain their order

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A Street in Native Town Before Burning.

on the field beyond, ford streams, wade through salt marshes, and rush trenches which yielded a few volleys at a thousand yards, a few prisoners, and perhaps none, I always had the impression of a strong man who is striking the air. We knew that the strong man would win in the end; the pity of it was the energy that he was wasting.

The hunted one is a barefooted, little brown man, in cotton shirt and trousers, who, equally courageous, has more skill than the old foe of our army, the American Indian. Without infusion of foreign blood, the Tagalog mind is simple only to the white man who looks upon the smiling Tagalog face for the first time. While it is an enigma to us, the half-breed leader, polite, subtle, often well educated, if not the graduate of a Spanish university, can play upon its moods as upon the strings of a harp.

The first fighting around the city taught the leaders the folly of pitting line against line. Unhappily for us, they began to realize that one guerilla can harass a dozen soldiers if he keeps in the background; that no country is pacified as long as there is a man in every bush waiting for an opportunity to shoot his ruler. Since Malolos they have made an art of retreating before our advances and following up our retreats, reminding us again and again that in the work of pacification, as well as in the eventual one of administration, we are less fortunate in dealing with a semi-civilized race whose contact with Spanish civilization has produced Aguinaldos, Lunas, and Paternos for its leaders than with simple savages. The railroad alone was given up grudgingly from strategetically placed trench to trench. It connected the rebels with their base of supplies. They had the great bulk of the locomotives and the rolling-stock. Moreover, it gave to these leaders, who bear themselves with the air of potentates, essential personal comforts. General Luna carried a cut-glass dinner-service with him. His followers would not have taken him seriously if he had eaten hard tack and tomatoes out of a can, with his knees for a table, as

A Street After Burning.

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MacArthur and Lawton did on many occasions. Simplicity, which is admirable only to the latter-day civilization of northern countries, appeals to the Tagalog and to all Orientals as a confession of weakness. Their philosophy recognizes no power without the show of power. The Admiral's victory represented an apotheosis of power which made them respect and fear him long after they were in open rebellion against us.

Types of Aguinaldo's Army Taken Prisoners.

After that victory never had a nation such an opportunity for the acquirement of a colony; never had a republic a greater temptation to resist. Aguinaldo had brought the news to Luzon that we had come as deliverers. There can be no question of this remarkable being's hold on his people's affections. If we had politely forced him to be our friend; if we had made him the instrument to carry out our good intentions rather than suffered ourselves to be his instrument, I for one am convinced that our flag could have been raised over the whole archipelago without bloodshed. A great student of men and a master of affairs, an administrator, was needed the moment that we landed a soldier.

Instead of making the leaders' vanity our servant we made it a joke. Occupying the islands on the presumption that we were to give to them a large measure of self-government, we denied the representatives of whatever law and order then existed in Luzon the simple privilege of *pourparlers*, which has been granted invariably by other colonizing powers. I see every reason why the Filipinos should not have been allowed to fly the flag of an independent republic; no reason why they should not have been allowed to fly a special flag with some particular insignia, fastened to the American flag as a background. Then they would have been under our ægis; our flag would have been theirs; and it was only a step to make their army ours. In the provincial jealousies of Luzon and of the other islands lay another instrument which we could have used in making Aguinaldo amenable to advice. This was not the work of written treaties, but of a chain of oral conferences, granting the show of power and working for the substance, with the white man's foresight leading to a well defined, inevitable result.

Once we allowed Aguinaldo and the leaders around him, who are as familiar —and unfortunately no more so—with the position of the colored man in our Southern States as our English cousins to become convinced that their lot was to be that of the "nigger" they began the work which ended in hemming our troops in the city of Manila, dependent upon their mercy for our very water-supply.

All the leaders were natives of the Tagalog provinces, which lie immediately around Manila. At first their following was strictly Tagalog; but they sent their emissaries to the ends of the islands, organizing a government, policing, collecting taxes, telling the people that we had not come as deliverers, but to enslave them. They spent the taxes and the money that they had received from the Spanish in buying arms and ammunition. All prominent Filipinos whom I have spoken with have taken the same view. If the status of the negro, as they understood it, was to be theirs in the new system, they would have to leave the islands anyway, and they had concluded to make a fight before going.

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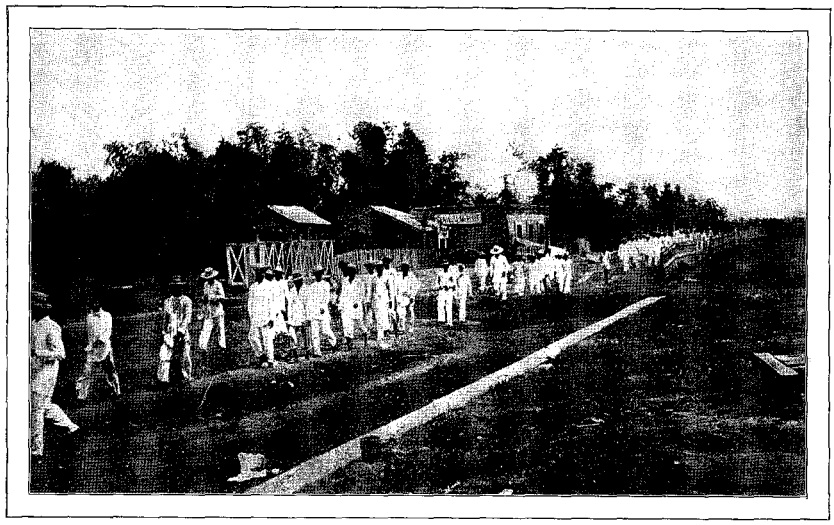

Friendly Maccabebes.
Coming into our lines at Calumpit to offer their services as soldiers against their bad tribal enemies the Tagalogs. From these were chosen Captain Batson's Maccabebe scouts.

At least, from the moment that we occupied Manila the situation ceased to be wholly military.

The nation which had had a standing army of twenty-five thousand for a population of seventy millions, which had been the most insistent of all nations in making the military arm subject to the civil, gave to a general absolute power when the crying need was statecraft.

This general is a hardworking, conscientious, high-minded professional soldier. Just how far he is pardonable and unpardonable for the errors of his *régime* could be better understood if every dispatch, private as well as official, which has passed between him and Washington was made public. His view of the situation was bound to be that of the soldier; and the view of the soldier was fatal at the time when he assumed command. Lying in their trenches facing our trenches, in a semicircle around the city, was the Filipino army, daily increasing in numbers, daily becoming more confident of its own and sceptical of our power. While we made no effort, civil or military, to come to an arrangement with the Filipino leaders, no adequate reinforcements were sent to an army admittedly unequal to the pacification of the archipelago. The colonel or the captain of the native troops who came through our lines as an emissary was, sheerly by adhering to the wishes of Washington sent back with a deeper wound to his vanity and a deeper conviction that we regarded him as so much *canaille* to be exterminated.

The masterful thing would have been to give him every honor of his rank; to have impressed him with all the red tape possible; to have told him that we had come to assist him as an agent in granting freedom to his people; to have complimented him on his soldiers, and courteously to have given him an exhibition of the wonderful marksmanship of our Western volunteers.

According to Spanish ideals, which were the Filipino ideals, we must have seemed very weak indeed. The Tagalog mind could not grasp the idea that a man in simple khaki uniform, a little bent, and using no grand phrases, could be a real general; or that the Western volunteer, taking a kind of pride in an unbuttoned tunic, and in putting his hands in his pockets when off duty, is peculiarly the embodiment of the individuality and the intelligence of the citizen and the force of the nation. Even officers of other white men's armies upon first seeing our army in Manila thought that it was a mob without discipline. Afterward, when they saw our "boys" firing volleys as they advanced by rushes with the precision of a machine, maintaining their order against the greatest physical obstacles, their admiration was

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equalled only by their surprise as to how we had taught the independent unit to submit himself entirely to "team play" at those critical moments which are the test and the object of all the thinking of the general staff and all the labor of drill sergeants.

The secret is the common aristocracy of our democracy. As a whole people we are a very superior people. The distinction that the aristocracy takes to itself is that of "being American." If a man is white; if he speaks English; if he knows his lines as we know them, he is as good as anybody on earth. If he is white and yet does not understand our customs, we insist that he shall have equal rights with us. If he is any other color too often we include him in one general class called "nigger," a class beneath our notice, to which, so far as our soldier is concerned, all Filipinos belonged.

Contempt grew on our side and hatred on theirs. As the half-breed leaders strengthened their preparations and the feeling of their people against us, the fear that was present with them almost to the last was minimized; for they knew only too well that if we had offered, in September, 1898, to recruit five native regiments on the pay of twenty-five cents a day we could have had our pick of the soldiers of the Filipino army. With two or three months of training and good treatment they would have fought our battles as willingly as they fought those of Aguinaldo later on. The Tagalog is the fighting man of the Philippines as surely as the Síkh and the Gúrkha are of India. The pomp and circumstance of military routine are as enjoyable to him as to the members of our regular colored regiments. Easily impressed by a show of power, he nevertheless becomes arrogant if the reins are loosely held.

Insults were cried from the Filipino trenches to ours in December ('98) which were hard for white men with red blood in their veins to bear. Yet the man in blue shirt and khaki breeches with the independent air never raised his rifle until it was in compliance with orders. Then he simply charged, as the Western volunteer always does when the word is given or when in doubt. For this situation not the army but the Administration, waiting upon the people of the United States to make up their minds on the question of foreign acquisitions, was to blame. For two months before it began the conflict was inevitable. What surprised the Eighth Army Corps was the surprise of the country at the outbreak. The high price of cable tolls, the restrictions of the censorship, and that impatience of the days of the telegraph, which permits little attention to be paid to mail articles, have wrought misconception after misconception. General Otis's reiterated message of "situation well in hand" did not refer to the pacification of Luzon but to the safety of the city, which was the first and all-important consideration of a situation which was far more grave than the people at home had ever supposed. An army which has driven in open fight a numerically superior enemy about to undertake guerilla tactics out of a series of semicircular trenches stretching around a town from the sea on one side to the sea on the other, cannot, indefinitely stretch this semicircle as it drives the enemy before it until it has secured an empire.

If the futility of the general's offensive tactics has been questioned, there is no doubt of the thoroughness and wisdom of his defensive tactics. After the taking of Caloocan the semicircle was no farther extended. Its position was highly strategic. On the east its outposts touched the Laguna de Bay, thus forcing any communication between the enemy's forces to the north and the south of the city to be made across the lake, insuring the Pasig to us and the waterworks from a flank attack, and, finally, preventing the entrance into Manila of any armed force, with a consequent rising of the inhabitants, which would have necessitated the loss of life on our own side and the killing of many innocent persons before order was restored. The full strength of one regiment was required for patrol and guard duty in a city of 300,000 inhabitants, passively against us when we were watchful and actively against us when we were not.

As the historian is bewildered by the catalogued knowledge of the dry-as-dust librarian, so was his staff bewildered with General Otis's knowledge of the details of their departments. To the observer, however, there seemed sometimes to be an absence of the simple, ordinary executive method of asking a subordinate if he

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can do a certain thing which is a part of the general plan, and if the subordinate says that he can and shows evidence that he can, of leaving to him the details and holding him responsible for them. The picture of one who was at once a governor-general of an empire and a general commanding an army corps which was patrolling and protecting a city and sending out offensive columns, signing in person the permits for the return of revolvers taken from Spanish officers at the time of their surrender, entranced the ordinary mind with the same quality of admiration that one extends to the trained accountant going over the pages of the ledger. Charitable, never tiring, never losing his temper, automatic, the general is lacking in that magnetism which gives men confidence and is after all one of the important attributes of the general of a small force against guerillas, though it is not necessarily one of a general commanding three or four corps in the action of one civilized force against another. His endurance for one of his years in a tropical climate is nothing short of marvellous. He works steadily at his desk from seven in the morning until seven at night. After his dinner at his house he works at another desk until midnight.

I cease altogether to be one of the general's apologists when they say that he did the best possible with the material at hand. Napoleon's own amazement at the mistakes he had made hews to the side of the staff officer who thinks that his general can make no errors, as well as to that of the paper warrior who never allows extenuating circumstances for the man who has failed as an excuse for failure, and never criticises success. Coffee or no coffee for his men might make or unmake a movement with the same officer in command.

One dislikes to believe, for the general's own sake, that he was convinced from the first of the inadequacy of his force for the pacification of the islands. If so, why was his country kept ignorant of the situation in December, when the outbreak was inevitable? Why, if infantry reinforcements were not forthcoming, did not the Ordnance Department provide the simple appliances for the little group of engineers who could not build bridges for a single day's advance of a column through a country which the War Department could see for itself, from the maps, is threaded with streams that are not fordable? Why had we no rapid-fire guns, no mule mountain guns? Why was the pitiable spectacle of our troops marching five hundred yards under the fire of the enemy's Mausers before their Springfields were in range repeated in Luzon after the lesson of Cuba?

There may be a satisfactory answer which is not given to correspondents in the mistaken but honest policy of an Administration which had a peace treaty upon its hands. In that event, the Administration is admirable for not being so inhuman as to desert the servant who has so uncomplainingly borne the part assigned him in time of trial. Barring the confidences of men in high places, simply on the premise of the information which is vouchsafed to the correspondent in the ordinary channels, I prefer to believe that the bureaucratic general underestimated Aguinaldo's force a little; that he was too distrustful of modern methods; that he was a little surprised to find the enemy, instead of being frightened into surrender by them, often dodged the columns sent out to entrap him. Nevertheless these columns accomplished far more than is ordinarily supposed. They kept the enemy on the defensive and completely destroyed his aggressive spirit. Without them we should have had many attacks on the city.

The civilian who has read a little of war and seen a little of war, cannot forget or forgive the fact that up to November, in 1898, the Eighth Army Corps, set to the task in which they have been proven to be most valuable, was totally lacking in modern appliances. It may well be called the army that did everything with its hands.

Our men did not complain of this, and they had no ground to complain of their food. In Cuba we sacrificed the belly for the rifle; here we sometimes sacrificed the rifle for the belly, taking Cuba's lesson too much to heart. General Otis considered his commissariat first, and the mobility of the column afterward. Any suggestion for improving the method of transportation in a country where we are constantly meeting with new conditions, however petty, had to go to the division

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quartermaster, to the corps quartermaster, and, finally, take its turn among the papers on General Otis's desk for eventual disposition.

Every detail of the organization of the offensive column was under General Otis's direction. Everything was prepared beforehand as carefully as a parade. The insurgents almost invariably knew of the column's objective point before it started. As it had to carry its ammunition as well as food imported from the United States, it is easily understood how a band of natives living off the country could at all times keep at a safe distance from it, with smiling effrontery.

In one sense, to the cautiousness of the General in never allowing the rifle to get separated from the belly was due the good health of the troops. In another sense, the long sick-list of the volunteer regiments at the front, toward the end of the dry season, was due to the low spirits of the men, who felt that the campaign was a failure. They did not mind "hiking," they said, so long as they had some proof that they were hiking with an object in view. I noticed that the men of the Second Division began to pine when they had to wait three weeks at Malolos before they were allowed to follow up their victories.

"When we ain't fighting we get homesick," they said. "So we want to fight or go home."

A Stonewall Jackson, a Sheridan, or a Clive might have had no more sick than General Otis, and yet have brought the rebellion to a close by June, 1899, and he might not. The officers of our army, young and old, and all foreign officers whom I have met, held the same opinion as to the essential tactics which ought to have been pursued after the taking of Caloocan. The two adjuncts of their plan, a little army of Chinese coolies and a score of rapid-fire guns, were procurable, and not beyond the means of the richest nation in the world. We had one rapid fire-gun from the navy in service for a week. I never knew Filipinos in a trench, no matter how numerous, to be returning any fire within five minutes after it had begun its mechanical and harrowing rat-tat-tat.

With half a dozen rapid-fire guns to take its place, a regiment could have been spared from the lines around Manila. This regiment could have been sent to Dagupan after the taking of Caloocan. It should have had one or two Chinese coolies for every soldier. The coolies could have lived entirely, and, with the exception of coffee and hard tack, our men could have lived on the country without any difficulty. It would not have been a junketing trip. Those famous marches where trained and seasoned soldiers have changed the fate of campaigns never have been. The Kansas regiment, with Funston in charge, which might have been selected for such work because it was a full regiment, was not composed of spoiled and pampered children. As General MacArthur advanced on Calumpit from one direction they would have advanced upon it from another. We could have disabled all the locomotives as we went along, probably have captured the Filipinos' powder factory, which was afterward removed to the mountains, and many of their stores. The demoralization of the enemy as an integral force was evident after Malolos. Those emissaries which Aguinaldo sent in to sue for peace after the taking of Calumpit came at a moment when the half-breed leaders were estranged and discouraged and their soldiers were rapidly deserting. The people at home, who had thought that the backbone of the rebellion was broken at Malolos, now thought that the war was over. It was an interesting moment when the chubby chief of staff of General Luna sat facing General Otis across the General's desk.

"While you have been waging war against the Government of these islands," said the General, "your families and your property have been as safe here as if they were in the capital city of the United States."

"We could scarcely expect more from the most civilized nation in the world," was the smiling response.

When they came to speak of terms, it was unconditional surrender on the one hand, and on the other parleying for time. The enemy had been allowed to traverse our lines in coming to Manila, and to see for himself that we were not so strong as he had supposed. Without rapid-fire guns we had stretched our force about as far as it could go. More emissaries for further parleys went all the way to Manila. The

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General must see them in person (and he never went out to his lines) while the officers and men in MacArthur's division endeavored to keep their temper; and the movement of our forces on the verge of the rainy season waited on the passage of idle words, to gratify the hopes at home. A column, coming up from Dagupan with spectacular demonstration of its power, might, I repeat, have forced the two main divisions of the Filipino army to surrender. At least, many officers believe that we could have secured possession of the entire railway and have anticipated the work of the present dry season by two months.

It was at the moment when our army was almost as bitter as if it had been defeated that the newspaper correspondents prepared and sent by way of Hong Kong their famous round robin, in what they believed to be the interests of their country. Line officers and field officers "hiking" back from expeditions had frequently said to them :

"Why don't you tell exactly how things are ? We can't. Our lips are sealed."

With one exception, no correspondent, I believe, had ever sent a message by Hong Kong before. Yet it is only three days to Hong Kong, and there one was absolutely free from censorship. Suffering more or less in the opinion of their editors because nothing so striking came from them as from interviews with returned officers, they, nevertheless, concluded that while there was an opportunity for peace it was their duty to refrain from exposing our weakness in any way. When, however, the last chance of closing the campaign before the rainy season was past, they thought that the time had come to play their part as they understood it.

A censorship must always have the support of the experienced correspondent. It is not terrible to have a hundred men sick in a regiment, but it is terrible to publish the fact to the world when an important movement is on. That the General will receive no more peace emissaries in Manila and that local newspapers may not publish the news of a movement two or three days before it takes place, while a New York newspaper must wait until three or four days after, is gratifying news.

Out of the marching and the countermarching, out of the sweating and the fever, have arisen heroic figures, which a nation desiring to enjoy its self-esteem wisely cannot know too well. A corps does not always have the luck to have as commander of its two divisions a MacArthur, with the talent of an administrator as well as that of a general of a corps, and a Lawton, who can wrest some good out of the most hopeless of expeditions. As long as it has a Wheaton and a Funston, who always charged when in doubt, among its brigadiers, the Eighth Army Corps will be familiar to its old companions, who, whatever the result, are bound to be a little prouder of their race after every "hike." Because not from the inexperienced applicants with influence who besiege the White House—how hiking would wilt the spirits of most of them !—but from the men who, in the severe tests of the first campaign, have shown the poise which is equal to emergencies, the colonels of the new regiments have been chosen, the result has been more fortunate than if the additional force had been made nominally what it really is for practical purposes, a part of the regular army. While the regular system would have retired Funston, kept Kobbe a major, Wallace a lieutenant, and Bell and Lockett captains in the regular army, and assigned everybody to the rank to which his grade entitled him, the volunteer act has allowed, those who have been proved equal to command the best fighting force our army has had since the Civil War.

When one thinks of General Otis's method of promotion one is inclined to forgive him all his errors and faults. Having no personal favorites, his *penchant* for detail has had a happy result. The most modest of subalterns, without the vestige of a pull, who saved his company from discomfiture and said nothing about it, has received his reward.

That is the cheerful side. The sad side is driving a population from their homes when they hate you and you are doing it for their good. (Though I may have had before I was on the ground, I now have no sympathy with the gentle souls who have been speaking of a most humane campaign as one of pillage and murder ; or who join destructive criticism to hesitancy on the brink of a great undertaking for the good of mankind.)

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In our earlier advances town after town that our troops entered was a heap of ruins. Aguinaldo had told the inhabitants that we would massacre them, and after their departure picked men applied the torch to dry huts which burn like tinder. Only the old and the sick (occasionally a leper) remained behind. The plan was to leave us no aid or comfort when our men (in the dry season) preferably slept in the open and were entirely dependent upon our commissariat except for bananas and the delicious mangoes. Even before we began to evacuate the towns that we had taken Aguinaldo realized his folly. After Malolos the natives destroyed only the churches. They tortured the Chinese shopkeepers to ascertain where their money was hidden, robbed the houses of the well-to-do, and played the part of brigands who impress whatever they need for their purposes. If there was any burning on our side it was usually the result of carelessness or of the viciousness of a bad volunteer soldier who took advantage of easy discipline. In all their campaigns in India the British have regarded movable property as fair booty. At San Isidro, Santa Cruz, Tarlac, and other places which we took and evacuated, we left great stores of grain which would afford sustenance to the enemy. General Lawton even made trouble for the soldier who looted a chicken.

If any criticism could be offered it was that we were humane to the point of military weakness. Gradually, however, the population returning with white flags through our lines began to realize that we were not murderers. Their leaders thought us foolishly weak, and, speaking their tongue, had their ear. Theoretically, as a whole, our conduct being without parallel, but individually the soldier being human, this did not always tend to make the native understand us. For the little brown man with the white flag might be an innocent husbandman returning to his home, or he might be a Tagalog idler with a rifle in hiding, and from a covert at night might kill one of our sentries. When you captured him his rifle was gone. He was an "amigo" (friend). "Amigo" is the jest of the army. No soldier thinks much of abstract justice after a bullet from the bushes has killed a comrade.

I love the Western volunteer and I love to "hike" with him. He is a free, glorious man, the real sinews of a republic in the days when too many of us are city bred. He laughs at bullets and, quivering with pain of a wound, asks that the man at his side receive attention first. With his officers coming from the same locality that he does, they cannot enforce the discipline which is a part of the regular army system. In fighting a civilized foe such discipline would be deleterious.

"Major, by G——," said a strapping man of the North Dakotas to Fraine, who kept his battalion wonderfully in hand, "when you get that uniform off and we get home, either you'll lick me or I'll lick you."

"Oh, no," was the Major's reply. "I guess we'll forget about these things by that time and you'll have a cigar with me."

After the Major led the boys "in" at Santa Cruz he was forgiven.

Generally, the soldiers' treatment of the little brown man was one of good-natured contempt, which was most harrowing to Tagalog pride. It was a little hard to understand why the Filipino could not speak English; why he was so slow. ("Give the native his time," is the motto engrafted by experience into the British colonial service.) On occasion, the natives have received kicks and cuffs from the soldiers, but fewer from them than from those civilian hangers-on in Manila who are the curse of the city.

Again we are brought face to face with the immediate need of administration of peculiarly a high order, which presents a task more difficult than the pacification of the islands with the force provided. Congress need not wait until the last party of bandits is captured. The original thirteen colonies did not hesitate to make laws when the Mississippi valley was still in the hands of the redskins. That a semi-civilized race accustomed to arbitrary military rule without experience in the simplest forms of franchise should be capable of forming and maintaining a nation of self-governing people ought to seem far from the range of possibilities to a highly civilized people whose complicated processes of self-government are the products of revolutions led by a Cromwell and a Washington and of centuries of evolution.

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Doubtless, if we were to leave the islands to themselves, a kind of government, in the interval before their occupation by some European power, would be established. It would be entirely in charge of the half-breed leaders. Their great ambition, as they have freely stated, is a half-breed oligarchy. Under the protectorate of the United States, which they desire, they would be safe from foreign cupidity and at liberty to tax the masses as they pleased, while we, being a great and not a small and neutral power like Spain, would have the honor of maintaining with great naval armaments the responsibilities thrust upon us by succeeding dictators who retired to Paris when they were overthrown.

In the pacified districts we have reëstablished the Spanish courts. That was the natural course of the Judge Advocate. But in this as in the continuance of the Spanish tax system the native has found proof of the argument of the half-breeds that we intend to be as tyrannical as the Spaniard, only less polite about it. On the other hand we have held some town meetings. In the presence of our officers the natives have been voting for mayors of their towns, half-breeds friendly to our cause conducting the elections and being elected. If the little brown man was mystified, the novelty only lasted the longer.

For the native to understand us we must first understand him. As yet we have not assigned a single civil or military servant to learn Tagalog. The appointment of the Commission with Mr. Schurman at its head was a step in the right direction. What we most need for the government of the islands is not laws, but men of character. Beside a native judge in every court a white judge must sit. As the white man is honest, the native will soon learn to seek his adjudication and hence come to like and respect him and his kind. Manhood franchise might be granted in the election of the small communal units, and limited franchise in the election of larger ones. But all the power of all native legislative bodies or executives must submit to the limitations which permit of fair taxes, public improvements, and the establishment and maintenance of schools. The advice of the white governor or political agent must be supreme.

England was two hundred years in learning that the rule of native races is a science of itself. I know of the political agent of one of the Malay states who telegraphed that the sultan of his state had refused to accept "advice" and talked of rebellion. "Do you need troops? If so, how many?" was the answering query. "No," said the agent. "Not a man. That would mean a fight to a certainty. I will bring the sultan around, myself." So he did. This young man would not make a good showing in a debate in parliament or in a speech on the stump. He is trained for another occupation as surely as the electrician is for setting up a plant. Because of our firm faith in democratic institutions and our natural adaptability we ought to do a little better than our cousins. The difficulty lies not in the maintenance but the establishment of such a service. The work of General Wood and General Bates shows that we can fill some of the high places from the army. To fill the minor positions we have only to go to the gates of our colleges — provided we establish grade promotion and pay salaries which will enable a young man to keep his position and to look forward to a decent pension after he has served thirty years in a tropical climate. The expense will be more than offset by economy in garrisoning the islands. Once pacified and rightly governed, it will not need more than 10,000 white troops and 15,000 native troops. I know of no occupation nobler or more fascinating than to be a member of a trained service in the Philippines, with the certainty of a life of honor in directing the natives to better ideals, giving them justice, law, and happiness, building roads and great public works, and turning these islands, rich beyond the dreams at home, into a great, well-kept tropical garden. What is to be feared is the prospect of ephemeral appointments in payment of political debts; of nominal self-government while the half-breed leaders grow rich by jobbing between the corporations and the misled and oppressed population which will be gradually exterminated by the importation of Chinese labor. If this comes to pass we shall regret that the trained services which captured Manila Bay and charged the trenches on the advance to Malolos did their work so well.

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THE COMING OF THE SNOW

By Frederic Irland

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

THE moose is the aristocrat of the northern wilderness. To many people he is a myth, a creature existing only in museum collections and in the illustrated advertisements of sporting rifles. There are men who have lived for years on the edge of his domain who know him only by the tracks he makes. And yet, though exclusive and retiring, he is to be found in a great number of places, and it is not difficult to see him at home if you go about the matter in the right way. Existing in thousands, from Nova Scotia to far Alaska, there is no place where he is more accessible from the settlements than in New Brunswick. In almost any backwoods village of that province you may find some resident who goes about with a crooked leg or other infirmity, as the result of a snowdrift argument with an irritated moose.

There is a time above all others to go into the Canadian woods, and that is in the early winter. Summer and autumn have beauties of their own, but the first snow is the harbinger of happy days to the man who knows.

It was November 20th when I reached Fredericton last year. "Bring snowshoes. There is a foot and a half of snow north of the Dungarvon." That was all the letter said, which had wandered out from the camp of my guide, seventy miles in the woods. He came to meet me two days afterward as I followed the sled on the lumberman's road. There was no snow in the settlements, but a degree of latitude made the difference.

The coming of winter in Canada is one of the easiest, most beautiful of all natural phenomena. For weeks the woods have been flamboyant with the red and yellow of the departing leaves. Suddenly the deciduous growths are bare, and the only colors left are the manifold shades of green, which make the northern forest immortal. Then of an evening there is a haze around the November moon, and before morning the snow begins to fall in a continuous, business-like fashion which tells you that the King has come to reclaim his own. In the morning the wilderness is tucked away beneath a thick, white coverlid, and you will not see bare ground again for six months. In the cleared fields and open roadways the wind blows cold, but in the forest you feel scarcely a breath of air, and during the first month of winter you rarely need to cover your ears or wear any extra clothing.

Every writer I know of who has been on a winter hunting-trip in the North, has seemed to be impressed with the idea that he must find some hardship to tell about. I have often seen the Canadian wilderness. I have worked my way by canoe and portage in warm weather. I have journeyed by snow-shoe in winter and dragged my own toboggan; and it is my firm belief, Caspar Whitney and Frederic Remington to the contrary notwithstanding, that there is only one climate in the world more enjoyable than the Canadian summer, and that is the Canadian winter. The discomforts of that wilderness are mostly imaginary. You can put on a pair of snow-shoes and travel all day in them, the very first time you try, and not be nearly as tired at night as you would be after a ten-mile walk on the pavements of a city. You feel the cold a great deal more on Broadway, Island of Manhattan, than you do in the deep woods of northern New Brunswick.

We left the last clearing, where the good Mr. Holt, after a life-battle with the woods, rested in the luxury of a farm which had caribou tracks in the back field. It was my delight, as I went on ahead of the horses, to read the stories of woodland life recorded in the fresh snow. Here was the dainty embroidery which marked the proud stepping of the partridge. Everywhere the busy red squirrel had left

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his footprints. Brer Rabbit was also here and there, with his three-legged track, and farther on we saw where the fox, trotting along the corduroy through the swamp, had been brought up standing by sound or smell of our approach, and had taken the back track with swift, fear-impelled galloping.

After we passed the Dungarvon River it seemed as though every decrepit trunk in that forest had fallen across the sled-track. The first winter storm which loads the branches, before the soft ground freezes, fells more trees than all the axes. Henry and the teamster were chopping out the road most of the time for the next three days. It was surprising to see how close to the clearing a few stray moose had come. You might not notice their tracks on bare ground, but in the snow you could not help seeing them. We did not stop for stragglers.

Every afternoon, about half-past three, we made camp in the snow. An open shed tent, plenty of boughs under the blankets, and a fire which the guides up there call by my name when they wish to designate a particularly warm one—these were the simple means which brought nightly comfort, and made us ready to start by starlight in the morning. Finally we passed the last abandoned logging shanty. The road got too bad, even for those horses; and the guide, the cook, and the city man girded on their snow-shoes, got between the shafts of the toboggans, and walked onward for a day, beyond where the lumbermen had ever penetrated.

Successful snow-shoeing, from the very start, is wholly a matter of stockings. If you have enough on your feet to make cushions for your toes, you need have no discomfort. You will wear holes in the woollen toes, but sew on more thicknesses and you will be at peace with your foot-wear.

Night came down black before we reached the home camp on the frozen Dead-water. When darkness came, amid the thick spruces, the trees had a great deal of fun with our toboggans. Unseen hands reached out and overturned them. Ghostly feet tripped up the travellers. And it was nine o'clock before we came out on the smooth, icy road that led to our destination. Thank God for the watery highways of the wilderness. In summer, the canoe; in winter, the ice—these smooth the way.

The house we lived in for the next few days was one of Henry's shanties on his winter "saple" line. Henry has more houses than many a millionaire can boast. Almost anywhere, from the Dungarvon to the Metapedia, and from the mouth of the Miramichi to the head of the Temiscouta, you are within a day's journey of one of his snug camps. In any one of them you visit, far in the woodland, you will find the same little reserve bag of tea, flour, and beans, the same almanac and bottle of matches, and perhaps a little pile of canned goods. Henry is a thrifty forester, and you never catch him going cold or hungry as he attends his hundreds of traps on his long winter line.

The camp on the Crooked Deadwater is Henry's real home. By the side of a beautiful stream, at the head of a great river, only a few people have ever seen it. Just across the narrow waterway one of the grandest mountains in New Brunswick rises sheer and dark, a great pyramid of eternal verdure, which in the winter is the feeding-ground of hundreds of moose. It was into this inviting camp that we stumbled long after dark, scaring a little moose out of the very door-yard, not two hundred feet from the cabin door.

The frost came down and cracked the trees that night till they popped with the cold, and the sound was like a skirmish fire of rifles. The next morning when we awoke there was a thin glaze on the snow, and when we walked abroad it was like treading on innumerable panes of cracking window-glass. We heard three different moose get up and run when we were a quarter of a mile off. It was no use to roam about, so we went back to camp, where hung Henry's beautiful double express rifle, which, professional hunter as he is, he does not fire a dozen times a year.

In moose-hunting you never see a man using an American repeater if he has enough money and information to buy an English double rifle. Moose are frequently shot at close quarters, and one needs a rifle which can be used for strictly snap-shooting purposes, exactly as a shot-

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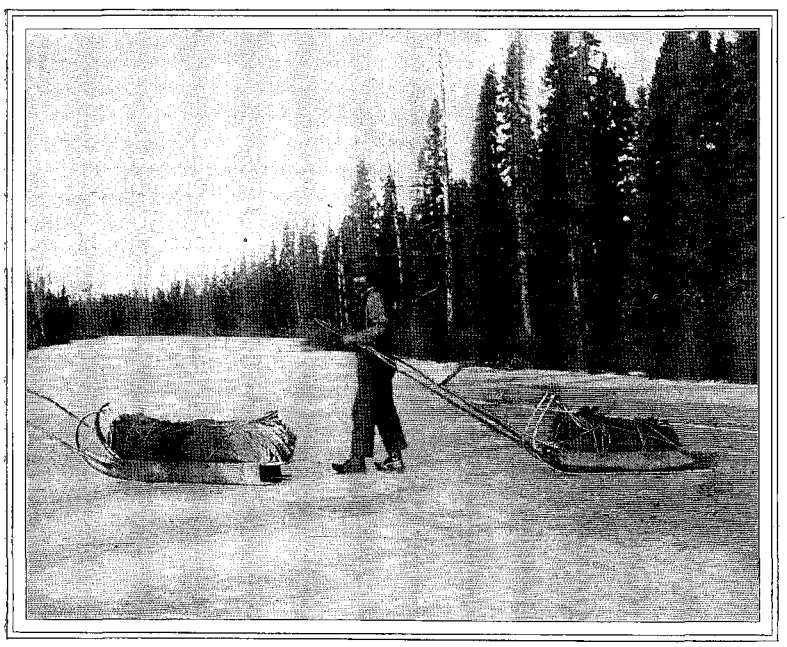
A Winter Hunting Camp.



Tobogganing on the Ice.

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gun is used for snipe or quail. Such a rifle should also strike a blow somewhat resembling a railroad collision, with a reserve shot ready, as quick as a pugilist's second fist. Anyone who has seen a wounded moose with his mane bristling, and his great antlers lowered, a gun-length away, will agree that in such a fuss the typical American weapon is defective in three respects: it is too unhandy; it is too slow in its second shot; it is too weak in the blow it strikes.

Englishmen always laugh at American rifles for jungle-shooting, and they have good reason. Their big-game rifle is a short double-barrel, looking precisely like a shot-gun on the outside, weighing less than a repeater, requiring no uncertain and balky pump-handle to be ready for the second shot, and delivering a blow like that of a ton and a half of rock. Reducing the matter to figures understood by riflemen, the English express rifle burns 160 grains, the American 70, 80, or 90, of black powder, or an equivalent of nitro. The Englishman has a weapon as handy as a bird-gun, firing two shots quicker than you can snap your fingers twice, and the total striking energy of the two English bullets is far greater than that of all the sixteen shots of the most famous model of repeater. In addition to this, the sighting of the English rifle is scientific and perfect. The drop of the bullet is so slight that no change of sights is necessary at ordinary sporting ranges. The two barrels are so adjusted that they will put alternate bullets into a spot the size of a man's head at three hundred yards. The best rifles are hammerless, and eject the fired shells automatically.

The Snow-shoe Track.

"Duncan," said Henry to the cook that evening, "if it will only snow four inches more to-night I'll buy you a new hat when we get out to Boiestown." And when we awoke on Thanksgiving morning, Duncan had a new hat coming to him.

"This is our day," said Henry. We left camp at eight o'clock and climbed old County Line mountain for an hour. Then we came to the tracks of two moose, fresh that very morning, tracks going back almost in the direction of the camp. The footprints were not extra large, but soon Henry showed me the broken twigs on two trees where a pair of antlers had scraped on either side, and I could scarcely touch the two trees at one time with my outstretched hands. Moose with big horns do not always have large hoofs.

"They lie down about this time in the morning," said Henry, after we had carefully followed the track for an hour. We did not stay close to the trail, but kept about fifty yards above it, where we could see it below us, and at the same time examine the snow-covered forest ahead for a glimpse of our unsuspecting friends.

This business of hunting is as simple as playing the fiddle, anyway. All Henry did was to go along slowly, picking his way among the trees, without making any noise at all. And I simply did exactly as he did. We were above the moose, where

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Bull Moose in the Snow.

they could not get wind of our intentions. We did not take off our snow-shoes. The damp, soft snow was like an Oriental rug beneath our feet. Henry had an axe in his hand, the symbol of his office, the implement of his profession. During a quarter of a century in the woods he has seldom been seen without it.

After awhile, as we were sneaking along after those moose, Henry pointed a little, ever so little, with his axe-handle, at something ahead. He did not say anything or look around. I did not say anything either. Over the top of a fallen tree-trunk I saw the mane of a great, black animal. I put out one hand against a tree and softly set my camera down on the toe of my snow-shoe. Then I untied the thong that was fastened behind my heel and slipped out my foot.

The old fellow has not seen us yet. Ah! He swings his great horns just a little. No, he does not get up. Now for the other snow-shoe. Creep, creep, down the hillside. Snow in my sleeves, snow in my mouth. No matter, if it is not in the eye of the camera. There he is! The steam rises from his broad nostrils. Lazily he winks his eye. I can see every hair on his back. Is this a farm-yard? Carefully I push the camera above the prostrate tree-trunk, first brushing the snow away with my hand. There is not quite enough light here for a snap. Steady, old man. Don't you swing those horns!

And he does not. Tick, one, two, tick, goes the shutter, and the great beast is getting up. The antlers swing, he rises, two feet at a time, like an ox, hesitates an instant, as a moose always does, shows the little symptoms of fright so familiar to those who know the habits of the moose, and then goes down the mountain like a runaway locomotive.

"See the other one go, too," shouts Henry from above me.

So does luck bestow her favors with a kindly hand upon those who put themselves in her way.

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Drawn by E. Potthast, after a sketch by the author.

A Typical Poetic Cabaret in Montmartre, Paris.

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THE POETIC CABARETS OF PARIS

By Eliot Gregory

THOSE who have not lived in France can form little idea of the important place the café occupies in the life of an average Frenchman. Clubs, as we know them, or as they are used in England, are rare, and, when found, are, with few exceptions, but gambling-houses in disguise. As a Frenchman rarely asks an acquaintance, or even a friend, to his apartments, the café has become, during the past fifty years, the common ground where all meet, either for business or pleasure. Not in Paris only, but all over France, in every garrison town, provincial city, or tiny village, the café is the chief attraction, the centre of thought, the focus toward which all the rays of masculine existence converge.

For in Paris the student, newly arrived from the provinces, living in furnished rooms, to whose modest purse the theatres and other places of amusement are practically closed, the café is a supreme resource. His mind is moulded, his ideas and opinions formed, more by what he hears and sees there than by any other influence. His restaurant is of no importance. He may eat anywhere. But the choice of his café will often give the bent to a young man's career. It indicates to his acquaintances his exact shade of politics and his opinions on literature, music, or art. In Paris, to know a man at all is to know where you can find him at the hour of the *apéritif* — what Baudelaire called

L'heure sainte
de l'absinthe.

When young men form a society among themselves, an establishment of this kind is chosen as their meeting-place, and thousands exist only by such patronage, as, for example, the Café de la Régence, Place du Théâtre Français, which is frequented entirely by men who play chess.

Business-men transact their affairs as much over their coffee as in their offices. The reading-man finds there the daily and weekly papers, and a writer is sure of the undisturbed possession of pen, ink, and paper. Henri Murger, the author of "La Vie de Bohême," was asked once why he continued to patronize a certain establishment notorious for the inferior quality of its beer.

"Yes," he answered, "the beer is poor, but they keep such good *ink!*"

The use of a café in this way does not imply any great expenditure, the *consommation* costing very little. With it is acquired the right to use the café for an indefinite number of hours, the client being warmed, lighted, and served. From five to seven, and again after dinner, the *habitués* stroll in, grouping themselves about the small tables, each new-comer joining a congenial circle, ordering his drink, and settling himself for a long sitting. The last editorial, the newest picture, or the fall of a ministry is discussed with a vehemence and an interest unknown to Anglo-Saxon nations. Suddenly, in the excitement of the discussion, someone will rise in his place and begin speaking. If you happen to drop in at that moment, the lady at the desk will welcome you with, "You are just in time! Monsieur So-and-So is speaking, and the evening promises to be interesting." She is charmed; her establishment will shine with a reflected light, and new patrons be drawn there, if the debates are brilliant. So common is this that there is hardly an orator to-day at the French bar, or in the Senate, who has not broken his first lance in some such obscure tournament, under the smiling glances of the *Dame du comptoir*.

Opposite the Palace of the Luxembourg, in the heart of the old Latin Quarter, stands a quaint building, half hotel, half café, where many years ago Joseph II. resided while visiting his sister, Marie Antoinette. It is known now as Foyot's,

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and this name must awaken many happy memories in the hearts of American students, for it was long their favorite meeting-place. In the early seventies a club, formed among the literary and poetic youth of Paris, selected Foyot's as their "home" during the winter months. Their summer vacations were spent in visiting the university towns of France, reciting their verses, or acting in original plays at Nancy, Bordeaux, Lyons, or Caen. The enthusiasm these youthful performances created inspired one of their number with the idea of creating in Paris, on a permanent footing, a centre where a limited public could meet the young poets of the day and hear them recite, in an informal way, their verses and monologues.

Sketch by the author.

M. Salis, the Founder of the "Black Cat."

The success of the original *Chat Noir* the first "*cabaret*" of this kind, was undoubtedly owing largely to the sympathetic and attractive nature of its founder, young Salis, who drew around him, by his sunny disposition, shy personalities who, but for him, would still be "mute, inglorious Miltons." Under his kindly and discriminating rule many a successful literary career has started. Salis's gifted nature combined a delicate taste and critical acumen with a rare business ability. His first venture, an obscure little café on the Boulevard Rochechouart, in the outlying quarter beyond the Place Pigalle, quickly became famous, its ever-increasing vogue forcing its happy proprietor to seek more commodious quarters in the Rue Victor Massé, where the world-famous *Chat Noir* was installed with much pomp and many joyous ceremonies.

The old French word "*cabaret*," corresponding closely to the English word "inn," was chosen to replace the hackneyed "café," and the establishment decorated in imitation of a *hôtellerie* of the time of Louis XIII. Oaken beams supported the low, studded ceilings. The plaster walls disappeared behind tapestries, armor, and old faïence. Beer and other liquids were served in quaint porcelain or pewter mugs, and the waiters were dressed (merry anachronism) in the costume of the members of the Institute (the Immortal Forty), who had so long led poetry in chains. The success of the "Black Cat" in her new quarters was immense, all Paris crowding through her modest doors. Salis had founded Montmartre!—the rugged old hill giving birth to a generation of writers and poets, and nourishing this new school at her granite breasts.

It would be difficult to imagine a form of entertainment more tempting than was offered in this picturesque "inn." In addition to the first, the entire second floor of the building had been thrown into one large room, the walls covered with

Sketch by the author.

M. Jules Jouy.

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a thousand sketches, caricatures, and crayon drawings by hands since celebrated the world over. A piano and many chairs and tables completed the unpretending installation. Here, during a couple of hours each evening, either by the piano or simply standing in their places, the young poets gave utterance to the creations of their imagination, the musicians played their latest inspirations, the *raconteur* told his newest story. They called each other and the better known among the guests by their names, and joked their mutual weaknesses, eliminating from these gatherings every shade of a perfunctory performance.

Sketch by the author.

M. Jacques Ferny of the "4 z'Arts."

It is almost impossible to give an idea of the delicate flavor of these informal evenings—the sensation of being at home that the picturesque surroundings produced, the low murmur of laughing conversation, the clink of glasses, the swing of a waltz-movement played by a master-hand, interrupted only when some slender form would rise and, leaning against the piano, would pour forth burning words of infinite pathos, the inspired young face lighting up with the passion and power of the lines. The burst of applause that his talent called forth would hardly have died away before another figure would take the poet's place, a wave of laughter welcoming the new-comer, whose twinkling eyes and demure smile promised a treat of fun and humor. And so the evening would wear gayly on to its end, the younger element in the audience, full of the future, drinking in long draughts of poetry and art, the elder charmed to live over again the days of their youth and feel in touch once more with the present.

As can be easily imagined, in this world of routine and conventions an innovation as brilliantly successful as this could hardly be inaugurated without raising a whirlwind of jealousy and opposition. The struggle was long and arduous. The directors of the theatres and concert-halls, furious to see a part of their public tempted away, raised the cry of immorality and license against the new-comers, and called to their aid every resource of law and chicanery. At the end of the first year Salis found himself with over eight hundred summonses and lawsuits on his hands. After having made every effort, knocked at every door, in his struggle for existence, he finally conceived the happy thought of appealing directly to Grévy, then President of the Republic, and in his audience with the latter succeeded in charming and interesting him, as he had so many others. The influence of the head of the state was brought to bear on the affair, and Salis had the joy of seeing the opposition crushed and the storm blow itself out.

From this moment the poets, feeling themselves appreciated and their rights acknowledged and defended, flocked to the "Sacred Mountain," as Montmartre began to be called, and other establishments of the same character sprang up in the neighborhood. Most important among these was the famous "4 z'Arts," Boulevard de Clichy, the "Tambourin," and "La Butte."

Trombert, who, together with Fragerolle, Goudezki, and Marcel Lefèvre, who

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had just ended a brilliantly successful artistic voyage in the south of France, opened the "4 z'Arts." The novelty-loving public quickly found its way there, crowding to applaud Coquelin Cadet, Fragson, and many other celebrities. It was here that the poets first had the amusing idea of producing a piece in which the rival *cabarets* were reviewed and laughingly criticized. The success was beyond all precedent, in spite of the great difficulty of giving a play without a stage, without scenery or accessories of any kind, the whole interest centring in the talent with which the lines were declaimed by their authors. They next had the pleasant idea of passing in review the different classes of popular songs, Clovis Hugues, at the same time poet and statesman, discoursing on each subject, and introducing the singer; Brittany local songs, Provençal ballads, and the half Spanish, half French chansons of the Pyrenees being sung or recited by local poets with the charm and abandon of their distinctive races.

Sketch by the author.

M. Aristide Bruant.

The great critics did not disdain to attend these informal gatherings, and gave columns of serious criticism to the subject in their papers.

At the hour when all Paris takes its *apéritif* the "4 z'Arts" became the meeting-place of the painters, poets, and writers of the day. Montmartre gradually replaced the old Latin Quarter, and it is there to-day that one must seek for the gayety and the humor, the pathos and the makeshifts of Bohemia.

The "4 z'Arts," next to the *Chat Noir*, has had the greatest influence in forming taste, the pleiade of poets that grouped themselves around it in the beginning dispersing later to form other centres, which, in their turn, were to influence the minds and tastes of thousands.

Another charming form of entertainment inaugurated by this group of men, which has since become popular, is that of "shadow-pictures," conceived originally by Caran d'Ache, and carried by him to a marvellous perfection. A medium-sized frame filled with white ground glass is suspended at one end of the room and surrounded by dark draperies. The room is darkened, and against the luminous background of the glass appear small black groups (shadows cast by figures cut out of cardboard). These figures move, advancing and retreating, grouping or separating themselves to the cadence of the poet's verses, for which they form the most original and striking illustrations. Entire poems are given accompanied by these shadow-pictures.

One of Caran d'Ache's greatest successes in this line was a poem on the "Épopée of Napoleon," the great Emperor appearing on foot and on horseback, the long lines of his army passing before him in the foreground, or small in the distance. They stormed heights, cheered on by his presence, or formed hollow squares to repulse the enemy. During their evolutions the clear voice of the author rang out from the darkness with thrilling effect.

The nicest art is necessary to cut these little figures to the required perfection, and

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so great was the talent of their inventor that, when he gave burlesques of the topics of the day, or presented the celebrities of the hour to his public, each figure would be recognized with a burst of delighted applause. The great Sarah was represented in a hundred poses of infinite humor, surrounded by her menagerie or receiving the homage of the universe. Political leaders, foreign sovereigns, social and operatic stars, were made to pass before his laughing public. None were spared. Paris went mad with delight at this new "art," and for months it was impossible to find a seat in the hall.

At the "Boite à Musique," a rival café, the idea was further developed by an ingenious arrangement of lights (of which the secret has been carefully kept). Landscapes are represented in color; all the gradations of daylight are given, and the varied twilight hues to purple night, until the moon, rising, lights anew the picture. During all these variations of color the little groups continue to come and go, acting out the story of the poem, which the poet delivers from the surrounding obscurity as only an author can render his own lines.

One of the pillars of this attractive centre was Jules Jouy, who made a large place for himself in the hearts of his contemporaries—a true poet, whom neither privations nor the difficult beginnings of an obscure and unknown writer could turn from his vocation. His songs are alternately tender, gay, or bitingly sarcastic. Some of his better-known ballads were written for Yvette Guilbert, and were marvellously interpreted by her. The difficult critics, Sarcey and Jules Lemaître, have sounded his praise again and again.

An establishment of another kind that had a great celebrity, more on account of the personality of the poet who founded it than from any originality or picturesqueness in its installation, was the "Mirliton," opened by Aristide Bruant in the little café that had sheltered the original "Chat Noir."

To give an account of the "Mirliton" is to tell the story of Bruant, the most popular ballad-writer in France to-day. This original and eccentric poet is as well known to a Parisian as the Boulevards or the Arc de Triomphe. His costume of shabby black velvet, Brittany waistcoat, red shirt, top-boots, and enormous felt hat is a familiar feature in the caricatures and prints of the day. His little "*cabaret*" remains closed during the day, only opening its doors toward evening. The personality of the great ballad-writer pervades the atmosphere. He walks about the tiny place hailing his acquaintances with some gay epigram, receiving strangers with easy familiarity or chilling disdain, as the humor takes him; then in a moment, with a rapid change of expression, pouring out the ringing lines of one of his ballads—always the story of the poor and humble, for he has identified himself with the outcast and the disinherited. His published volumes, "Dans la Rue," and "Sur la Route," have had an enormous popularity, and their contents are known and sung all over France.

In 1892 Bruant was received as a member of the society of "Gens de Lettres." It may be of interest to recall a part of the speech made by François Coppée on the occasion: "It is with the greatest pleasure that I present to my confrères my good friend, the ballad-writer, Aristide Bruant. I value highly the author of 'Dans la Rue,' and when I close his volume of sad and caustic verses it is with the consoling thought that even vice and crime have their conscience; that if they suffer there is always a possible redemption. He has sought his inspiration in the gutter, it is true, but he has seen there a reflection of the stars."

In the Avenue Trudaine, not far from the other *cabarets*, the "Ane Rouge" was next opened, in a quiet corner of the immense suburb, its shady little garden, on which the rooms open, making it a favorite meeting-place during the warm months. Of a summer evening no more congenial spot can be found in all Paris. The quaint chambers have been almost entirely covered with mural paintings or charcoal caricatures of the poets themselves, or of familiar faces among the clients and patrons of the place.

One of the many talents that clustered around this quiet little garden, was the brilliant Paul Verlaine, the most Bohemian of all inhabitants of modern Prague, whose death has left an immense void, difficult to fill. Fame and honors came too late. He died in destitution, if not

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absolute hunger; to-day his admirers are erecting a statue of him in bronze in the Garden of the Luxembourg, with money that would have gone so far toward making his life happy.

In the old hotel of the Lesdiguières family, Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, the "Carillon" opened its doors in 1893, and quickly conquered a place in the public favor, the inimitable fun and spirits of Tiercy drawing crowds to the place.

The famous "Trêteau de Tabarin," which to-day holds undisputed precedence among all the *cabarets* of Paris, is among the last that have appeared, founded by the brilliant Fursy and a group of his friends. Here no pains have been spared to form an ensemble worthy of the poets and their public.

Many years ago, in the days of the Good King Louis XIII., a strolling poet-actor, Tabarin, erected his little canvas-covered stage before the statue of Henry IV., on the Pont-Neuf, and drew the court and the town by his fun and his tragedy. The founders of the latest and most complete of Parisian *cabarets* have tried to reconstruct, as far as possible, the ensemble of this historic scene. On the walls of the largest room, where the performances are given, is painted a view of old Paris, the Seine and its bridges, the towers of Notre Dame in the distance, and the statue of Louis XIII.'s warlike father in the foreground. In front of this painting stands a staging of rough planks, reproducing the little theatre of Tabarin. Here, every evening, before the *élite* of Paris, the authors and poets play in their own pieces, recite their verses, and tell their stories. Not long ago a talented young musician, who has already given an opera to the world, sang an entire one-act operetta of his own composition, changing his voice for the different parts, imitating choruses by clever effects on the piano.

Montmartre is thus sprinkled with these attractive *cabarets*, the taste of the public for such informal entertainments having grown each year rather than decreased; and with reason, for the careless grace of the surroundings, the absence of any useless restraint or obligation as to hour or duration, has an irresistible charm for thousands whom a long concert or the inevitable five acts at the Français could not tempt. It would be difficult to overrate the influence such an atmosphere, breathed in youth, must have, later, on the taste and character. The absence of the sordid money-grubbing spirit, the curse of our material day and generation, the contact with cultivated intellects and minds trained to incase their thoughts in finished verse or crisp and lucid prose, cannot but form the hearer's mind into a higher and nobler mould. It is both a satisfaction and a hope for the future to know that these influences are being felt all over the capital and throughout the length and breadth of France. There are at this moment in Paris alone three or four hundred poets, ballad-writers, and *raconteurs* who recite their works in public.

It must be hard for the untravelled Anglo-Saxon to grasp the idea that a poet can, without loss of prestige, recite his lines in a public café before a mixed audience. If such doubting souls could, however, be present at one of these *noctes ambrosianæ* they would quickly realize that the Latin temperament can throw a grace and childish abandon around an act that would cause an Englishman or an American to appear supremely ridiculous. One's taste or sense of fitness is never shocked. It seems the most natural thing in the world to be sitting there with your glass of beer before you, while some rising poet, whose name ten years later may figure among the "Immortal Forty," recites to you his loves and his ambition, or brings tears into your eyes with a description of some humble hero or martyr.

From the days of Homer poetry has been the instructor of nations. In the Orient to-day the poet story-teller holds his audience spellbound for hours, teaching the people their history and supplying their minds with food for thought, raising them above the dull level of the brutes by the charm of his verse and the elevation of his ideas. The power of poetry is the same now as three thousand years ago. Modern skeptical Paris, that scoffs at all creeds and chafes impatiently under any rule, will sit to-day docile and childlike, charmed by the melody of a poet's voice; its passions lulled or quickened, like Alexander's of old, at the will of a modern Timotheus.

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THE GREAT GOOD PLACE

By Henry James

I

GEORGE DANE had waked up to a bright new day, the face of nature well washed by last night's downpour and shining as with high spirits, good resolutions, lively intentions—the great glare of recommencement, in short, fixed in his patch of sky. He had sat up late to finish work—arrears overwhelming; then at last had gone to bed with the pile but little reduced. He was now to return to it after the pause of the night; but he could only look at it, for the time, over the bristling hedge of letters planted by the early postman an hour before and already, on the customary table by the chimney-piece, formally rounded and squared by his systematic servant. It was something too merciless, the domestic perfection of Brown. There were newspapers on another table, ranged with the same rigor of custom, newspapers too many—what could any creature want of so much news?—and each with its hand on the neck of the other, so that the row of their bodiless heads was like a series of decapitations. Other journals, other periodicals of every sort, folded and in wrappers, made a huddled mound that had been growing for several days and of which he had been wearily, helplessly aware. There were new books, also in wrappers as well as disenveloped and dropped again—books from publishers, books from authors, books from friends, books from enemies, books from his own bookseller, who took, it sometimes struck him, inconceivable things for granted. He touched nothing, approached nothing, only turned a heavy eye over the work, as it were, of the night—the fact, in his high, wide-windowed room, where the hard light of duty could penetrate every corner, of the unashamed admonition of the day. It was the old rising tide, and it rose and rose even under a minute's watching. It had been up to his shoulders last night—it was up to his chin now.

Nothing had passed while he slept—everything had stayed; nothing, that he could yet feel, had died—many things had been born. To let them alone, these things, the new things, let them utterly alone and see if that, by chance, wouldn't somehow prove the best way to deal with them: this fancy brushed his face for a moment as a possible solution, just giving it, as many a time before, a cool wave of air. Then he knew again as well as ever that leaving was difficult, leaving impossible—that the only remedy, the true, soft, effacing sponge, would be to *be* left, to be forgotten. There was no footing on which a man who had ever liked life—liked it, at any rate, as *he* had—could now escape from it. He must reap as he had sown. It was a thing of meshes; he had simply gone to sleep under the net and had simply waked up there. The net was too fine; the cords crossed each other at spots so near together, making at each a little tight, hard knot that tired fingers, this morning, were too limp and too tender to touch. Our poor friend's touched nothing—only stole significantly into his pockets as he wandered over to the window and faintly gasped at the energy of Nature. What was most overwhelming was that she herself was so ready. She had soothed him rather, the night before, in the small hours by the lamp. From behind the drawn curtain of his study the rain had been audible and in a manner merciful; washing the window in a steady flood, it had seemed the right thing, the retarding, interrupting thing, the thing that, if it would only last, might clear the ground by floating out to a boundless sea the innumerable objects among which his feet stumbled and strayed. He had positively laid down his pen as on a sense of friendly pressure from it. The kind, full swash had been on the glass when he turned out his lamp; he had left his phrase unfinished and his papers lying quite as if for the flood to bear them

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away on its bosom. But there, on the table, still were the bare bones of the sentence—and not all of those; the single thing borne away and that he could never recover was the missing half that might have paired with it and begotten a figure.

Yet he could at last only turn back from the window; the world was everywhere, without and within, and, with the great staring egotism of its health and strength, was not to be trusted for tact or delicacy. He faced about precisely to meet his servant and the absurd solemnity of two telegrams on a tray. Brown ought to have kicked them into the room—then he himself might have kicked them out.

"And you told me to remind you, sir——"

George Dane was at last angry. "Remind me of nothing!"

"But you insisted, sir, that I was to insist!"

He turned away in despair, speaking with a pathetic quaver at absurd variance with his words: "If you insist, Brown, I'll kill you!" He found himself anew at the window, whence, looking down from his fourth floor, he could see the vast neighborhood, under the trumpet-blare of the sky, beginning to rush about. There was a silence, but he knew Brown had not left him—knew exactly how straight and serious and stupid and faithful he stood there. After a minute he heard him again.

"It's only because, sir, you know, sir, you can't remember——"

At this Dane did flash round; it was more than at such a moment he could bear. "Can't remember, Brown? I can't forget. That's what's the matter with me."

Brown looked at him with the advantage of eighteen years of consistency. "I'm afraid you're not well, sir."

Brown's master thought. "It's a shocking thing to say, but I wish to heaven I weren't! It would be perhaps an excuse."

Brown's blankness spread like the desert. "To put them off?"

"Ah!" The sound was a groan; the plural pronoun, *any* pronoun, so mistimed. "Who is it?"

"Those ladies you spoke of—to lunch."

"Oh!" The poor man dropped into the nearest chair and stared awhile at the carpet. It was very complicated.

"How many will there be, sir?" Brown asked.

"Fifty!"

"Fifty, sir?"

Our friend, from his chair, looked vaguely about; under his hand were the telegrams, still unopened, one of which he now tore asunder. "'Do hope you sweetly won't mind, to-day, 1.30, my bringing poor dear Lady Mullet, who is so awfully bent,'" he read to his companion.

His companion weighed it. "How many does *she* make, sir?"

"Poor dear Lady Mullet? I haven't the least idea."

"Is she—a—deformed, sir?" Brown inquired, as if in this case she might make more.

His master wondered, then saw he figured some personal curvature. "No; she's only bent on coming!" Dane opened the other telegram and again read out: "'So sorry it's at eleventh hour impossible, and count on you here, as very greatest favor, at two sharp instead.'"

"How many does *that* make?" Brown imperturbably continued.

Dane crumbled up the two missives and walked with them to the waste-paper basket, into which he thoughtfully dropped them. "I can't say. You must do it all yourself. I sha'n't be there."

It was only on this that Brown showed an expression. "You'll go instead——?"

"I'll go instead!" Dane raved.

Brown, however, had had occasion to show before that *he* would never desert their post. "Isn't that rather sacrificing the three?" Between respect and reproach he paused.

"*Are* there three?"

"I lay for four in all."

His master had, at any rate, caught his thought. "Sacrificing the three to the one, you mean? Oh, I'm not going to *her!*"

Brown's famous "thoroughness"—his great virtue—had never been so dreadful. "Then where *are* you going?"

Dane sat down to his table and stared at his ragged phrase. "'There is a happy land—far, far away!'" He chanted it like a sick child and knew that, for a minute, Brown never moved. During this minute he felt between his shoulders the gimlet of criticism.

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"Are you quite sure you're all right?"

"It's my certainty that overwhelms me, Brown. Look about you and judge. Could anything be more 'right,' in the view of the envious world, than everything that surrounds us here; that immense array of letters, notes, circulars; that pile of printers' proofs, magazines and books; these perpetual telegrams, these impending guests; this retarded, unfinished, and interminable work? What could a man want more?"

"Do you mean there's too much, sir?"—Brown had sometimes these flashes.

"There's too much. There's too much. But *you* can't help it, Brown."

"No, sir," Brown assented. "Can't *you?*"

"I'm thinking—I must see. There are hours—!" Yes, there were hours, and this was one of them: he jerked himself up for another turn in his labyrinth, but still not touching, not even again meeting, his interlocutor's eye. If he was a genius for anyone he was a genius for Brown; but it was terrible what that meant, being a genius for Brown. There had been times when he had done full justice to the way it kept him up; now, however, it was almost the worst of the avalanche. "Don't trouble about me," he went on insincerely and looking askance through his window again at the bright and beautiful world. "Perhaps it will rain—that *may* not be over. I do love the rain," he weakly pursued. "Perhaps, better still, it will snow."

Brown now had indeed a perceptible expression, and the expression was fear. "Snow, sir—the end of May?" Without pressing this point he looked at his watch. "You'll feel better when you've had breakfast."

"I dare say," said Dane, whom breakfast struck in fact as a pleasant alternative to opening letters. "I'll come in immediately."

"But without waiting——?"

"Waiting for what?"

Brown had at last, under his apprehension, his first lapse from logic, which he betrayed by hesitating in the evident hope that his companion would, by a flash of remembrance, relieve him of an invidious duty. But the only flashes now were the good man's own. "You say you can't forget, sir; but you do forget——"

"Is it anything very horrible?" Dane broke in.

Brown hung fire. "Only the gentleman you told me you had asked——"

Dane again took him up; horrible or not, it came back—indeed its mere coming back classed it. "To breakfast to-day? It *was* to-day; I see." It came back, yes, came back; the appointment with the young man—he supposed him young—and whose letter, the letter about—what was it?—had struck him. "Yes, yes; wait, wait."

"Perhaps he'll do you good, sir," Brown suggested.

"Sure to—sure to. All right!" Whatever he might do, he would at least prevent some other doing: that was present to our friend as, on the vibration of the electric bell at the door of the flat, Brown moved away. Two things, in the short interval that followed, were present to Dane; his having utterly forgotten the connection, the whence, whither, and why of his guest, and his continued disposition not to touch—no, not with the finger. Ah, if he might *never* again touch! All the unbroken seals and neglected appeals lay there while, for a pause that he couldn't measure, he stood before the chimney-piece with his hands still in his pockets. He heard a brief exchange of words in the hall, but never afterward recovered the time taken by Brown to reappear, to precede and announce another person—a person whose name, somehow, failed to reach Dane's ear. Brown went off again to serve breakfast, leaving host and guest confronted. The duration of this first stage also, later on, defied measurement; but that little mattered, for in the train of what happened came promptly the second, the third, the fourth, the rich succession of the others. Yet what happened was but that Dane took his hand from his pocket, held it straight out and felt it taken. Thus indeed, if he had wanted never again to touch, it was already done.

II

He might have been a week in the place—the scene of his new consciousness—before he spoke at all. The occasion of it then was that one of the quiet

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figures he had been idly watching drew at last nearer and showed him a face that was the highest expression—to his pleased but as yet slightly confused perception—of the general charm. What *was* the general charm? He couldn't, for that matter, easily have phrased it; it was such an abyss of negatives, such an absence of everything. The oddity was that, after a minute, he was struck as by the reflection of his own very image in this first interlocutor seated with him, on the easy bench, under the high, clear portico and above the wide, far-reaching garden, where the things that most showed in the greenness were the surface of still water and the white note of old statues. The absence of everything was, in the aspect of the Brother who had thus informally joined him—a man of his own age, tired, distinguished, modest, kind—really, as he could soon see, but the absence of what he didn't want. He didn't want, for the time, anything but just to *be* there, to stay in the bath. He was in the bath yet, the broad, deep bath of stillness. They sat in it together now, with the water up to their chins. He had not had to talk, he had not had to think, he had scarce even had to feel. He had been sunk that way before, sunk—when and where?—in another flood; only a flood of rushing waters, in which bumping and gasping were all. This was a current so slow and so tepid that one floated practically without motion and without chill. The break of silence was not immediate, though Dane seemed indeed to feel it begin before a sound passed. It could pass quite sufficiently without words that he and his mate were Brothers, and what that meant.

Dane wondered, but with no want of ease—for want of ease was impossible—if his friend found in *him* the same likeness, the proof of peace, the gage of what the place could do. The long afternoon crept to its end; the shadows fell farther and the sky glowed deeper; but nothing changed—nothing *could* change—in the element itself. It was a conscious security. It was wonderful! Dane had lived into it, but he was still immensely aware. He would have been sorry to lose that, for just this fact, as yet, the blessed fact of consciousness, seemed the greatest thing of all. Its only fault was that, being in itself such an occupation, so fine an unrest in the heart of gratitude, the life of the day all went to it. But what even then was the harm? He had come only to come, to take what he found. This was the part where the great cloister, inclosed externally on three sides, and probably the largest, lightest, fairest effect, to his charmed sense, that human hands could ever have expressed in dimensions of length and breadth, opened to the south its splendid fourth quarter, turned to the great view an outer gallery that combined with the rest of the portico to form a high, dry loggia, such as he a little pretended to himself he had, in Italy, in old days, seen in old cities, old convents, old villas. This recall of the disposition of some great abode of an Order, some mild Monte Cassino, some Grande Chartreuse more accessible, was his main term of comparison; but he knew he had really never anywhere beheld anything at once so calculated and so generous.

Three impressions in particular had been with him all the week, and he could only recognize in silence their happy effect on his nerves. How it was all managed he couldn't have told—he had been content moreover till now with his ignorance of cause and pretext; but whenever he chose to listen with a certain intentness he made out, as from a distance, the sound of slow, sweet bells. How could they be so far and yet so audible? How could they be so near and yet so faint? How, above all, could they, in such an arrest of life, be, to *time* things, so frequent? The very essence of the bliss of Dane's whole change had been precisely that there was nothing now to time. It was the same with the slow footsteps that always, within earshot, to the vague attention, marked the space and the leisure, seemed, in long, cool arcades, lightly to fall and perpetually to recede. This was the second impression, and it melted into the third, as, for that matter, every form of softness, in the great good place, was but a further turn, without jerk or gap, of the endless roll of serenity. The quiet footsteps were quiet figures: the quiet figures that, to the eye, kept the picture human and brought its perfection within reach. This perfection, he felt on the bench by his friend, was now more in reach than ever. His

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friend at last turned to him a look different from the looks of friends in London clubs.

"The thing was to find it out!"

It was extraordinary how this remark fitted into his thought. "Ah, wasn't it? And when I think," said Dane, "of all the people who haven't and who never will!" He sighed over these unfortunates with a tenderness that, in its degree, was practically new to him, feeling, too, how well his companion would know the people he meant. He only meant some, but they were all who would want it; though of these, no doubt—well, for reasons, for things that, in the world, he had observed—there would never be too many. Not all perhaps who wanted would really find; but none at least would find who didn't really want. And then what the need would have to have been first! What it at first had to be for himself! He felt afresh, in the light of his companion's face, what it might still be even when deeply satisfied, as well as what communication was established by the mere mutual knowledge of it.

"Every man must arrive by himself and on his own feet—isn't that so? We're Brothers here for the time, as in a great monastery, and we immediately think of each other and recognize each other as such; but we must have first got here as we can, and we meet after long journeys by complicated ways. Moreover we meet—don't we?—with closed eyes."

"Ah, don't speak as if we were dead!" Dane laughed.

"I sha'n't mind death if it's like this," his friend replied.

It was too obvious, as Dane gazed before him, that one wouldn't; but after a moment he asked, with the first articulation, as yet, of his most elementary wonder: "Where is it?"

"I shouldn't be surprised if it were much nearer than one ever suspected."

"Nearer town, do you mean?"

"Nearer everything—nearer everyone."

George Dane thought. "Somewhere, for instance, down in Surrey?"

His Brother met him on this with a shade of reluctance. "Why should we call it names? It must have a climate, you see."

"Yes," Dane happily mused; "without that—!" All it so securely did have overwhelmed him again, and he couldn't help breaking out: "*What* is it?"

"Oh, it's positively a part of our ease and our rest and our change, I think, that we don't at all know, and that we may really call it, for that matter, anything in the world we like—the thing, for instance, we love it most for being."

"I know what *I* call it," said Dane after a moment. Then as his friend listened, with interest: "Just simply 'The Great Good Place.'"

"I see—what can you say more? I've put it to myself perhaps a little differently." They sat there as innocently as small boys confiding to each other the names of toy animals. "The Great Want Met."

"Ah, yes, that's it!"

"Isn't it enough for us that it's a place carried on, for our benefit, so admirably that we strain our ears in vain for a creak of the machinery? Isn't it enough for us that it's simply a thorough hit?"

"Ah, a hit!" Dane benignantly murmured.

"It does for us what it pretends to do," his companion went on; "the mystery isn't deeper than that. The thing is probably simple enough in fact, and on a thoroughly practical basis; only it has had its origin in a splendid thought, in a real stroke of genius."

"Yes," Dane exclaimed, "in a sense—on somebody or other's part—so exquisitely personal!"

"Precisely—it rests, like all good things, on experience. The 'great want' comes home—that's the great thing it does! On the day it came home to the right mind this dear place was constituted. It always, moreover, in the long run, *has* been met—it always must be. How can it not require to be, more and more, as pressure of every sort grows?"

Dane, with his hands folded in his lap, took in these words of wisdom. "Pressure of every sort *is* growing!" he placidly observed.

"I see well enough what that fact has done to *you*," his Brother returned.

Dane smiled. "I couldn't have borne it longer. I don't know what would have become of me."

"I know what would have become of *me*."

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"Well, it's the same thing."

"Yes," said Dane's companion, "it's doubtless the same thing." On which they sat in silence a little, seeming pleasantly to follow, in the view of the green garden, the vague movements of the monster—madness, surrender, collapse—they had escaped. Their bench was like a box at the opera. "And I may perfectly, you know," the Brother pursued, "have seen you before. I may even have known you well. We don't know."

They looked at each other again serenely enough, and at last Dane said: "No, we don't know."

"That's what I meant by our coming with our eyes closed. Yes—there's something out. There's a gap—a link missing, the great hiatus!" the Brother laughed. "It's as simple a story as the old, old rupture—the break that lucky Catholics have always been able to make, that they are still, with their innumerable religious houses, able to make, by going into 'retreat.' I don't speak of the pious exercises; I speak only of the material simplification. I don't speak of the putting off of one's self; I speak only—if one has a self worth sixpence—of the getting it back. The place, the time, the way were, for those of the old persuasion, always there—are indeed practically there for them as much as ever. They can always get off—the blessed houses receive. So it was high time that we—we of the great Protestant peoples, still more, if possible, in the sensitive individual case, overscored and overwhelmed; still more congested with mere quantity and prostituted, through our 'enterprise,' to mere profanity—should learn how to get off, should find somewhere *our* retreat and remedy. There was such a huge chance for it!"

Dane laid his hand on his companion's arm. "It's charming, how, when we speak for ourselves, we speak for each other. That was exactly what I said!" He had fallen to recalling from over the gulf the last occasion.

The Brother, as if it would do them both good, only desired to draw him out. "What you said——?"

"To *him*—that morning." Dane caught a far bell again and heard a slow footstep. A quiet figure passed somewhere—neither of them turned to look. What was, little by little, more present to him was the perfect taste. It was supreme—it was everywhere. "I just dropped my burden—and he received it."

"And was it very great?"

"Oh, such a load!" Dane laughed.

"Trouble, sorrow, doubt?"

"Oh, no; worse than that!"

"Worse?"

"'Success'—the vulgarest kind!" And Dane laughed again.

"Ah, I know that, too! No one in future, as things are going, will be able to face success."

"Without something of this sort—never. The better it is the worse—the greater the deadlier. But my one pain here," Dane continued, "is in thinking of my poor friend."

"The person to whom you've already alluded?"

"My substitute in the world. Such an unutterable benefactor. He turned up that morning when everything had somehow got on my nerves, when the whole great globe, indeed, nerves, or no nerves, seemed to have squeezed itself into my study. It wasn't a question of nerves, it was a mere question of the displacement of everything—of submersion by our eternal too much. I didn't know *où donner de la tête*—I couldn't have gone a step farther."

The intelligence with which the Brother listened kept them as children feeding from the same bowl. "And then you got the tip?"

"I got the tip!" Dane happily sighed.

"Well, we all get it. But I dare say differently."

"Then, how did *you*——?"

The Brother hesitated, smiling. "You tell me first."

III

"Well," said George Dane, "it was a young man I had never seen—a man, at any rate, much younger than myself—who had written to me and sent me some article, some book. I read the stuff, was much struck with it, told him so and thanked him—on which, of course, I heard from him again. He asked me

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things — his questions were interesting; but to save time and writing I said to him: 'Come to see me—we can talk a little; but all I can give you is half an hour at breakfast.' He turned up at the hour, on a day when, more than ever in my life before, I seemed, as it happened, in the endless press and stress, to have lost possession of my soul and to be surrounded only with the affairs of other people and the irrelevant, destructive, brutalizing sides of life. It made me literally ill—made me feel as I had never felt that if I should once really, for an hour, lose hold of the thing itself, the thing I was trying for, I should never recover it again. The wild waters would close over me, and I should drop straight to the bottom, where the vanquished dead lie."

"I follow you every step of your way," said the friendly Brother. "The wild waters, you mean, of our horrible time."

"Of our horrible time—precisely. Not, of course—as we sometimes dream—of any other."

"Yes, any other is only a dream. We really know none but our own."

"No, thank God — that's enough," Dane said. "Well, my young man turned up, and I hadn't been a minute in his presence before making out that practically it would be in him somehow or other to help me. He came to me with envy, envy extravagant—really passionate. I was, heaven save us, the great 'success' for him; he himself was broken and beaten. How can I say what passed between us?—it was so strange, so swift, so much a matter, from one to the other, of instant perception and agreement. He was so clever and haggard and hungry!"

"Hungry?" the Brother asked.

"I don't mean for bread, though he had none too much, I think, even of that. I mean for—well, what *I* had, and what I was a monument of to him as I stood there up to my neck in preposterous evidence. He, poor chap, had been for ten years serenading closed windows and had never yet caused a shutter to show that it stirred. My dim blind was the first to be raised an inch; my reading of his book, my impression of it, my note and my invitation, formed literally the only response ever dropped into his dark street. He saw in my littered room, my shattered day, my bored face and spoiled temper—it's embarrassing, but I must tell you—the very blaze of my glory. And he saw in the blaze of my glory—deluded innocent!—what he had yearned for in vain."

"What he had yearned for was to *be* you," said the Brother. Then he added: "I see where you're coming out."

"To my saying to him at the end of five minutes: 'My dear fellow, I wish you'd just try it—wish you'd, for awhile, just *be* me!' You go straight to the mark, and that was exactly what occurred—extraordinary though it was that we should both have understood. I saw what he could give, and he did too. He saw moreover what I could take; in fact what he saw was wonderful."

"He must be very remarkable!" the Brother laughed.

"There's no doubt of it whatever—far more remarkable than I. That's just the reason why what I put to him in joke—with a fantastic, desperate irony—became, on his hands, with his vision of his chance, the blessed guarantee of my sitting on this spot in your company. 'Oh, if I could just shift it all—make it straight over for an hour to other shoulders! If there only *were* a pair!'—that's the way I put it to him. And then, at something in his face, 'Would *you*, by a miracle, undertake it?' I asked. I let him know all it meant—how it meant that he should at that very moment step in. It meant that he should finish my work and open my letters and keep my engagements and be subject, for better or worse, to my contacts and complications. It meant that he should live with my life and think with my brain and write with my hand and speak with my voice. It meant, above all, that I should get off. He accepted with magnificence—rose to it like a hero. Only he said: 'What will become of *you*?'"

"There was the hitch!" the Brother admitted.

"Ah, but only for a minute. He came to my help again," Dane pursued, "when he saw I couldn't quite meet that, could at least only say that I wanted to think, wanted to cease, wanted to do the thing itself—the thing I was trying for, miserable me, and that thing only—and therefore wanted first of all really to *see* it again,

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planted out, crowded out, frozen out as it now so long had been. 'I know what you want,' he after a moment quietly remarked to me. 'Ah, what I want doesn't exist!' 'I know what you want,' he repeated. At that I began to believe him."

"Had you any idea yourself?" the Brother asked.

"Oh, yes," said Dane, "and it was just my idea that made me despair. There it was as sharp as possible in my imagination and my longing—there it was so utterly *not* in fact. We were sitting together on my sofa as we waited for breakfast. He presently laid his hand on my knee—showed me a face that the sudden great light in it had made, for me, indescribably beautiful. 'It exists—it exists,' he at last said. And so, I remember, we sat awhile and looked at each other, with the final effect of my finding that I absolutely believed him. I remember we weren't at all solemn—we smiled with the joy of discoverers. He was as glad as I—he was tremendously glad. That came out in the whole manner of his reply to the appeal that broke from me: 'Where is it then, in God's name? Tell me without delay where it is!"

The Brother had attended with a sympathy! "He gave you the address?"

"He was thinking it out—feeling for it, catching it. He has a wonderful head of his own and must be making of the whole thing, while we sit here gossiping, something much better than ever *I* did. The mere sight of his face, the sense of his hand on my knee, made me, after a little, feel that he not only knew what I wanted, but was getting nearer to it than I could have got in ten years. He suddenly sprang up and went over to my study-table—sat straight down there as if to write me my passport. Then it was—at the mere sight of his back, which was turned to me—that I felt the spell work. I simply sat and watched him with the queerest, deepest, sweetest sense in the world—the sense of an ache that had stopped. All life was lifted; I myself at least was somehow off the ground. He was already where I had been."

"And where were you?" the Brother amusedly inquired.

"Just on the sofa always, leaning back on the cushion and feeling a delicious ease. He was already me."

"And who were you?" the Brother continued.

"Nobody. That was the fun."

"That *is* the fun," said the Brother, with a sigh like soft music.

Dane echoed the sigh, and, as nobody talking with nobody, they sat there together still and watched the sweet wide picture darken into tepid night.

IV

At the end of three weeks—so far as time was distinct—Dane began to feel there was something he had recovered. It was the thing they never named—partly for want of the need and partly for lack of the word; for what indeed was the description that would cover it all? The only real need was to know it, to see it, in silence. Dane had a private, practical sign for it, which, however, he had appropriated by theft—"the vision and the faculty divine." That, doubtless, was a flattering phrase for his idea of his genius; the genius, at all events, was what he had been in danger of losing and had at last held by a thread that might at any moment have broken. The change was that, little by little, his hold had grown firmer, so that he drew in the line—more and more each day—with a pull that he was delighted to find it would bear. The mere dream-sweetness of the place was superseded; it was more and more a world of reason and order, of sensible, visible arrangement. It ceased to be strange — it was high, triumphant clearness. He cultivated, however, but vaguely, the question of where he was, finding it near enough the mark to be almost sure that if he was not in Kent he was probably in Hampshire. He paid for everything but that—that wasn't one of the items. Payment, he had soon learned, was definite; it consisted of sovereigns and shillings—just like those of the world he had left, only parted with more ecstatically — that he put, in his room, in a designated place and that were taken away in his absence by one of the unobtrusive, effaced agents—shadows projected on the hours like the noiseless march of the sun-dial—that were always at work.

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The institution had sides that had their recalls, and a pleased, resigned perception of these things was at once the effect and the cause of its grace.

Dane picked out of his dim past a dozen halting similes. The sacred, silent convent was one; another was the bright country-house. He did the place no outrage to liken it to an hotel; he permitted himself on occasion to trace its resemblance to a club. Such images, however, but flickered and went out—they lasted only long enough to light up the difference. An hotel without noise, a club without newspapers—when he turned his face to what it was "without" the view opened wide. The only approach to a real analogy was in himself and his companions. They were brothers, guests, members; they were even, if one liked—and they didn't in the least mind what they were called—"regular boarders." It was not they who made the conditions, it was the conditions that made them. These conditions found themselves accepted, clearly, with an appreciation, with a rapture, it was rather to be called, that had to do—as the very air that pervaded them and the force that sustained—with their quiet and noble assurance. They combined to form the large, simple idea of a general refuge—an image of embracing arms, of liberal accommodation. What was the effect, really, but the poetization by perfect taste of a type common enough? There was no daily miracle; the perfect taste, with the aid of space, did the trick. What underlay and overhung it all, better yet, Dane mused, was some original inspiration, but confirmed, unquenched, some happy thought of an individual breast. It had been born somehow and somewhere—it had had to insist on being—the blessed conception. The author might remain in the obscure, for that was part of the perfection: personal service so hushed and regulated that you scarce caught it in the act and only knew it by its results. Yet the wise mind was everywhere—the whole thing, infallibly, centred, at the core, in a consciousness. And what a consciousness it had been, Dane thought, a consciousness how like his own! The wise mind had felt, the wise mind had suffered; then, for all the worried company of minds, the wise mind had seen a chance. Of the creation thus arrived at you could none the less never have said if it were the last echo of the old or the sharpest note of the modern.

Dane again and again, among the far bells and the soft footfalls, in cool cloister and warm garden, found himself wanting not to know more and yet liking not to know less. It was part of the general beauty that there was no personal publicity, much less any personal success. Those things were in the world—in what he had left; there was no vulgarity here of credit or claim or fame. The real exquisite was to be without the complication of an identity, and the greatest boon of all, doubtless, the solid security, the clear confidence one could feel in the keeping of the contract. That was what had been most in the wise mind—the importance of the absolute sense, on the part of its beneficiaries, that what was offered was guaranteed. They had no concern but to pay—the wise mind knew what they paid for. It was present to Dane each hour that he could never be overcharged. Oh, the deep, deep bath, the soft, cool plash in the stillness!—this, time after time, as if under regular treatment, a sublimated German "cure," was the vivid name for his luxury. The inner life woke up again, and it was the inner life, for people of his generation, victims of the modern madness, mere maniacal extension and motion, that was returning health. He had talked of independence and written of it, but what a cold, flat word it had been! This was the wordless fact itself—the uncontested possession of the long, sweet, stupid day. The fragrance of flowers just wandered through the void, and the quiet recurrence of delicate, plain fare in a high, clean refectory where the soundless, simple service was the triumph of art. That, as he analyzed, remained the constant explanation: all the sweetness and serenity were created, calculated things. He analyzed, however, but in a desultory way and with a positive delight in the residuum of mystery that made for the great artist in the background the innermost shrine of the idol of a temple; there were odd moments for it, mild meditations when, in the broad cloister of peace or some garden-nook where the air was light, a special glimpse of beauty or reminder of felicity seemed, in passing, to hover and linger.

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In the mere ecstasy of change that had at first possessed him he had not discriminated—had only let himself sink, as I have mentioned, down to hushed depths. Then had come the slow, soft stages of intelligence and notation, more marked and more fruitful perhaps after that long talk with his mild mate in the twilight and seeming to wind up the process by putting the key into his hand. This key, pure gold, was simply the cancelled list. Slowly and blissfully he read into the general wealth of his comfort all the particular absences of which it was composed. One by one he touched, as it were, all the things it was such rapture to be without.

It was the paradise of his own room that was most indebted to them—a great square, fair chamber, all beautified with omissions, from which, high up, he looked over a long valley to a far horizon and in which he was vaguely and pleasantly reminded of some old Italian picture, some Carpaccio or some early Tuscan, the representation of a world without newspapers and letters, without telegrams and photographs, without the dreadful, fatal too much. There, for a blessing, he *could* read and write; there, above all, he could do nothing—he could live. And there were all sorts of freedoms—always, for the occasion, the particular right one. He could bring a book from the library—he could bring two, he could bring three. An effect produced by the charming place was that, for some reason, he never wanted to bring more. The library was a benediction—high and clear and plain, like everything else, but with something, in all its arched amplitude, unconfused and brave and gay. He should never forget, he knew, the throb of immediate perception with which he first stood there, a single glance round sufficing so to show him that it would give him what for years he had desired. He had not had detachment, but there was detachment here—the sense of a great silver bowl from which he could ladle up the melted hours. He strolled about from wall to wall, too pleasantly in tune on that occasion to sit down punctually or to choose; only recognizing from shelf to shelf every dear old book that he had had to put off or never returned to; every deep, distinct voice of another time that, in the hubbub of the world, he had had to take for lost and unheard. He came back, of course, soon, came back every day; enjoyed there, of all the rare, strange moments, those that were at once most quickened and most caught — moments in which every apprehension counted double and every act of the mind was a lover's embrace. It was the quarter he perhaps, as the days went on, liked best; though indeed it only shared with the rest of the place, with every aspect to which his face happened to be turned, the power to remind him of the masterly general control.

There were times when he looked up from his book to lose himself in the mere tone of the picture that never failed at any moment or at any angle. The picture was always there, yet was made up of things common enough. It was in the way an open window in a broad recess let in the pleasant morning; in the way the dry air pricked into faint freshness the gilt of old bindings; in the way an empty chair beside a table unlittered showed a volume just laid down; in the way a happy Brother—as detached as one's self and with his innocent back presented—lingered before a shelf with the slow sound of turned pages. It was a part of the whole impression that, by some extraordinary law, one's vision seemed less from the facts than the facts from one's vision; that the elements were determined at the moment by the moment's need or the moment's sympathy. What most prompted this reflection was the degree in which, after awhile, Dane had a consciousness of company. After that talk with the good Brother on the bench there were other good Brothers in other places—always in cloister or garden some figure that stopped if he himself stopped, and with which a greeting became, in the easiest way in the world, a sign of the diffused amenity. Always, always, however, in all contacts, was the balm of a happy ignorance. What he had felt the first time recurred: the friend was always new and yet at the same time—it was amusing, not disturbing—suggested the possibility that he might be but an old one altered. That was only delightful—as positively delightful in the particular, the actual conditions as it might have been the reverse in the con-

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ditions abolished. These others, the abolished, came back to Dane at last so easily that he could exactly measure each difference, but with what he had finally been hustled on to hate in them robbed of its terror in consequence of something that had happened. What had happened was that in tranquil walks and talks the deep spell had worked and he had got his soul again. He had drawn in by this time, with his lightened hand, the whole of the long line, and that fact just dangled at the end. He could put his other hand on it, he could unhook it, he was once more in possession. This, as it befell, was exactly what he supposed he must have said to a comrade beside whom, one afternoon in the cloister, he found himself measuring steps.

"Oh, it comes—comes of itself, doesn't it, thank goodness?—just by the simple fact of finding room and time!"

The comrade was possibly a novice or in a different stage from his own; there was at any rate a vague envy in the recognition that shone out of the fatigued, yet freshened face. "It has come to *you* then?—you've got what you wanted?" That was the gossip and interchange that could pass to and fro: Dane, years before, had gone in for three months of hydropathy, and there was a droll echo, in this scene, of the old questions of the water-cure, the questions asked in the periodical pursuit of the "reaction"—the ailment, the progress of each, the action of the skin and the state of the appetite. Such memories worked in now—all familiar reference, all easy play of mind; and among them our friends, round and round, fraternized ever so softly, until, suddenly stopping short, Dane, with a hand on his companion's arm, broke into the happiest laugh he had yet sounded.

V

"Why, it's raining!" and he stood and looked at the splash of the shower and the shine of the wet leaves. It was one of the summer sprinkles that bring out sweet smells.

"Yes—but why not?" his mate asked.

"Well—because it's so charming. It's so exactly right!"

"But everything *is*. Isn't that just why we're here?"

"Just exactly," Dane said; "only I've been living in the beguiled supposition that we've somehow or other a climate."

"So have I; so, I dare say, has everyone. Isn't that the blessed moral?—that we live in beguiled suppositions. They come so easily here, and nothing contradicts them." The good Brother looked placidly forth—Dane could identify his phase. "A climate doesn't consist in its never raining, does it?"

"No, I dare say not. But, somehow, the good I've got has been half the great, easy absence of all that friction of which the question of weather mostly forms a part—has been, indeed, largely the great, easy, perpetual air-bath."

"Ah, yes—that's not a delusion; but perhaps the sense comes a little from our breathing an emptier medium. There are fewer things *in* it! Leave people alone, at all events, and the air is what they take to. Into the closed and the stuffy they have to be driven. I've had, too—I think we must all have—a fond sense of the south."

"But imagine it," said Dane, laughing, "in the beloved British islands, and so near as we are to Bradford!"

His friend was ready enough to imagine. "To Bradford?" he asked, quite unperturbed. "How near?"

Dane's gayety grew. "Oh, it doesn't matter!"

His friend, quite unmystified, accepted it. "There are things to puzzle out—otherwise it would be dull. It seems to me one can puzzle them."

"It's because we're so well disposed," Dane said.

"Precisely—we find good in everything."

"In everything," Dane went on. "The conditions settle that — they determine us."

They resumed their stroll, which evidently represented on the good Brother's part infinite agreement. "Aren't they probably in fact very simple?" he presently asked. "Isn't simplification the secret?"

"Yes, but applied with a tact!"

"There it is. The thing's so perfect that it's open to as many interpretations as any other great work—a poem of Goethe, a dialogue of Plato, a symphony of Beethoven."

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"It simply stands quiet, you mean," said Dane, "and lets us call it names?"

"Yes, but all such loving ones. We're 'staying' with someone—some delicious host or hostess who never shows."

"It's liberty-hall—absolutely," Dane assented.

"Yes—or a convalescent home."

To this, however, Dane demurred. "Ah, that, it seems to me, scarcely puts it. You weren't *ill*—were you? I'm very sure *I* really wasn't. I was only—as the world goes—too 'beastly well'!"

The good Brother wondered. "But if we couldn't keep it up—?"

"We couldn't keep it *down*—that was all the matter!"

"I see—I see." The good Brother sighed contentedly; after which he brought out again, with kindly humor: "It's a sort of kindergarten!"

"The next thing you'll be saying that we're babes at the breast!"

"Of some great mild, invisible mother who stretches away into space and whose lap is the whole valley—?"

"And her bosom"—Dane completed the figure—"the noble eminence of our hill? That will do; anything will do that covers the essential fact."

"And what do you call the essential fact?"

"Why, that—as in old days on Swiss lake-sides—we're *en pension*."

The good Brother took this gently up. "I remember—I remember: seven francs a day without wine! But, alas, it's more than seven francs here."

"Yes, it's considerably more," Dane had to confess. "Perhaps it isn't particularly cheap."

"Yet should you call it particularly dear?" his friend after a moment inquired.

George Dane had to think. "How do I know, after all? What practice has one ever had in estimating the inestimable? Particular cheapness certainly isn't the note that we feel struck all round; but don't we fall naturally into the view that there *must* be a price to anything so awfully sane?"

The good Brother in his turn reflected. "We fall into the view that it must pay—that it does pay."

"Oh, yes—it does pay!" Dane eagerly echoed. "If it didn't it wouldn't last. It has *got* to last, of course!" he declared.

"So that we can come back?"

"Yes—think of knowing that we shall be able to!"

They pulled up again at this and, facing each other, thought of it, or at any rate pretended to; for what was really in their eyes was the dread of a loss of the clew. "Oh, when we want it again we shall find it," said the good Brother. "If the place really pays, it will keep on."

"Yes—that's the beauty: that it isn't, thank heaven, carried on only for love."

"No doubt, no doubt; and yet, thank Heaven, there's love in it too." They had lingered as if, in the mild, moist air, they were charmed with the patter of the rain and the way the garden drank it. After a little, however, it did look rather as if they were trying to talk each other out of a faint, small fear. They saw the increasing rage of life and the recurrent need, and they wondered proportionately whether to return to the front when their hour should sharply strike would be the end of the dream. Was this a threshold perhaps, after all, that could only be crossed one way? They must return to the front sooner or later—that was certain: for each his hour would strike. The flower would have been gathered and the trick played—the sands, in short, would have run.

There, in its place, *was* life—with all its rage; the vague unrest of the need for action knew it again, the stir of the faculty that had been refreshed and reconsecrated. They seemed each, thus confronted, to close their eyes a moment for dizziness; then they were again at peace and the Brother's confidence rang out. "Oh, we shall meet!"

"Here, do you mean?"

"Yes—and I dare say in the world too."

"But we sha'n't recognize or know," said Dane.

"In the world, do you mean?"

"Neither in the world nor here."

"Not a bit—not the least little bit, you think?"

Dane turned it over. "Well, so it is that it seems to me all best to hang together. But we shall see."

His friend happily concurred. "We

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shall see." And at this, for farewell, the Brother held out his hand.

"You're going?" Dane asked.

"No, but I thought *you* were."

It was odd, but at this Dane's hour seemed to strike—his consciousness to crystallize. "Well, I am. I've got it. You stay?" he went on.

"A little longer."

Dane hesitated. "You haven't yet got it?"

"Not altogether—but I think it's coming."

"Good!" Dane kept his hand, giving it a final shake, and at that moment the sun glimmered again through the shower, but with the rain still falling on the hither side of it and seeming to patter even more in the brightness. "Hallo—how charming!"

The Brother looked a moment from under the high arch—then again turned his face to our friend. He gave this time his longest, happiest sigh. "Oh, it's all right!"

But why was it, Dane after a moment found himself wondering, that in the act of separation his own hand was so long retained? Why but through a queer phenomenon of change, on the spot, in his companion's face—change that gave it another, but an increasing and above all a much more familiar identity, an identity not beautiful, but more and more distinct, an identity with that of his servant, with the most conspicuous, the physiognomic seat of the public propriety of Brown? To this anomaly his eyes slowly opened; it was not his good Brother, it was verily Brown who possessed his hand. If his eyes had to open, it was because they had been closed and because Brown appeared to think he had better wake up. So much as this Dane took in, but the effect of his taking it was a relapse into darkness, a recontraction of the lids just prolonged enough to give Brown time, on a second thought, to withdraw his hand and move softly away. Dane's next consciousness was that of the desire to make sure he *was* away, and this desire had somehow the result of dissipating the obscurity. The obscurity was completely gone by the time he had made out that the back of a person writing at his study-table was presented to him. He recognized a portion of a figure that he had somewhere described to somebody—the intent shoulders of the unsuccessful young man who had come that bad morning to breakfast. It was strange, he at last reflected, but the young man was still there. How long had he stayed—days, weeks, months? He was exactly in the position in which Dane had last seen him. Everything—stranger still—was exactly in that position; everything, at least, but the light of the window, which came in from another quarter and showed a different hour. It wasn't after breakfast now; it was after—well, what? He suppressed a gasp—it was after everything. And yet—quite literally—there were but two other differences. One of these was that if he was still on the sofa he was now lying down; the other was the patter on the glass that showed him how the rain—the great rain of the night—had come back. It was the rain of the night, yet when had he last heard it? But two minutes before? Then how many were there before the young man at the table, who seemed intensely occupied, found a moment to look round at him and, on meeting his open eyes, get up and draw near?

"You've slept all day," said the young man.

"All day?"

The young man looked at his watch. "From ten to six. You were extraordinarily tired. I just, after a bit, let you alone, and you were soon off." Yes, that was it; he had been "off"—off, off, off. He began to fit it together; while he had been off the young man had been on. But there were still some few confusions; Dane lay looking up. "Everything's done," the young man continued.

"Everything?"

"Everything."

Dane tried to take it all in, but was embarrassed and could only say, weakly and quite apart from the matter: "I've been so happy!"

"So have I," said the young man. He positively looked so; seeing which George Dane wondered afresh and then, in his wonder, read it indeed quite as another face, quite, in a puzzling way, as another person's. Everyone was a little someone else. While he asked himself who else then

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the young man was, this benefactor, struck by his appealing stare, broke again into perfect cheer. "It's all right!" That answered Dane's question; the face was the face turned to him by the good Brother there in the portico while they listened together to the rustle of the shower. It was all queer, but all pleasant and all distinct, so distinct that the last words in his ear—the same from both quarters—appeared the effect of a single voice. Dane rose and looked about his room, which seemed disencumbered, different, twice as large. It *was* all right.

NEW YEAR'S, 1900

By E. S. Martin

One greeting more to one of noble fame,
Our comrade since our birth; our fathers', too;
Into whose springtime hopes our grandsires came
Whose promises to them, for us came true.

What struggles and what gains have filled his day!
What peerless triumphs of a mind set free!
What stubborn shrinking, oftentimes, to pay
The woful birth-price of the is-to-be.

Hoary, sublime, deathless yet doomed to die,
No other New Year's dawning his shall be.
Vouchsafe him, Time, such end that men shall cry—
"Grand was thy passing, Nineteenth Century!"

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"I look out for you, Dennis."

HOW TOOMEY WILLED HIS GOVERNMENT JOB

By Robert Shackleton

"I, BEING in sound mind and body, do hereby resign my position in the Custom-house; and, being after dying, as I fully believe, and of sound mind and body as aforesaid, do hereby will my job, which I have held so long, to my good friend Dennis Duggan; and I hope Michael McShea will agree to this, and I hereby ask him to give the job to Duggan, this being my last will."

It was in broken sentences, for he was very weak, that old Toomey slowly dictated the document, and it was with evident pride in the composition. "You see how careful I am to put that in about being in sound body and mind?" he said, as Duggan slowly wrote down the words. "It's points like them that spoils many a will, Duggan; but you see I look out for you—I look out for you, Dennis."

"Yes," said Duggan, sighing deeply; and he caught the eye of the comely Mrs. Toomey, so soon to be a widow, and she sighed mournfully in return. "Yes, Toomey, and there's only one point more. It isn't signed yet, and many a will's been lost through not being signed—many a will's been lost through that. Will you sign it now, Toomey?"

Toomey answered with a touch of irritation. "Oh, I'm not so near going as that, Dennis. I've life in me yet, even though my time may be near at hand."

"The—the—doctor—" sobbed Mrs. Toomey. She was thinking of the doctor's prophecy as to the few hours of life remaining to her husband. Now, Toomey never liked to hear Mrs. Toomey sob, and so, to divert her mind from her grief, he said: "Here, Duggan, give me that pencil, and after I sign it Mary'll sign as a witness." And so Toomey signed the will, and Mary witnessed it; and then he signed another will, giving to his wife all of his property, "both really and in person," as he expressed it; and then he lay back wearily, and his face grew ashen pale. Little by little he gasped out:

"It'll be all right now—it'll be all right. There's nobody to dispute the money with

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you, Mary, but brother Tim's children and my cousins. But you'll file the will at court, and there's $2,300 in the three banks, and you'll get it. And the other will, Duggan, it don't need to be filed in any court, for it concerns a job that's nobody's business but McShea's and mine."

His earthly business thus concluded, he turned his face toward the open window, and looked out across the tenement street, and listened to the myriad of sounds that floated up to him. And again Duggan dolefully sighed, and again sighed the comely widow that was to be. It was a hot evening in midsummer, following a torrid day; and Eldridge Street is one of the most densely populated neighborhoods of that most densely crowded portion of New York. Toomey had lived in his simple rooms, on the top floor of his particular tenement, for a quarter of a century, and had grown to love all of the neighborhood sights and sounds.

"Who's any happier than me?" he was wont to say. And to-night, as he looked and listened, the thought came to him, more bitterly than at any previous time in the course of his illness, that it was very hard to go away and leave all this. For many classes and conditions go to the making up of the life of the great East Side. There is poverty there, and there is inconceivable crowding, and there is lack of food and air, and there is unspeakable misery; but there is also much of happiness, and there are many who have plenty of money for comforts and gayeties. Squalor and prosperity are constant neighbors, not only on the same streets, but in the same huge tenements.

Toomey looked at the scores of people who clung sprawlingly on the iron fire-escapes and balconies that gridironed the fronts of the buildings—and gridirons they in very truth still were, as the sun, after baking them to a furious heat, was but a short time set, and the iron was still warm. But the population of the street, men and women and children, were mostly ambulatory, and moved aimlessly about, and

"But he's given you all the money, straight enough," said Duggan.—Page 116.

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shifted back and forth on the pavement and sidewalks below. The shuffling of feet, the chirring hum of talk, the screams of children as they played together or savagely tore at each other in wrath, came up to Toomey, and he thought again of how sad it was to lose it all. To a stranger, the sounds would have been an indistinguishable medley, but the practised ear of Toomey could disassociate each from each.

He heard the vibrant clink of glasses in the nearby saloon. He heard the sinister clang of the patrol wagon, while it was still two blocks away, but to him it was but one of the many sounds that united to enhance the attractiveness of the street. "I wonder if it's Tim Hogan, and if he's been beating his wife again," he murmured. Above the confused dissonance he caught the distant sounds of a Salvation Army squad, and gently smiled as he listened to the notes of "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day."

The tune ceased, and he half-whispered: "Yes; and that's where I'm going. And I only hope the district leader up there will be as square as Michael McShea, for if he is I'll be all right." He paused a moment. "They're kneeling now," he said. And his wife and Duggan looked at each other and commiseratingly shook

"But how about his job—" began Duggan again, persistently.—Page 118.

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"Don't cry, Mary."—Page 119.

their heads, thus mutely agreeing that poor Toomey was becoming delirious.

"But he's given you all the money, straight enough," said Duggan, drawing close to her.

"Yes; and he's given you the job," she responded.

From the corner of a fire-escape diagonally opposite shone the fitful glow of a pipe, and Toomey knew that Irene Baumann and her lover were there, that corner of that fire-escape having been adopted as their own, and yielded by the other tenement dwellers through courtesy, as they all knew that Irene's mother objected to the girl's going with the young man to the parks or recreation piers. Against the fronts of the buildings huge shadows, cast by the street-lights, grotesquely flung themselves. The notes of a twangy guitar floated in from a rear tenement.

Old Toomey's eyes wearily closed. "It's all so good. I hate to leave it. And what will—they—do without me?" He was not, however, thinking of his wife as he said this, but of many of the needy to whom he was in the habit of doing little kindnesses; but even in his whispered self-communion he did not mention any names, for he was always reticent about the good that he did.

Toomey had for twenty-three years held a position in the Custom-house. It was not a position of great consequence. It was only that of a packer and weigher, and it had only yielded the sum of $725 a year. But in his own estimation and in that of his friends there was a certain dignity attaching to the position, more than to that of street-sweeper or assistant janitor of a public building, for example, and so he had been the object of considerable good-natured envy, which had, of course, been enhanced by the length of time that he had been able to hold the place. There were many who would prize the job, now that he was giving it up.

"Duggan, I've willed you a good thing," he whispered, faintly, turning his head from the window.

Duggan bent over him in deep concern. "Will there be any trouble about my getting it?" he asked. Toomey tried to shake his head.

"How could there be?" he answered. "McShea's never had anything against me!"

Duggan tried to make conversation, clumsily feeling this much to be incumbent upon him, after such a gift, even in the presence of soon-coming death. "Who's the Collector of Customs in New York now?" he asked; but Toomey answered, with a touch of impatience:

"I—don't—just remember; I—don't—know—as—I ever knew."

"No, of course not," replied Duggan, soothingly. "Of course not. You never had any reason to. I'll ask McShea, if I ever need to know. He's been dis-

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trict leader for a great many years, hasn't he, Toomey? And it's many years that you've held your job under him."

"A long time, and always gave McShea the fullest satisfaction," sobbed Mrs. Toomey. "But McShea'll get another good man when Duggan takes your place," she added, as she dried her eyes on the hem of her skirt. Toomey, although dying, looked a trifle annoyed, and frowned ever so little, but the other two, looking at each other in mutual commiseration, did not notice it.

"And who was President of the United States when you first got the job?" Duggan continued, still under the impression that the circumstances of such a gift demanded appreciative conversation from him.

"I—don't—know; but McShea was—" Toomey stopped, and could not complete the sentence.

"Yes, yes, poor fellow. You've served under a good many presidents and a good many collectors. Do you remember who was the Collector of Customs, in this city, when you first got your place?"

"No. I never—paid—any—attention—to presidents or collectors," the dying man whispered. "My district leader was the only man I ever thought of."

"And that's just so," put in Mrs. Toomey. "Such things as collectors or presidents never makes no difference. You must always remember that, Dennis. It's the district leader that's the one to look out for. Whatever he says, always goes. Keep solid with McShea, Dennis, and you'll hold the job as long as—"

But here she again had recourse to the hem of her skirt. Toomey noticed this, and hurriedly strove to create a diversion. "If I was you, Duggan, I'd get after McShea right off. It'll be all right if he knows I want you to have the job, and have put it in my will, but he may hear of my being sick, and——"

His face again grew very white, and he became so weak that it seemed as if death was near at hand. The doctor, who at that moment arrived, stepped briskly to his bedside, while Duggan, spurred on by the fear of losing his job, hurried off to find McShea. At the foot of the long series of stairways he met the priest.

Duggan found the district leader in a saloon on the Bowery, below the rooms of the political club of the district. With a great deal of trepidation, for he had always held the great man in awe, he stepped up to him. "Toomey's dying, and he's made this will," he blurted out.

McShea, leaning against the bar, slowly read the paper that Duggan nervously poked up into his face, and then looked back at Duggan with much of dubiety. McShea was very stout, with grizzled hair, deep-set eyes, bulbous nose, and firm lips. His face at first sight seemed ordinary, but a second glance showed that it expressed capacity of an unusual order, and you began to realize how it was that he had been able to hold the position of district leader in his assembly district for nearly thirty years.

For a district leader, to be successful, must be a man of determination and ability, full of tact and resourcefulness. He is the head of his clan, and his clan is composed of every voter of his party in the district. He sees to it that his tribesmen have their full proportion of city jobs, both transient and of the more permanent character. For instance, when a big hotel burns down, and many lives are lost, and the city puts hundreds of laborers at work clearing the ruins in the search for bodies, each district leader in the city—if his is the party in charge of the city's politics—hurries the unemployed men of his district to the contractor, and the contractor must fairly balance the claims of all, or else he is sure to obtain no further jobs from the city.

When a voter is sick, the district leader is expected to see to it that he is cared for. When the voter is in need, his need must be relieved, or else an order must be obtained, transferring the sufferer to the almshouse or a public hospital. The head of the district clan has all the responsibilities of a tribal chief. And for the many benefits, actual and potential, of which he stands as the source, he expects an unquestioning return. The men must vote right at every election, and those who aim to get the most benefits must keep up their membership in the local political club.

McShea looked at Duggan doubtfully. He set his glass down, and it stood in a beery ring. He slowly wiped his lips on the towel that hung beneath the bar. Sev-

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eral members of the district club, who had been sitting at dingy tables, lounged forward. They cast hostile glances at Duggan, who nervously asked them all to drink. They promptly did so, and then, putting their glasses down in five beery rings, and wiping five mouths on the hanging towels, resumed their hostile looks.

"Duggan wants Toomey's place. You've all heard he's very sick. Well, Toomey's willed his job to Duggan," said McShea, in curt explanation. There were times when, contrary to his usual habit of deciding alone, he chose to submit questions to his retainers, and the matter of Toomey's job he felt to be a fitting one for such a submission. He smiled grimly as he noted the angry clouding of the five countenances. Duggan weakly told the barkeeper to "ask the gentlemen what they would have," but this time they all refused to drink, and scowled upon him in a darkling circle.

"We heard that Toomey might die," said McShea, "and there are forty-two members of the club who are applicants for his job."

"And each of us is a man as has paid his dues square up," put in one of the men.

"But I'm only behind because I've been out of work," protested Duggan, "and I'll pay up all my back dues out of my first month's pay."

The circle sniffed. "When you get the job," said one. The circle laughed, and Duggan flushed with mortification. McShea looked on, judicially contemplative. "When's Toomey likely to die?" he asked.

"The doctor says to-night'll be the last—that he'll sure go before morning," replied Duggan. "And that's why he wanted me to see you at once about his job."

"That's bad," said McShea. "Poor fellow! I didn't know he was quite so sick as that. I'll go up and see him to-night."

"But about his job—" began Duggan again, persistently.

The district leader's patience gave way. He had been somewhat embarrassed by the forty-two applications, and the difficulty of deciding so as to make no enemies, and he was really annoyed that this will should further complicate the situation. He knew that many would believe that Toomey's last will should be respected, and he also knew that there would be inevitable dissatisfaction should the desirable job be given to Duggan, who had been derelict with his membership and dues. He turned on Duggan sharply.

"Why didn't you apply to the President? Don't you know this is a job in the United States Custom-house? What have I got to do with it, do you suppose?"

Duggan looked at him, open-mouthed. "You're the district leader, and—and Toomey always said——"

Still more irritated, McShea interrupted him. "And don't you know that at least the Collector of Customs is the head of his own department here, and that he's got all the say in such matters? I'm the district leader? Yes! But what have I got to do with all you fellows, except to keep track of your meetings and the way you vote? Do you expect me to settle every question that comes up? Take that will to the Collector, and see if he'll give you the job!"

Duggan's mouth was open wider than ever, and the jaws of the other five also dropped. The idea, thus propounded by their leader, awed them. They exchanged glances of dumb amazement, and every man spat solemnly into the big wooden cuspidore. Duggan was the first to recover himself. "Ah, you're just guyin' us! There's nobody bigger'n the district leader. Whatever you say goes, and there ain't no collector going to say a word. See?"

McShea deigned to unbend. "What'll it be?" he said. And the line, including Duggan, straightened up, and seven elbows simultaneously arose.

"And now, Duggan, you go back to Toomey. You can tell him that the question of who gets his job must be left to a vote of the club. There's too many members who have paid their dues, and want the job, and who told me so before I heard of his will, to let me decide on the matter without giving them a chance to be heard."

"But Toomey thought——"

"Never you mind, just now, what Toomey thought! You go along, and we'll see what can be done."

"If it's going to be left to us," put in

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"I'll go and see him myself," he said.—Page 120.

one of the men with a sour grin, "why, you can tell Toomey that I want the job myself."

"And me, too," cried another, as the swinging screen hit the disappearing Duggan in the back. "And we've all paid our dues reg'lar!"

The crestfallen Duggan did not hurry back, and when he reached Toomey's tenement both the doctor and the priest had gone. Toomey, fully prepared for death by bodily and spiritual ministrations, was talking with his wife. He had been told that he was unexpectedly holding his strength, and that there might still be a leeway of half a day or so. This had cheered him, and his eyes were brighter as he glanced out of the window, and he feebly hummed in unison with the guitar that someone was still twanging, out of tune, in the rear tenement.

"There's the Aarons going to bed on the corner of the roof. It's a wonder, with all their children, that none of them ever falls over the edge! And there's Irene Baumann's young man going. He always goes at half-past nine sharp, for he works in a gas-house and has to be there at ten. And there's the patrol gong again! I'll bet it's after Tim Hogan this time! I wonder if the judge'll send him to the Island or let him off with a fine!"

His eyes were alight with eagerness, but a broken sob from his wife recalled him to a realization of the fact that in all probability he was not going to be on hand to know how the case would be decided.

"Don't cry, Mary. And don't let me dying make you very unhappy. You've got all the money—and—I want you to be sure—after awhile—not to be—lonely. There's other good men—and maybe—after a good while——"

"You were always so thoughtful for me," she sobbingly spluttered. "And, if you really mean it, and want me to, I think I'll do as you tell me to!"

"Ah!" murmured Toomey. And then he again lay very still, listening to the noises of the street, for in mid-summer the East Side never really goes to sleep. The noises were, however, gradually changing in character, and lights were flitting about in the tenements across the way. More and more came the realization of all that he was about to lose, and he answered in monosyllables several questions tearfully

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put to him by his wife. And then came in the disappointed Duggan.

"McShea won't let me have the job! He says there's too many asked for it before he knew of your will!"

"Won't let me will my own property as I want to!" exclaimed the dying man. "A job I've held for over twenty years!" He sat up in the bed, disregarding Mrs. Toomey's frightened expostulations.

"No, he won't!" said Duggan.

Toomey put one foot over the edge of the bed. "I'll go and see him myself," he said.

"But you're dying! You're dying!" wailed his wife. Just then the shrewdly forceful face of McShea peered in at the door. He had knocked, but in the excitement no one had noticed it. The district leader looked from Toomey to his wife, and from her to Duggan. Then he looked hard at Toomey again. Mrs. Toomey and Duggan looked at each other and then back at the dying man. No one spoke, till Toomey himself, putting his other foot over the side of the bed, broke the silence. "I feel so much stronger, that I was just going to go and see you," he said; "about my government job, you know, and my will."

McShea's eyes twinkled. "Toomey, it's no use. There's too many after it. If I was you, and feeling as strong as you seem to, I'd keep my job, and my wife, and my money!"

A stronger wave of sound rolled up. Again the patrol gong sounded. There was the clangor of an ambulance. From the saloon on the corner came confused shouts. Men and women screamed. People peered over the edges of the roofs, and windows and fire-escapes became suddenly alive. The sounds became a roar.

Toomey, in a tingle of excitement, ran to the window, leaned far out, and excitedly shouted out inquiries that nobody heeded or even heard. His wife and Duggan tugged at him in vain. McShea looked on in grim amusement.

Ambulance and patrol wagon went clangorously away. The crowd dispersed. The roar of sound died down. Toomey turned back into the room. Mrs. Toomey sat down, stupefied into silence. Duggan tried not to scowl. The eyes of the district leader twinkled. The almost defunct packer and weigher was for a moment disconcerted, but as he caught the twinkle in his district leader's eyes he braced himself with a grin.

"If you won't let me will my job, McShea, I think I'll keep it awhile myself," he said.

"I think I'll keep it awhile myself."

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THE POINT OF VIEW

THERE is no commoner mistake among critics than the predication of illiteracy in a musical composer because of his grinding discords, or in a poet because of his false rhymes; for an attentive study of the master-works will show them to have almost countless shocks to the finer ear. It has long been my custom to jot down notes of these instances, and a review of them is surprising. A person of cultured senses will writhe when he hears a sentimental ballad-monger marrying those two ubiquitous incompatibles of the music-halls, "alone" and "home," or rhyming a singular and a plural noun, as "amalgamation" with "nations"; and there is an analogy in music where the sounding of a note a half-tone out of unison or the octave makes the sourest possible discord.

Fair Rhymes and False.

Yet the rich poesy of the Gaelic literature is full of this form of assonance and the neo-Celtic school is reviving the ancient practices. It will be some time, however, before the alien can be brought to enjoy this off-key rhyming without a wince. One of the most excruciating scherzos in discord ever made was the work of Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, a poet of unusually sensitive ear. He calls it "Ezra House," and it is of course an intentional and complete example of how not to write poetry. Besides the use of those earmarks of the amateur, "do" and "so" and the strained syntax common to illiterate verse, it rhymes "south" and "house," "school" and "soon," "months" and "once," "regret" and "outset," "long" and "along," "tomb" and "moon," and "war" and "heart."

Yet can any possible mis-rhyme be worse than the unholy wedlock of "bosom" and "blossom," which can be found in the best verse of the major poets? According to their precedence I unfailingly pronounce in my mind's throat, the one "bossom" or the other "bloozum." Then there is the eternal linking all through English poetry of "given" and "Heaven," the latter word instinctively being pronounced in Irish brogue.

English poetry has evolved out of its early estate when identity of sound was accepted for rhyme, and it was permitted Gower to write

> The vice of hem that ben ungood
> Is no reproef unto the good

without losing his epithet "Moral." Chaucer did not forfeit his laureate perquisite by inditing such rhymes as "confessioun" and "absolucioun," and Spenser was forgiven this:

> His smiling eyes with simple truth were stor'd:
> Ah! how should truth in those thiefe eyes be stor'd,
> Which thousand loves had stol'n, and never one restor'd?

The French, who still cherish the abomination of drama in rhymed couplets, not only endure identity masking as rhyme, but seem to seek it as a special charm. Thus Paul Verlaine, in a poem which he calls by an English name "Nevermore":

> Souvenir, souvenir, que me veux-tu? L'automne
> Faisait voler la grive à travers l'air atone
> Et le soleil dardait un rayon monotone
> Sur le bois jaunissant où la bise détone.

This follows the most venerable precedent, but the Symbolists have thrown aside even the canon that requires a different meaning to the words, a serious pun in fact; and they repeat the same words almost interminably.

There are certain forced rhymes that besprinkle all English verse; the maltreatment of even such common words as "is" and "was" being persistent from Chaucer's catalogue in his "Romaunt of the Rose" of the many phases of love:

> Also a sweete helle it is,
> And a soroufulle Paradys.

These lines from Spenser's "Epithalamion" include two sorts of strained rhyme that besprinkle all our poesy:

> Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
> In proud humility!
> Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
> In Tempe, lying on the flowry gras,
> 'Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
> With bathing in the Acidalian brooke.

There is no need of quoting from the multitudinous examples in which suffixes like

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"-ity" and "-ities" are given an unnatural stress and pronounced to rhyme with "ease" or "eyes." These examples occur to everyone. It is a consideration of the cases of downright and cacophonous false rhyme in the works of the most esteemed poets that astounds.

Shakespeare, that royal libertine, could not be expected to reverence the laws, and so need not be cited. And Bobbie Burns, the scamp lovable, will be forgiven much, though he can countenance such dissonances as these from "To a Mouse": "beastie-breastie-hasty-chase-thee," "dominion-union-companion," "nibble-trouble." But from the strict school of Dryden and Pope and Gray one would expect no such bluntness in what Dryden calls "the dull sweets of rhyme," as marks, for instance, "Absalom and Achitophel"—"scorn-return," "break-weak," "fit-sweet," "pretence-prince," "choose-depose," "halves-knaves," "forth-mirth"; and in even more harrowing degree, the works of Pope, where you find such torments as these: "Mayors-wars," "sour-poor," "air-star," "side-subside," and in three successive couplets of "The Rape of the Lock," "doom-Rome," "hair-sphere," "boast-lost." The "Elegy" Mr. Gray was so long a-writing contains several mis-rhymes and ends with one. S. T. C.'s "Ancient Mariner" has a dozen, among them "gusht" and "dust." Wordsworth in one short lyric rhymes "echo" with "cuckoo" and "creatures" with "natures" (a very common coupling, this latter). Shelley's "Skylark" sings flat very frequently, and Byron's "Prisoner of Chillon" is a little encyclopædia of the most popular falsehoods in our language: "faith-death, loved-moved ('love' elsewhere rhymes often with 'rove' as well as 'glove'), mood-blood, mood-stood, captivity-free, I-misery, come-home, athwart-part, guise-Paradise, none-stone, gone-sun, beneath-breathe, wolf-gulf." The pious Isaac Watts is one of the most wanton rhyme-renders in the language, as the hymn-books attest; but the rich, smooth verse of Keats has almost as many flies in the ointment. In "St. Agnes's Eve," the name of the heroine "Madeline" rhymes now with "divine" and now with "unseen," and one finds also "was-grass, cavalier-otherwhere, moors-doors, foul-soul, beyond-bland, moon-crone, ears-bears, secrecy-privacy, prest-amethyst, moon-thereon, gourd-curd, form-worm-deform."

In Mrs. Browning's "Bertha in the Lane," is a good example of the elasticity of the word "again"; in one stanza she binds it with "brain," in another with "men." Her husband, of whom much trespass might be expected, is one of the most accurate rhymesters of all. The careful Tennyson, strangely enough, errs far oftener, in "The Lotos Eaters" linking "land" with "land," "down" with "adown," and "heaviness" with "weariness," and elsewhere "stars" with "wars," "air" with "sepulchre" (Shelley had rhymed this with "tear") and "more" with "poor." The first quatrain of his "Maud" has two rhymes, both false, and note this:

> I feel it when I sorrow most,
> 'Tis better to have loved and lost. . . .

Poe rhymes "sent thee" with "nepenthe" and "ghouls" with "tolls." Even the strict and cautious Aldrich is indictable of offending "daisies" with "praises," adding "anger" to "danger" and twice laying a "blossom" on "bosom." Mr. Swinburne has committed "hers" and "worse," "ways" and "place," "pressure" and "pleasure," and also "blossom" and "bosom," to say nothing of "hair" and "lovelier"! And he stretches even the elastic "again" till it snaps in this stanza:

> Outside it must be winter among men;
> For at the gold bars of the gates again
> I heard all night and all the hours of it,
> The wind's wet wings and fingers drip with rain.

In this stanza the useful word "again" is supposed, perhaps, to form a modulatory chord between "men" and "rain." It is all very musical, but——

Then there is Mr. Kipling, who has provoked a recent literary riot over what have been called his "Cockney" rhymes. But one must be careful how he assails a new poet with the accusation of "false rhyme"; the charge only proves what excellent company he keeps.

Still, after all, dissonance where consonance is justifiably expected should not be counted as anything but a makeshift to avoid sending the thought on too long a détour. If there can be a choice among evils, the greater is surely the use of rhymes which not only do not rhyme, but force the mind willy-nilly to adopt a brogue and then correct it—such combinations as "more" and "poor," "civil" and "devil," "river" and "forever," "given" and "Heaven," "gusht" and "dust." These are the most disconcerting of all to the reader with an alert sense of the ludicrous.

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A CITY official, speaking just after the Governor had signed the Greater New York bill, referred to New York as "the pleasantest and the most profitable place to live in on the American continent." He was justified officially and by the occasion in giving expression to an enthusiasm which it became him to feel; and no doubt there is a good deal to warrant his assertion. New York's great and rapid growth must be attributed to something, and to what more reasonably than to an actual profit or a definite pleasure that people find in living in it.

New York as a Place to Live in.

Of the thousands of new citizens whom the metropolis adds yearly to its population very few come from a sense of duty. The poor come from Europe by thousands, looking for work and wages. The rich come from all parts of the United States, looking for their money's worth of something, and apparently finding it; so many things are well done in New York for those whose fortunes can command skill. They come, sooner or later; the only question is whether they stay one month or six, and whether they live in a hotel or a house of their own. They benefit the town in that they spend money in it, adorn it with their highly decorative personalities; with the houses they build, the clothes they wear, and the horses they drive, and furnish employment to all sorts of labor and talent; but they unquestionably increase the hardships of persons of moderate means, by putting up the price of everything from rents to potatoes, and by taking up so much of the more available living space that poorer people have to do with less room, fewer servants, simpler food and less desirable localities for their lodgings. The space on Manhattan Island is limited, and it is not the first comer who is first served, but the comer who is best able to pay for what he wants.

A great many rich people come to New York; a great many people get rich after they have come there. A great many who have learned to do something well find in it a profitable market for their skill. It abounds in opportunities which strong hands or skilful hands are able to grasp. Its pace is curiously rapid, and some persons are beneficially stirred by it. It is a city of great shows; of thousands of smart people whom one may look at without offence; of beautiful horses, of towering office-buildings and hotels, many of them notable and some beautiful, of fine houses, too, and of some very beautiful parks. Its growth in splendor and in beauty is largely a new growth. There is vastly more in New York that is worth looking at than there was ten years ago, and vastly more of the permanent lines and spirit of a metropolis.

To be sure, it is true enough that one type of New Yorker's ideal of success in life appears to be to live to such purpose in New York while he does live there that he may be able to have a home, or perhaps several homes, elsewhere, and spend a large share of his time in them. He is willing to live in New York for the sake of what he finds there, and to endure any sacrifices and inconveniences it may make necessary provided he finds his profit in it; but when free choice is left to him his practical sentiment seems to be that New York is the best place to live in when no better place is open. He likes it in winter so long as the clear cold sunshine holds. At the first threat of March, away he goes, if he can, to Europe or to some safer or salubrious clime. Late in April he may come back. In May, the odds are he begins to long for the country; and from that time until November you find him almost anywhere except in New York.

The real lovers of New York, those who feel for it a real sentiment like the Londoner's for his London, or the Parisian's for his Paris, are of a different sort. They waste no time in criticism of New York because it is not an "ideal all-the-year-round city." For them there are compensations enough and to spare. And they lead contented lives, opposing a certain philosophy to the fact of some losses and privations pointed out to them by the outsider. There are so many people that one wants particularly to see, that seeing people of that description ceases to be the highly prized privilege it is in smaller places. Where opportunities abound to excess and the number of hours in the day remains the same and the strength of man is not increased, the majority of the opportunities must go unimproved. The hospitality of smaller places is rare if not unknown in New York. Hospitality there is different, and tends to be swamped by numbers, and even chilled into an apparent indifference that is really compelled by circumstances. Often it makes a brave fight and never wholly gives up, but it is a struggle against great odds. Not seldom it happens that the enormous aggravation of social and intellectual opportunities that confronts country people who come to live in New York so

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discourages them that they end in living narrower lives in the great city and seeing fewer people than in the smaller town from which they came. And if it does not discourage them it is apt to drive them too hard. A New Yorker who already had a house in town and another in the country nearby, excused himself for building a third in New Hampshire by saying, "In town, or near town, I never get away from engagements. I want a place where I can have some leisure —and leisure to a New Yorker means, of course, a chance to do some work."

Yet it is a good town; and among those to whom self-denial comes easy, or who can do something well and have strength to do it continuously, it is not surprising that there should be many New Yorkers who are not happy for long at a time out of ear-shot of Trinity chimes, or out of sight of Diana of the Garden Tower, just as there are cockneys who must hear Bow Bells.

SOME time ago I heard a paper read before a club interested in a variety of "subjects," in which the writer lamented the habitually lax use of the English language by most people to-day. After commenting on the inaccurate use of several common words—"transpire" was among them—with what I own seemed to me an occasional excess of purism, he proceeded to recommend, as a sure cure for the evil, a careful study of etymology, which, he said, would reveal the correct meaning of every word. He even gave some examples of the efficacy of this recipe, to what appeared to be the general satisfaction of his listeners.

Etymology as a Guide.

I could not help thinking at the time (indeed, I still think so) that, if the examples he brought forward were really, as he said, taken at random, he was considerably favored by luck. For it may be set up as a general principle that a word, in passing from one language into another, nearly always undergoes some change of meaning. Mr. Epes Sargent Dixwell's advice to translators, "Never to use a word from the same root as the word to be translated," was evidently based on a recognition of this principle. And I feel sure that many more examples of this are to be found than of the virtually opposite rule advocated in the above-mentioned paper.

What earthly objection can there be, for instance, to a man's speaking of "celebrating his birthday by himself," even though the Latin *celebrare* means "to crowd, or throng?" Has not our English word "celebrate" authentically cut its etymological moorings, and firmly fixed itself in a meaning different from that of its Latin original?

Even in cases where the English derivative has retained much of the meaning of the Latin word, one can generally find that it has either curtailed or extended the connotation of the same, and is thus no longer an exact synonyme. Sometimes half the meaning of a Latin word will pass into its English derivative, the other half into its French—resulting in the formation of sister-words of totally unlike signification in the two languages. What, for example, can be more different than the meaning of our English "fastidious" and that of the French *fastidieux* ("tiresome"?) Yet both these meanings—or shades very like them—are in the Latin *fastidiosus*, which means both "that feels disgust" and "that creates disgust." Take also our English "location" and the French *location*; the latter commonly means "leasing" or "hiring," which our English word means only exceptionally, as a legal technicality. The Latin *locatio* is as correctly and currently used in the French sense as in ours.

No, it seems to me plain enough that my friend of the paper hit upon just the worst possible recipe for accuracy in the use of English, the one apt to lead the would-be-nice stylist astray in by far the greater number of cases. To make a meticulous study of the spirit of one language the basis of a correct appreciation of the spirit of another, is a process more likely to be successful through emphasizing contrasts than by establishing likenesses.

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THE FIELD OF ART

PORTRAIT ART, BY A PORTRAIT PAINTER

I

IN an article on Sir Joshua Reynolds in the *London Quarterly Review*, the writer remarks that this artist's mind was appreciative, not inventive. He saw no visions, he dreamed no dreams; but he was alive to the airiest and most subtle charms of the visible. All in his life and thinking was eminently actual and outward. The highest mastership in art is where the mind is equally balanced between the visionary spontaneity of imagination and such quiet, keen perception of outward fact as Reynolds had. Sir Joshua's biographies attribute to want of imagination his failure to attack grand art with success, but why is it not as probable that it was due to defective training? for it is well known that he never painted from the nude or drew from the antique, both indispensable studies to those who wish to attain the loftier regions of the profession.

The exercise of the imagination where painting is concerned is in composition or combination of known elements. Imagination is not creation, for even when viewing the varied chaos of cloud-form we recognize only the outlines we are familiar with—"backed like a camel, very like a whale." As soon as we desert the domain of the real, there is absolutely nothing, even the wildest designs of the artist, the chimera, the Sphinx, are pieced from actual creatures.

Leslie says that if taste be not the highest gift of the painter, it is the rarest. Is it not obvious to us that in Reynolds's classic compositions the Graces and Muses, in elaborate head-dress and towering pomatumed and powdered wigs, owe their absurdity to the false taste of his time, from which he was unable to free himself? Yet there was something in the fashion of the day for which we are not ungrateful. The loose yet clinging drapery, the wide-brimmed hat and feather, are made beautiful forever in Gainsborough's duchesses.

In this connection I cannot help thinking of two portraits, one, the portrait by Couture of his father; the other, the portrait of Chief-Justice Shaw by Couture's pupil, William Hunt, the latter, I think, owing something to the influence of the former. They both have a monumental kind of impressiveness due to the treatment in attitude and dress, to a rugged dignity common to the faces and figures, and to the dress being an envelope for the body, not merely an external accessory. We are too often painfully reminded of the tailor in contemporary portraits. He, however necessary to the making of the man, is an unwelcome intruder in the domain of art. However entertaining the costume of a period may be to the antiquarian, in the great work of the great masters personality predominates to the extent that the rest is comparatively indifferent. To this extent the Reynolds work is not of the great school.

II

EVERY artist knows that methods are almost as plentiful as painters, but there are two methods which are so contrasted as to hold the place of opposite extremes. Couture, whose merit was contested bitterly while he was alive, and for years after, has at last gained the height which was his due. Colonel Hawkins, our commissioner to the Paris Exposition of 1889, told me that he was accompanied by a group of leading French artists in a visit to the Louvre, and when they approached the *Romains de la Decadence* all took off their hats, a salute of honor not offered to any other work. His *fusains* of Georges Sand and Béranger seem to me marvels of portraiture; one never forgets them. Couture's method in oil painting was *alla prima*, no retouch being possible. It is true there was a preliminary design in monochromatic light and shade, a warm, rich preparation in *brun rouge* and bitumen; but only a single layer of color, properly so called, was superimposed on this, and that layer of color modelled with such certainty of hand and eye that no working over or repainting was allowed or required. His colors were not mixed, but mingled; they were more like a minute mosaic of color than tints formed by blending, and he never used black. Whistler's work is a positive contrast to this. He used black to make shades, and white and colors were blended into tones which rarely displayed any color in its purity. He worked over and

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over, "*ton sur ton*," allowing his work to dry thoroughly after each painting, sometimes exposing it to rain and sun to harden it properly and remove the oil. Who will deny that each obtained success, although by methods so entirely opposed? And between such extremes what variety of system cannot be employed by the painter?

I suppose there is little opposition to the view that drawing is more readily acquired than color. To my mind the absence of a natural sense of color is an insuperable impediment to success in painting, and color alone can make a picture delightful, though a portrait can be made in black and white only. We have all seen portraits with a certain charm in which color is absent, but they hardly merit the name of paintings.

There is a consideration which enters here. Time is of value to most of us, and the portrait painter who is fortunate enough to be aided in economy of time by rapidity of method is a gainer in more ways than one. He can do more work, and he does not tire his sitter. A few artists have the power to charm away the fatigue of the sitter, and Whistler was one of them; but there was need of the charm—the protracted and repeated sitting or standing was a severe tax on the endurance of the subject. Couture's rapid and sure work prevented the sense of fatigue. The only *contretemps* one was exposed to was the abandonment of an unsuccessful attempt and a new beginning. Lenbach is another of the same stripe. He exhibited ten heads of Bismarck which he had painted in succession in order to obtain one which suited him. There are difficulties in the attainment of that surety of touch which enables an artist to succeed at once, but he is to be envied who has it. The life, purity, and brilliancy of coloring are apt to fail with over-painting, and the spirit of the first impression is often lost by repeated efforts on the same canvas. A persevering painter will often subdue his sitter to the point of resemblance to the weary-looking portrait.

The sitter should always be made an accomplice, if possible. Children and fools, it is true, should not see work unfinished, but with such exceptions a sitter should be consulted, and, as Couture used to say, especially if she be a woman. The taste of women as to pose and accessories is more correct, generally, than that of men, even when the latter have been trained as artists. And this is true especially as to the portraits of the women themselves, for they almost always know what suits them in dress and surroundings if they have given thought to the matter, and few among them have not. Another matter of serious consideration is the choice to be made among the varied expressions which chase each other over the face like the shade and sunshine of an April day. The attempt to mark the changes would entail endless labor, so one has to be decided on. But it may be an infrequent visitor, and in such case it must be either provoked or waited for. A wise choice is that of habitual expression when it is agreeable, and the stable placidity of age usually lends itself to such an attempt more than the restless, fugitive character of youth. A child, sometimes a young woman, may be placed before a mirror, or a clever friend may be employed to fix the features in the desired mould.

It is, of course, a part of the necessary training of the artist to overcome the obstacles inherent to his work—canvas, colors, brushes, and light; but there are others not as inevitable, but often serious enough, in the character and attitude of his model. One obstacle peculiarly harassing is the manner of the "*distrait*" sitter, whose thoughts carry him or her far away from the studio or into the inner recesses of the soul; another, the self-consciousness of the being who simpers or frowns. In the latter case, the "look pleasant" of the photographer is hardly permissible. The only remedy for such annoyances is the faculty of being interesting. A portrait painter should be entertaining himself, or have the skill to make others so. A sitter should be made oblivious of the task, but not hypnotized into silence or dreams.

III

We not only paint what we are looking for, but we reproduce ourselves in our work. A coarse man cannot paint a refined portrait, neither can a delicate and effeminate man paint a strong portrait. It is hopeless to expect to attain qualities of which the germ, at least, does not exist in us. There is no work which calls for so much in the painter as portraiture, none which suffers so much from the shortcomings of the man.

Perhaps there is encouragement in the fact that notwithstanding the difficulties in art, the more serious hindrances to success arise from inherent defects in the individual. Once

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let a man discover in himself the necessary force and delicacy, the aptitude for design, the eye for color, the indomitable perseverance, and, above all, the intense devotion to art, which is the key to success, he may hope, under favorable conditions, to acquire excellence which may lead to distinction and even material reward; but I advise the neophyte to assure himself of the possession of the personal traits unless he is willing to try the chance of failure. Nothing but great love for the work can excuse an attempt made without such assurance.

IV

THERE are no mysteries for art. Although man himself is not always an open book, still we are among those who are more impressed with the limitations of his powers than with their extent, and we agree with Montaigne that man is marvellously corporeal. The possibilities of the multitude may be predicted, and when we come to those of the individual our difficulty lies mainly as to the direction he may take in the few practical ways open to him. The only mental attitudes that can be assumed intelligently with regard to those possibilities are knowledge, doubt, and ignorance. The mystics who presume to penetrate the darkness of the last-named state of mind are generally at a loss when they attempt to make plain to others that which they do not understand themselves. Such a materialistic creed as this may seem brutal to the supersensitive, but, what with the correlation of forces, the theory of vortices, and foci of energy, and the probability that all substance may be capable of solution into one element, the boundaries of the real and the impalpable or spiritual have grown so indefinite that old-school materialism affords no foothold nowadays.

In confining the domain of painting to that which strikes the eye, light and shade and color, we must consider it as less ideal than sculpture, because the painter employs a medium which reproduces the effect he sees. The point of realism to which painting can be carried is hinted at in the story of Apelles. "I have deceived birds, but you have deceived an artist." The realism which may be attained by casts from life is very remote from sculpture. The difference may be felt in the vital impress given to a worn glove or shoe which is often startlingly characteristic, while the cast from life and the death-mask are hardly distinguishable from each other. The sculptor has to *know* the form he represents; sight only would be a defective guide, as form is tangible, not visible. The confusion of ideas that makes of sculpture the more material art is almost general. The fact that blind people have acquired skill in sculpture demonstrates the lesser dependence of the sculptor on the power of vision. Of course, knowledge is important to both painter and sculptor, but we can conceive Michelangelo doing great things by the exercise of memory and accurate knowledge of his subject, though we cannot conceive Titian doing anything really fine in color without a model. It would puzzle either of them to construct a piece of drapery and seize the appropriate folds and texture of linen or wool or silk unless the stuff to be represented was before him.

V

KNOWLEDGE is power in art, as in other things, but it should never be permitted to interfere in the painter's work. Structure should not be intruded, though acquaintance with it may enable the artist to dispense with painful research into the cause of superficial effects. Anyone who has copied the interior of a mould will understand that relief and character may be obtained by reversing usual light and shade, which indicates that temporary effects may be aimed at, whether they coincide with our knowledge of form or not. A distinguished artist once remarked to me, "If we find ourselves unable to put all we see in a face into the picture, and we know we are not doing so, why may we not simplify the problem by leaving out the reflected lights?" Why not?—unless there is something else we may leave out to better advantage. Bouguereau omits the skeleton, which seems superfluous to some fastidious people, and indeed reflected lights are often mere indications of the proximity of bone to the surface.

Those who are fond of subtleties seem to forget that the cunning which is revealed to the inquisitive is either shallow or transparent. The only real mysteries are those which escape detection. The reserved and reticent may differ in no respect from the frank and open, except in the very quality of concealment. I suspect that the much-dwelt on mystery of the Mona Lisa was of purely ex-

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terior significance to Leonardo after the fourteen (or was it only four?) years devoted to its delineation.

It is true that the portrait painter may learn by experience, if not by intuition, to distinguish shades of character almost imperceptible to the ordinary observer. Intimacy with one's subject may correct false impressions or direct attention to indications which might be overtasked on short acquaintance. Appearances seldom deceive the trained eye, but it is on the sum of them and not on a partial display that judgment must rest. It must not be forgotten that we see little that is not sought for. I agree with Bulwer, who puts into the mouth of Claude, the painter, the observation that he would not undertake an important work of portraiture without six months of preliminary study in the close acquaintance of the dinner-table.

All we see in men is light and shadow and color. We do not even see form, still less anything beneath it. Painting the soul is only imitating the external manifestations of it as displayed in muscular action. Character is to be found in a hand or movement, as well as in a head. It is well known that detectives agree that the most difficult part for a man to disguise is his back. Impressionism has done some good in confining the artist to the representation of that which he sees. All departures from that are dangerous. The painter who paints the pupil of the eye in a face twenty feet away, paints what he knows, not what he sees, and is untrue to nature. Old Denner, in representing the hairs and pores of the skin, was far from correct. Those are to be discovered by the magnifying-glass, not by the eye.

Let the artist train himself to paint what he sees, and resist the temptation to add or to take away. Sincerity to himself is due and must be cultivated, if it is lacking, for the artist who aims at surpassing nature generally sacrifices more than he adds. I have seen two portraits of Lincoln, one a confession of failure in the attempt to flatter, another, the work of St. Gaudens, uncompromising in its noble ugliness. The greatest artists have been the most normal and healthy in their contact with nature. This is recognized by general consent. If they had their peculiar view, only great artists could appreciate it. As it is, they are the only ones who can do the work, though all can see it is well done. Even defective vision, well directed, would reproduce an object faithfully. I can recall several instances in which imperfect vision has not been a fatal obstacle to success.

VI

FROM what has been said it is easy to comprehend how frequent failure must be, how rare the combinations which make the successful portrait painter, how much rarer those which result in the perfect portrait. The man who has overrun the whole field of art can count the truly great portraits.

Among the portraits which hold the first place in my mind is Titian's "Man with the Glove," in the Louvre. The repose, the unconsciousness, the simplicity and dignity, the apparent ease with which the picture was painted, the absence of straining for effect on the part of painter and sitter, the absolute truth of drawing and color, make this to me the gem of portraits. Yet I am not a slavish admirer of Titian.

After "The Man with the Glove," though I cannot remember any single portrait of Paul Veronese that rivals it, there is the gentleman in the green dress, in the great picture of "The Supper in the House of Levi" (called also, from that noble figure, "The Green Man"). This, which is certainly a portrait, is among the treasures in my mental gallery. Another which holds its place among the foremost, though it does not give me the pleasure the others do, is Velasquez's portrait of Innocent X. in the Doria Gallery.

Then there is the beautiful head by Rembrandt in the National Gallery, the intensity of whose power is not altogether concealed by the glass which the London atmosphere makes necessary. Besides these I do not remember any which stand out from among the crowd of portraits to which the chorus of general admiration does justice.

GEORGE BUTLER.

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DONALD G. MITCHELL (IK MARVEL).

Drawn from life by A. I. Keller, at Edgewood, June, 1899.

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